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Coyotito, the Captive.

TITO

THE STORY OF THE COYOTE THAT LEARNED HOW

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

A RAINDROP may deflect a thunderbolt, or a hair may ruin an empire, as surely as a spider-web once turned the history of Scotland; and if it had not been for one little pebble this history of Tito might never have happened.

That pebble was lying on a trail in the Dakota Badlands, and one hot, dark night it lodged in the foot of a horse that was ridden by a tipsy cowboy. The man got off, as a matter of habit, to know what was laming his horse. But he left the reins on its neck instead of on the ground, and the horse, taking advantage of this technicality, ran off in the darkness. Then the cowboy, realizing that he was afoot, lay down in a hollow under some buffalo bushes and slept the loggish sleep of the befuddled.

The golden beams of the early summer sun were leaping from top to top of the wonderful Badland Buttes, when an old coyote might have been seen trotting homewards along the Garner's Creek Trail with a rabbit in her jaws to supply her family's breakfast.

Fierce war had for a long time been waged against the coyote kind by the cattlemen of Billings County. Traps, guns, poison, and hounds had reduced their number nearly to zero, and the few

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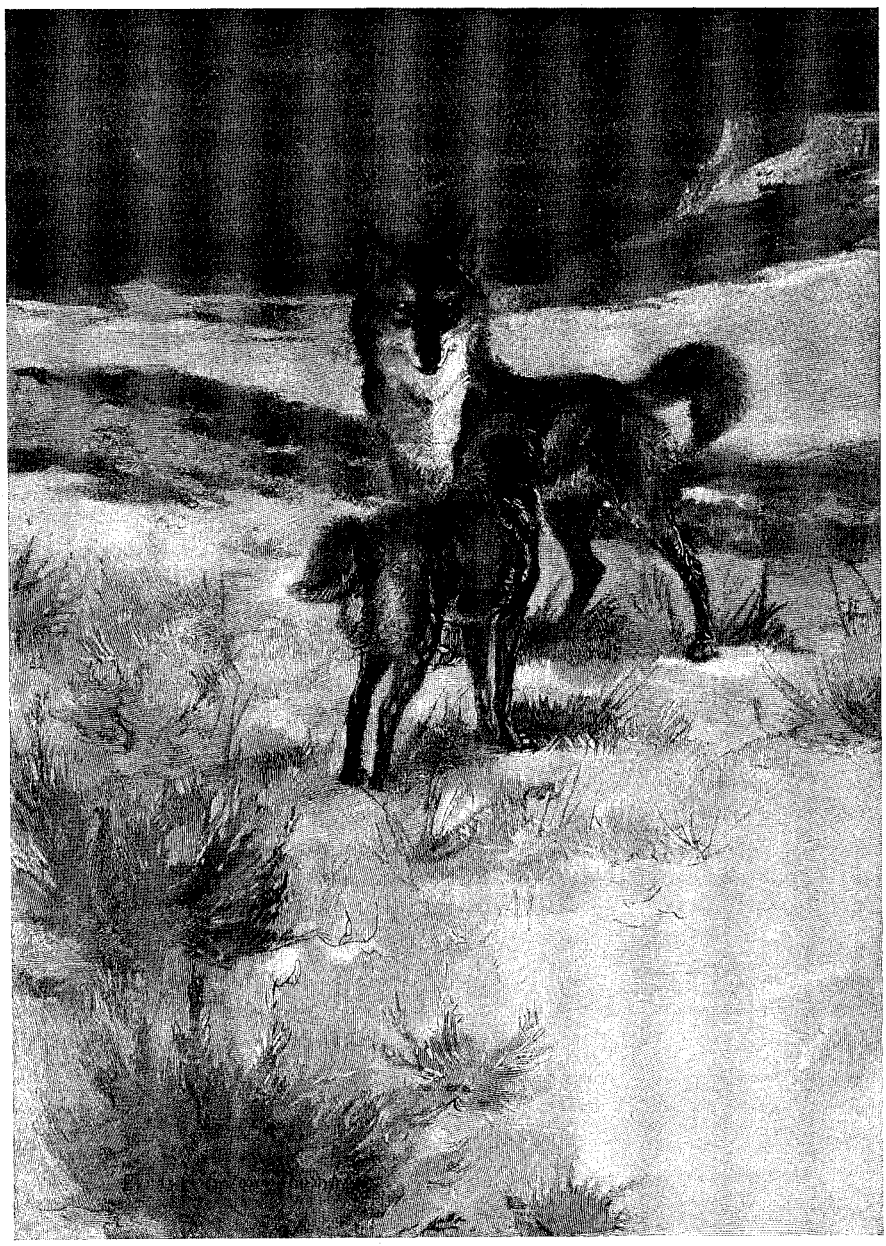

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survivors had learned the bitter need of caution at every step. But the destructive ingenuity of man knew no bounds, and their numbers continued to dwindle.

The old coyote quit the trail very soon, for nothing that man has made is friendly. She skirted along a low ridge, then across a little hollow where grew a few buffalo-bushes, and, after a careful sniff at a very stale human trail-scent, she crossed another near ridge on whose sunny side was the home of her brood. Again she cautiously circled, peered about and sniffed, but, finding no sign of danger, went down to the doorway and uttered a low "*woof-woof*." Out of the den, beside a sage-bush, there poured a procession of little coyotes—merrily tumbling over each other. Then, barking little barks and growling little puppy growls, they fell upon the feast that their mother had brought, and gobbled and tussled while she looked on and enjoyed their joy.

Wolver Jake, the cowboy, had awakened from his chilly sleep about sunrise, in time to catch a glimpse of the coyote passing over the ridge. As soon as she was out of sight he got on his feet and went to the edge, there to witness the interesting scene of the family breakfasting and frisking about within a few yards of him, utterly unconscious of any danger.

But the only appeal the scene had to him lay in the fact that the county had set a price on every one of these coyotes's lives. So he got out his big .45 navy revolver, and notwithstanding his shaky condition he managed somehow to get a sight on the mother as she was caressing one of the little ones that had finished its breakfast, and shot her dead on the spot.

The terrified cubs fled into the den, and Jake, failing to kill another with his revolver, came forward, blocked up the hole with stones, and leaving the seven little prisoners quaking at the far end, set off on foot for the nearest ranch, cursing his faithless horse as he went.

In the afternoon he returned with his pard and tools for digging. The little ones had cowered all day in the darkened hole, wondering why their mother didn't come to feed them, wondering at the darkness and the change. But late that day they heard sounds at the door. Then light was again let in. Some of the less cautious young ones ran forward to meet their mother, but their mother wasn't there. Only two great rough brutes that began tearing open their home.

After an hour or more the diggers came to the end of the den, and here were the woolly, bright-eyed little ones, all huddled in a pile at the farthest corner. Their innocent puppy faces and ways were not noticed by the huge enemy. One by one they were seized. A sharp blow, and each quivering, limp form was thrown into a sack to be carried to the nearest magistrate who was empowered to pay the bounties.

Even at this age there was a certain individuality of character among the puppies. Some of them squealed and some of them growled when dragged out to die. One or two tried to bite. The one that had been slowest to comprehend the danger had been the last to retreat, and so was on top of the pile and therefore the first killed. The one that had first realized the peril had retreated first, and now crouched at the bottom of the pile. Coolly and remorselessly the others were killed one by one, and then this prudent little puppy was seen to be the last of the family. It lay perfectly still, even when touched, its eyes being half closed, as guided by instinct it tried to "play 'possum." One of the men picked it up. It neither squealed nor resisted. Then Jake, realizing ever the importance of "standing in with the boss," said: "Say! Let's keep that 'un for the children." So the last of the family was thrown alive into the same bag with its dead brothers, and bruised and frightened lay there very still, understanding nothing—knowing only that after a long time of great noise and cruel jolting it was again half strangled by a grip on its neck and dragged out, where were a lot of creatures like the diggers.

These were really the inhabitants of the Chimney-pot Ranch, whose brand is the Broad arrow; and among them were the children for whom the cub had been brought. The boss had no difficulty in getting Jake to accept the dollar that the cub coyote would have brought in bounty money, and his present was turned over to the children. In answer to their questions "What is it?" a Mexican cow-

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Their Evening Song.—Page 139.

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hand present said it was a coyotito—that is, "a little coyoti"—and this afterward, shortened to "Tito," became the captive's name.

II

TITO was a pretty little creature, with woolly body, a puppylike expression, and a head that was singularly broad between the ears.

But, as a children's pet, she—for it proved to be a female—was not a success. She was distant and distrustful. She ate her food and seemed healthy, but never responded to friendly advances; never even learned to come out of the box when called. This probably was due to the fact that the kindness of the small children was offset by the roughness of the men and boys, who did not hesitate to drag her out by the chain when they wished to see her. On these occasions she would suffer in silence, "playing 'possum," shamming dead, for she seemed to know that that was the best thing to do. But as soon as released she would once more retire into the darkest corner of her box and watch her tormentors with eyes that, at the proper angle, showed a telling glint of green.

Among the children of the ranchmen was a thirteen-year old boy. The fact that in after years he grew up to be like his father, a kind, strong, and thoughtful man, did not prevent him being at this age a shameless little brute. Like all boys in that country he practised lasso-throwing with a view to being a cow-boy. Posts and stumps are uninteresting things to catch. His little brothers and sisters were under special protection of the Home Government. The dogs ran far away whenever they saw him coming with the rope in his hands. So he must needs practise on the unfortunate coyotito. She soon learned that her only hope for peace was to hide in the kennel, or if thrown at when outside to dodge the rope by lying as flat as possible on the ground. Thus Lincoln unwittingly taught the coyote the dangers and limitations of a rope, and so he proved a blessing in disguise—a very perfect disguise. When the coyote had thoroughly learned how to baffle the lasso the boy terror devised a new amusement. He got a large trap of the kind known as "fox-size." This he set in the dust as he had seen Jake set a wolf-trap, close to the kennel, and over it he scattered scraps of meat in the most approved style for wolf-trapping. After awhile Tito, drawn by the smell of the meat, came hungrily sneaking out toward it, and almost immediately was caught in the trap by one foot. The boy terror was watching from a near hiding-place. He gave a wild Indian whoop of delight, then rushed forward to drag the coyote out of the box into which she had retreated. After some more delightful thrills of excitement and struggle he got his lasso on Tito's body, and helped by a younger brother, a most promising pupil, he succeeded in setting the coyote free from the trap, before the grownups had discovered his amusement. One or two experiences like this taught her a mortal terror of traps. She soon learned the smell of the steel and could detect and avoid it, no matter how cleverly Master Lincoln might bury it in the dust, while the younger brother screened the operation from the intended victim by holding his coat over the door of Tito's kennel.

One day the fastening of her chain gave way and Tito went off in an uncertain fashion trailing her chain behind her. But she was seen by one of the men, who fired a charge of bird-shot at her. The burning, stinging, and surprise of it all, caused her to retreat to the one place she knew, her own kennel. The chain was fastened again and Coyote added to her ideas this—a horror of guns, and the smell of gunpowder; and this also—that the one safety from them is to "lay low."

There were yet other rude experiences in store for the captive.

Poisoning wolves was a topic of daily talk at the Ranch, so it was not surprising that Lincoln should privately experiment on Coyotito. The deadly strychnine was too well guarded to be available. So Lincoln hid some rough-on-rats in a piece of meat, threw it to the captive, and sat by to watch, as blithely and conscience-clear as any professor of chemistry trying a new combination.

Tito smelt the meat—everything had to be passed on by her nose. Her nose was

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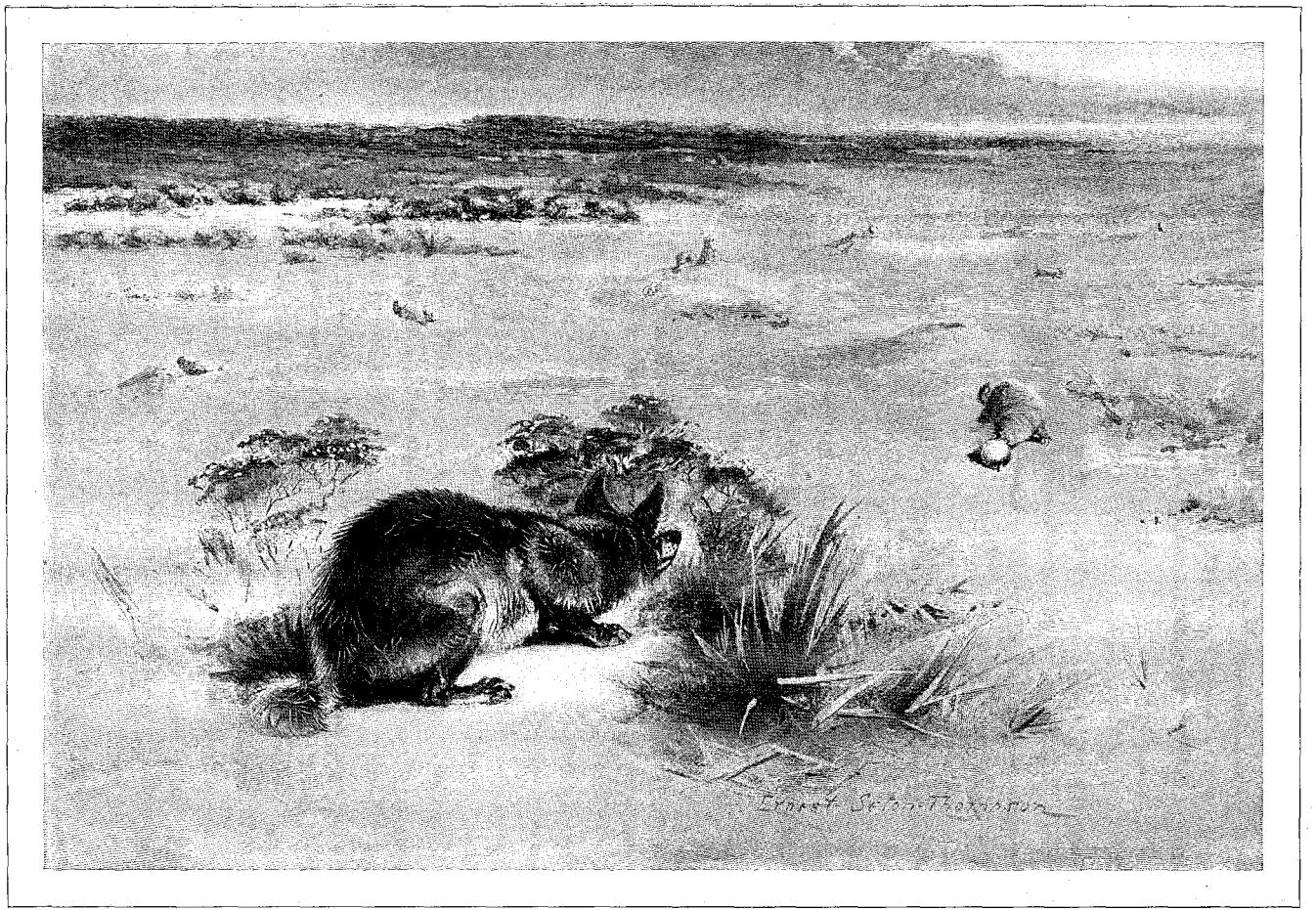

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in doubt. There was a good smell of meat, a familiar but unpleasant smell of human hands, and a strange new odor, but not the odor of the trap ; so she bolted the morsel. Within a few minutes she began to have fearful pains in her stomach, followed by cramps. Now in all the wolf tribe there is the instinctive habit to throw up anything that disagrees with them, and after a minute or two of suffering the coyote sought relief in this way; and to make it doubly sure she hastily gobbled some blades of grass, and in less than an hour was quite well again.

Lincoln had put in poison enough for a dozen coyotes. Had he put in less she could not have felt the pang till too late, but she recovered and never forgot that peculiar smell that means such awful after-pains. More than that she was ready thenceforth to fly at once to the herbal cure that nature had everywhere provided. An instinct of this kind grows quickly, once followed. It had taken minutes of suffering in the first place to drive her to the easement. Thenceforth, having learned, it was her first thought on feeling pain. The little miscreant did indeed succeed in having her swallow another bait with a small dose of poison, but she knew what to do now, and had almost no suffering.

Later on a relative sent Lincoln a bull terrier, and the new combination was a fresh source of spectacular interest for the boy, and of tribulation for the coyote. It all emphasized for her that old idea to "lay low"—that is, to be quiet, unobtrusive, and hide when danger is in sight. The grownups of the household at length forbade these persecutions, and the terrier was kept away from the little yard where the coyote was chained up.

It must not be supposed that Tito was a sweet, innocent victim in all this. She had learned to bite. She had caught and killed several chickens by shamming sleep while they ventured to forage within the radius of her chain. And she had an inborn hankering to sing a morning and evening hymn, which procured for her many beatings. But she learned to shut up the moment her opening notes were followed by a rattle of doors or windows, for these sounds of human nearness had frequently been followed by a "bang" and a charge of bird-shot which somehow did no serious harm though it severely stung her hide. And these experiences all helped to deepen her terror of guns and of those who used them. The object of these musical outpourings was not clear; they happened usually at dawn or dusk, but sometimes a loud noise at high noon would set her going. The song consisted of a volley of short barks, mixed with doleful squalls that never failed to set the dogs astir in a responsive uproar, and once or twice had begotten a faraway answer from some wild coyote in the hills.

There was one little trick that she had developed which was purely instinctive—that is, an inherited habit. In the back end of her kennel she had a little "*cache*" of bones, and knew exactly where one or two lumps of unsavory meat were buried within the radius of her chain, for a time of famine which never came. If anyone approached these hidden treasures she watched with anxious eyes, but made no other demonstration. If she saw that the meddler knew the exact place she took an early opportunity to secrete them elsewhere.

After a year of this life Tito had grown to full size, and had learned many things that her wild kinsmen could not have learned without losing their lives in doing it. She knew and feared traps. She had learned to avoid poison baits and knew what to do at once if, by some mistake, she should take one. She knew what guns are. She had learned to cut her morning and evening song very short. She had some acquaintance with dogs; enough to make her hate and distrust them all; but above all she had this idea: whenever danger is near, the very best move possible is to *lay low*, be very quiet, do nothing to attract notice. Perhaps the little brain that looked out of those changing yellow eyes was the storehouse of much other knowledge about men, but what it was did not appear.

The coyote was fully grown when the boss of the outfit brought a couple of thoroughbred greyhounds, wonderful runners, to see whether he could not entirely extirpate the remnant of the coyotes that still destroyed occasional sheep and calves on the range, and at the same time find amusement in the sport. He was tired of

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seeing that coyote in the yard; so, deciding to use her to train the dogs on, he had her roughly thrown into a bag, then carried a quarter of a mile away and dumped out. At the same time the greyhounds were slipped and chivvied on. Away they went bounding at their matchless pace, that nothing on four legs could run from, and away went the coyote frightened by the noise of the men, frightened even to find herself free. Her quarter-mile start quickly shrank to one hundred yards, the one hundred to fifty, and on sped the flying dogs. Clearly there was no chance for her. On and nearer they came. In another minute she would have been stretched out. Not a doubt of it. But on a sudden she stopped, turned, and walked toward the dogs with her tail serenely waving in the air and a friendly cock to her ears. Greyhounds are peculiar dogs. Anything that runs away they are going to catch and kill if they can. Anything that is calmly facing them becomes at once a non-combatant. They bounded over and past the coyote before they could curb their own impetuosity, and returned completely nonplussed. Possibly they recognized the coyote of the house-yard as she stood there wagging her tail. The ranchmen were nonplussed too. Everyone was utterly taken aback with a sense of failure, and the real victor in the situation was felt to be the audacious little coyote.

The greyhounds refused to attack an animal that wagged its tail and would not run; and the men, on seeing that the coyote could walk far enough away to avoid being caught by hand, took their ropes (lassoes) and soon made her a prisoner once more.

The next day they decided to try again, but this time they added the white bull-terrier to the chasers. The coyote did as before. The greyhounds declined to be party to any attack on such a mild and friendly acquaintance. But the bull-terrier, who came puffing and panting on the scene three minutes later, had no such scruples. He wasn't so tall, but he was heavier than the coyote, and, seizing her by her wool-protected neck, he shook her till, in a surprisingly short time, she lay limp and lifeless; at which all the men seemed pleased and congratulated the terrier, while the greyhounds pottered around in restless perplexity.

A stranger in the party, a newly arrived Englishman, asked if he might have the brush—the tail, he explained—and on being told to help himself he picked up the victim by the tail, and with one awkward chop of his knife he cut it off at the middle, and the coyote dropped but gave a shrill yelp of pain. She wasn't dead, only "playing 'possum," and now she leaped up and vanished into a nearby thicket of cactus and sage.

With greyhounds a running animal is the signal for a run, so the two long-legged dogs and the white, broad-chested dog dashed after the coyote, but right across their path, by happy chance, there ran a brown streak ridden by a snowy powder-puff, the visible but evanescent sign for cottontail rabbit. The coyote was not in sight now. The rabbit was, so the greyhounds dashed after the cottontail, who took advantage of a prairie-dog's hole to seek safety in the bosom of Mother Earth, and the coyote made good her escape.

She had been a good deal jarred by the rude treatment of the terrier, and her mutilated tail gave her some pain. But otherwise she was all right, and she loped lightly away, keeping out of sight in the hollows; and so escaped among the fantastic buttes of the Badlands, to be eventually the founder of a new life among the coyotes of the Little Missouri.

Moses was preserved by the Egyptians till he had outlived the dangerous period, and learned from them wisdom enough to be the saviour of his people against those same Egyptians. So the bob-tailed coyote was not only saved by man and carried over the dangerous period of puppyhood; she was also unwittingly taught by him how to baffle the traps, poisons, lassoes, guns, and dogs that had so long waged a war of extermination against her race.

III

THUS Tito escaped from man, and for the first time found herself face to face with the whole problem of life; for now she had her own living to get.

A wild animal has three sources of wisdom:

First, the *experience of its ancestors*, in

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the form of instinct, which is inborn learning, hammered into the race by ages of selection and tribulation. This is the most important to begin with, because it guards him from the moment he is born.

Second, *the experience of his parents and comrades*, learned chiefly by example. This becomes most important as soon as the young can run.

Third, *the personal experience* of the animal itself. This grows in importance as the animal ages.

The weakness of the first is its fixity. It cannot change to meet quickly changing conditions. The weakness of the second is the animal's inability freely to exchange ideas by language. The weakness of the third is the danger in acquiring it; but the three together are a strong arch.

Now Tito was in a new case. Perhaps never before had a coyote faced life with unusual advantages in the third kind of knowledge, none at all in the second, and with the first dormant. She travelled rapidly away from the ranchmen, keeping out of sight and sitting down once in awhile to lick her wounded tail-stump. She came at last to a prairie-dog town. Many of the inhabitants were out and they barked at the intruder, but all dodged down as soon as she came near. Her instinct taught her to try and catch one, but she ran about in vain for some time and then gave it up. She would have gone hungry that night but that she found a couple of mice in the long grass by the river. Her mother had not taught her to hunt, but her instinct did, and the accident that she had an unusual brain made her profit very quickly by her experience.

In the days that followed she quickly learned how to make a living; for mice, ground-squirrels, prairie-dogs, rabbits, and lizards were abundant, and many of these could be captured in open chase. But open chase, and sneaking as near as possible before beginning the open chase, lead naturally to stalking for a final spring; and before the moon had changed the coyote had learned how to make a comfortable living.

Once or twice she saw the men with the greyhounds coming her way. Most coyotes would, perhaps, have barked in bravado or would have gone up to some high place whence they could watch the enemy, but Tito did no such foolish thing. Had she run, her moving form would have caught the eyes of the dogs, and then nothing could have saved her. She dropped where she was and lay flat until the danger had passed. Thus her ranch training to "lay low" began to stand her in good stead, and thus it came about that her weakness was her strength. The coyote kind have so long been famous for their speed, have so long learned to trust in their legs, that they never dreamed of a creature that could run them down. They were accustomed to play with their pursuers, and so rarely bestirred themselves to run from greyhounds till it was too late. But Tito, brought up at the end of a chain, was a poor runner. She had no reason to trust her legs. She rather trusted her wits and so lived.

During that summer she stayed about the Little Missouri, learning the tricks of small-game hunting that she should have learned before she shed her milk-teeth, and gaining in strength and speed. She kept far away from all the ranches and always hid on seeing a man or a strange beast, and so passed the summer alone. During the daytime she was not lonely, but when the sun went down she would feel the impulse to sing that wild song of the West which means so much to the coyotes.

It is not the invention of an individual nor of the present, but was slowly built out of the feelings of all coyotes in all ages. It expresses their nature and the plains that made their nature. When one begins it, it takes hold of the rest as the fife and drum with a soldier, or the Ki-yi war-song with an Indian brave. They respond to it as a bell-glass does to a certain note the moment that note is struck, ignoring other sounds. So the coyote, no matter how brought up, must vibrate at the night song of the plains, for it touches something in himself.

They sing it after sundown, when it becomes the rallying cry of their race and the friendly call to a neighbor; and they sing it as one boy in the woods holloas to another to say, All's well! Here am I. Where are you? A form of it they sing to the rising moon, for this is the time for good hunting to begin. They sing when they see the new camp-fire for the same

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reason that a dog barks at a stranger. Yet another weird chant they have for the dawning before they steal quietly away from the offing of the camp—a wild, weird, squalling refrain :

Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow-w-o-o-o-o-o-o-w

again and again ; and doubtless with many another change that man cannot distinguish any more than the coyote can distinguish the words in the cowboy's anathemas.

Tito instinctively uttered her music at the proper times. But sad experiences had taught her to cut it short and keep it low. Once or twice she had got a far-away reply from one of her own race, whereupon she had quickly ceased and timidly quit the neighborhood.

One day, when on the upper Garner's Creek, she found the trail where a piece of meat had been dragged along. It was a singularly inviting odor and she followed it partly out of curiosity. Presently she came on a piece of the meat itself. She was hungry ; she was always hungry now. It was tempting, and although it had a peculiar odor she swallowed it. Within a few minutes she felt a terrific pain. The memory of the poisoned meat the boy had given her was fresh. With trembling, foaming jaws she seized some blades of grass and her stomach threw off the meat, but she fell in convulsions on the ground.

The trail of meat dragged along and the poisoned baits had been laid the day before by Wolver Jake. This morning he was riding the drag, and on coming up from the draw he saw far ahead the coyote, struggling. He knew, of course, that it was poisoned and rode quickly up, but the convulsion passed as he neared. The coyote staggered to her front feet by a mighty effort at the sound of the horses' hoofs. Jake drew his revolver and fired, but the only effect was fully to alarm her. She tried to run, but her hind legs were paralyzed. She put forth all her strength, dragging her hind legs. Now when the poison was no longer in the stomach, will-power could do a great deal. Had she been allowed to lie down then she would have been dead in five minutes, but the revolver shots and the man coming stirred her to strenuous action—madly she struggled again and again to get her hind legs to work. All the force of desperate intent she brought to bear. It was like putting ten-fold power to force the nervous fluid through their blocked-up channels as she dragged herself with marvellous speed downhill. What is nerve but will ? The dead wires of her legs were hot with this fresh power, multiplied, injected, blasted into them. They had to give in. She felt them thrill with life again. Each wild shot from the gun lent vital help. Another fierce attempt, and one hind leg obeyed the call to duty. A few more bounds and the other too fell in. Then lightly she loped away among the broken buttes, defying the agonizing gripe that still kept on inside.

Had Jake held off then she would yet have laid down and died, but he followed and fired and fired till in another mile she bounded free from pain, saved from her enemy by herself. He had compelled her to take the only cure, so she escaped.

And these were the ideas that she harvested that day—that curious smell on the meat stands for mortal agony : let it alone ! And she never forgot it ; thenceforth she knew strychnine.

Fortunately dogs, traps, and strychnine do not wage war at once, for the dogs are as apt to be caught or poisoned as the coyotes. Had there been a single dog in the hunt that day Tito's history would have ended.

IV

When the weather grew cooler toward the end of autumn Tito had gone far toward repairing the defects in her early training. She was more like an ordinary coyote in her habits now, and she was more disposed to sing the sun-down song.

One night, when she got a response, she yielded to the impulse again to call, and soon afterward a large, dark coyote appeared. The fact that he was there at all was a guarantee of unusual gifts, for the war against his race was waged relentlessly by the cattlemen. He approached with caution. Tito's mane bristled with mixed feelings at the sight of one of her own kind. She crouched flat on the ground and awaited ; the new-comer came stiffly forward, nosing the wind ; then up the wind nearly to her. Then he

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walked around so that she should wind him, and raising his tail gently waved it. The first acts meant armed neutrality, but the last was a distinctly friendly signal. Then he approached and she rose up suddenly and stood as high as she could to be smelled. Then she wagged the stump of her tail and they considered themselves acquainted.

The new-comer was a very large coyote, half as tall again as Tito. And the dark patch on his shoulders was so large and black that the cowboys, when they came to know him, called him Saddleback. From that time these two continued more or less together. They were not always close together; often were miles apart during the day, but toward night one or the other would get on some high, open place and sing the loud

Yap-yap-yap-yow-wow-wow-wow-wow

and they would foregather for some foray on hand.

The physical advantages were with Saddleback, but the greater cunning was Tito's, so that she in time became the leader. Before a month a third coyote had appeared on the scene and became also a member of this loose-bound fraternity, and later two more appeared. Nothing succeeds like success. The little bob-tailed coyote had had rare advantages of training just where the others were lacking. She knew the devices of man. She could not tell about these in words, but she could by the aid of a few signs and a great deal of example. It soon became evident that her methods of hunting were successful, whereas, when they went without her, they often had hard luck. A man at Boxelder Ranch had twenty sheep. The rules of the county did not allow anyone to own more, as this was a cattle range. These sheep were guarded by a large and fierce collie. One day in winter two of the coyotes tried to raid this flock by a bold dash and all they got was a mauling from the collie. A few days later the band returned at dusk. Just how Tito arranged it man cannot tell. We can only guess how she taught them their parts, but we know that she surely did. The coyotes hid in the willows. Then Saddleback, the bold and swift, walked openly toward the sheep and barked a loud defiance. The collie jumped up with bristling mane and furious growl; then seeing the foe dashed straight at him. Now was the time for the steady nerve and the unfailing limbs. Saddleback let the dog come near enough *almost* to catch him, and so beguiled him far and away into the woods, while the other coyotes, led by Tito, stampeded the sheep in twenty directions. Then following the farthest they killed several and left them in the snow.

In the gloom of descending night the dog and his master labored till they had gathered the bleating survivors; but next morning they found that four had been driven far away and killed, and the coyotes had had a banquet royal.

The shepherd poisoned the carcasses and left them. Next night the coyotes returned. Tito sniffed the now frozen meat, detected the poison, gave a warning growl, and scattered filth over the meat, so that none of the band should touch it. One, however, who was fast and foolish, persisted in feeding in spite of Tito's warning, and when they came away he was lying poisoned and dead in the snow.

V

JAKE now heard on all sides that the coyotes were getting worse. So he set to work with many traps and much poison to destroy those on the Garner's Creek, and every little while he would go with the hounds and scour the Little Missouri south and east of the Chimneypot Ranch; for it was understood that he must never run the dogs in country where traps and poison were laid. He worked in his erratic way all winter and certainly did have some success. He killed a couple of gray wolves, said to be the last of their race, and several coyotes, some of which, no doubt, were of the bob-tailed pack, which thereby lost those members which were lacking in wisdom.

Yet that winter was marked by a series of coyote raids and exploits. And usually the track in the snow or the testimony of eye-witnesses told that the master-spirit of it all was a little bob-tailed coyote.

One of these adventures was the cause of much talk. The coyote challenge

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sounded close to the Chimneypot Ranch after the sundown. A dozen dogs responded with the usual clamor. But only the bull-terrier dashed away toward the place whence the coyotes had called, for the reason that he only was loose. But his chase was fruitless and he came back growling. Twenty minutes later there was another coyote yell close at hand. Away dashed the terrier as before. In a minute his excited yapping told that he had sighted his game and was in full chase. Away he went, furiously barking, until his voice was lost afar and never more was heard. In the morning the men read in the snow the tale of the night. The first cry of the coyote was to find out if all the dogs were loose; then, having found that only one was free, they laid a plan. Five coyotes hid along the side of the trail, one went forward and called till it had decoyed the rash terrier, and then led him right into the ambush. What chance had he with six? They tore him limb from limb and devoured him too, at the very spot where once he had worried Coyotito. And next morning, when the men came, they saw by the signs that the whole thing had been planned and that the leader whose cunning had made it a success was a little bob-tailed coyote.

The men were angry and Lincoln was furious, but Jake remarked, "Well, I guess that bob-tail came back and got even with that terrier."

VI

SADDLEBACK and Tito had been together all winter. There had not been much courting when they chose each other for mates. Saddleback merely showed his teeth to possible rivals. Coyotes do not give each other names as do mankind, but have one sound like a growl and short howl, which stands for "*mate*" or "*husband*" or "*wife*." This they use in calling to each other, and it is by recognizing the tone of the voice, that they know who is calling.

The loose rambling brotherhood of the coyotes was broken up now, for the others also paired off, and since the returning warm weather was bringing out the prairie-dogs and small game there was less need to combine for hunting. Ordinarily coyotes do not sleep in dens or in any fixed place. They move about all night while it is cool, then during the daytime they get a few hours' sleep in the sun, on some quiet hillside that also gives a chance to watch out. But the mating season changes this habit somewhat.

As the weather grew warm Tito and Saddleback set about preparing a den for the expected family. In a warm little hollow an old badger abode was cleaned out, enlarged, and deepened. A quantity of leaves and grass was carried into it and arranged in a comfortable nest. The place selected for it was a dry, sunny nook among the hills, half a mile west of the Little Missouri. Thirty yards from it was a ridge which commanded a wide view of the grassy slopes and cotton-wood groves by the river. Men would have called it all very beautiful, but it is tolerably certain that that side of it never touched the coyotes at all.

Tito began to be much preoccupied with her impending duties. She stayed quietly in the neighborhood of the den and lived on such food as Saddleback brought her, or she herself could easily catch, and also on the little stores that she had buried at other times. She knew every prairie-dog-town in the region, as well as all the best places for mice and rabbits.

Not far from the den was the very dog-town that first she had crossed the day she had gained her liberty and lost her tail. If she were capable of such retrospect, she must have laughed to herself to think what a fool she was then. The change in her methods was now shown. Somewhat removed from the others, a prairie-dog had made his den in the most approved style, and now when Tito peered over he was feeding on the grass ten yards from his own door. A prairie-dog away from the others is of course easier to catch than one in the middle of the town, for he has but one pair of eyes to guard him, so Tito set about stalking this one, but how was she to do it when there was no cover, nothing but short grass and a few low weeds? The white bear knows how to approach the seal on the flat ice, and the Indian how to get within striking distance of the grazing deer. Tito knew how to do the same

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trick, and although one of the town-owls flew over with a warning chuckle, Tito set about her plan. A prairie-dog cannot see well unless he is sitting up on his hind legs. His eyes are of little use when he is nosing in the grass and Tito knew this. Further, a yellowish-gray animal on a yellowish-gray landscape is invisible till it moves. Tito seemed to know that. So without any attempt to crawl or hide, she walked gently upwind toward the prairie-dog. Upwind, not in order to prevent the prairie-dog smelling her, but so that she could smell him, which came to the same thing. As soon as the prairie-dog sat up with some food in his hand she froze into a statue. As soon as he dropped again to nose in the grass she walked steadily nearer, watching his every move so that she might be motionless each time he sat up to see what his distant brothers were barking at. Once or twice he seemed alarmed by the calls of his friends, but he saw nothing and resumed his feeding. She soon cut the fifty yards down to ten, and the ten to five, and still was undiscovered. Then when again the prairie-dog dropped down to seek more fodder she made a quick dash and bore him off kicking and squealing. Thus does the angel of the pruning-knife lop off those that are heedless and foolishly indifferent to the advantages of society.

VII

Tito had many adventures in which she did not come out so well. Once she nearly caught an antelope fawn, but the hunt was spoiled by the sudden appearance of the mother, who gave Tito a stinging blow on the side of the head and ended her hunt for that day. She never again made that mistake—she had sense. Once or twice she had to jump to escape the strike of a rattlesnake. Several times had she been fired at by hunters with long-range rifles. And more and more she had to look out for the terrible gray wolves. The gray wolf, of course, is much larger and stronger than the coyote. But the coyote has the advantage of speed, and can always escape in the open. All it must beware of is being caught in a corner. Usually when a gray wolf howls the coyotes go quietly about their business elsewhere.

Tito had a curious fad, occasionally seen among the wolves and coyotes, of carrying in her mouth, for miles, such things as seemed to be interesting and yet are not tempting as eatables. Many a time had she trotted a mile or two with an old buffalo-horn or a cast-off shoe only to drop it when something else attracted her attention. The cowboys who remark these things have various odd explanations to offer. One that it is done to stretch the jaws, or keep them in practice, just as a man in training carries weights. Coyotes have, in common with dogs and wolves, the habit of calling at certain stations along their line of travel, to leave a record of their visit. These stations may be a stone, a tree, a post, or an old buffalo skull, and the coyote calling there can learn by the odor and track of the last comer just who the caller was, whence he came and whither he went. The whole country is marked out by these intelligence depots. Now it often happens that a coyote that hasn't much else to do will carry a dry bone or some other useless object in its mouth, but sighting the signal post will go toward it to get the news, lay down the bone, and afterward forget to take it along, so that the signal posts in time become further marked with a curious collection of odds and ends.

This singular habit was the cause of a disaster to the Chimneypot wolf-hounds, and a corresponding advantage to the coyotes in the war. Jake had laid a line of poison-baits in the western bluffs. Tito knew what they were and spurned them as usual, but, finding more later, she gathered up three or four and crossed the Little Missouri toward the ranch-house. This she circled at a safe distance, but when something made the pack of dogs break out into clamor Tito dropped the baits, and next day when the dogs were taken out for exercise they found and devoured these scraps of meat, so that in ten minutes there were $400 worth of greyhounds lying dead. This led to an edict against poisoning in that district, and thus was a great boon to the coyotes.

Tito quickly learned that not only each kind of game must be hunted in a special way, but different ones of each kind may

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require quite different treatment. The prairie-dog with the outlying den was really an easy prey, but the town was quite compact now that he was gone. Near the centre of it was a fine, big, fat prairie-dog, a perfect alderman, that she had made several vain attempts to capture. On one occasion she had crawled almost within leaping distance when the angry "*bizz*" of a rattlesnake just ahead warned her that she was in danger. Not that the rattler cared anything about the prairie-dog, but he didn't wish to be disturbed, and Tito, who had an instinctive fear of the snake, was forced to abandon the hunt. The open stalk proved an utter failure with the alderman, for the situation of his den made every dog in the town his sentinel; but he was too good to give up, and Tito waited until circumstances made a new plan.

All coyotes have a trick of watching from a high lookout whatever passes along the roads. After it has passed they go down and examine its track. Tito had this habit, except that she was always careful to keep out of sight herself.

One day a wagon passed from the town to the southward. Tito lay low and watched it. Something dropped on the road. When the wagon was out of sight Tito sneaked down, first to smell the trail as a matter of habit, second to see what it was that had dropped. The object was really an apple, but Tito saw only an unattractive round green thing like a cactus leaf without spines, and of a peculiar smell. She snuffed it, spurned it, and was about to pass on, but the sun shone on it so brightly and it rolled so curiously when she pawed that she picked it up in a mechanical way and trotted back over the rise, where she found herself at the dog-town. Just then two great prairie-hawks came skimming like pirates over the plain. As soon as they were in sight the prairie-dogs all barked, jerking their tails at each bark, and hid below. When all were gone Tito walked on toward the hole of the big fat fellow whose body she coveted, and dropping the apple on the ground a couple of feet from the rim of the crater that formed his home, she put her nose down to enjoy the delicious smell of dog-fat. Even his den smelt more fragrant than those of the rest. Then she went quietly behind a greasewood bush, in a lower place some twenty yards away, and lay flat. After a few seconds some venturesome prairie-dog looked out, and seeing nothing gave the "all's well" bark. One by one they came out, and in twenty minutes the town was alive as before. One of the last to come out was the fat old alderman. He always took good care of his own precious self. He peered out cautiously a few times, then climbed onto the top of his lookout. A prairie-dog hole is shaped like a funnel going straight down. Around the top of this is built a high ridge which serves as a lookout, and also makes sure that no matter how they may slip in their hurry they are sure to drop into the funnel and be swallowed up by the all-protecting earth. On the outside the ground slopes away gently from the funnel. Now when the alderman saw that strange round thing at his threshold he was afraid. Second inspection led him to believe that it was not dangerous but was probably interesting. He went cautiously toward it, smelled it, and tried to nibble it, but the apple rolled away, for it was round and the ground was smooth as well as sloping. The prairie-dog followed and gave it a nip which satisfied him that the strange object would make good eating. But each time he nibbled, it rolled farther away. The coast seemed clear, all the other prairie-dogs were out, so the fat alderman did not hesitate to follow up the dodging, shifting apple.

This way and that it wriggled and he followed. Of course it worked toward the low place where grew the greasewood bush. The little tastes of apple that he got only whetted his appetite. The alderman was more and more interested. Foot by foot he was led from his hole, toward that old, familiar bush, and had no thought of anything but the joy of eating. And Tito curled herself and braced her sinewy legs, and measured the distance between, until it dwindled to not more than three good jumps, then up and like an arrow she shot and grabbed and bore him off at last.

Now it will never be known whether it was accident or design that led to the placing of that apple, but it proved im-

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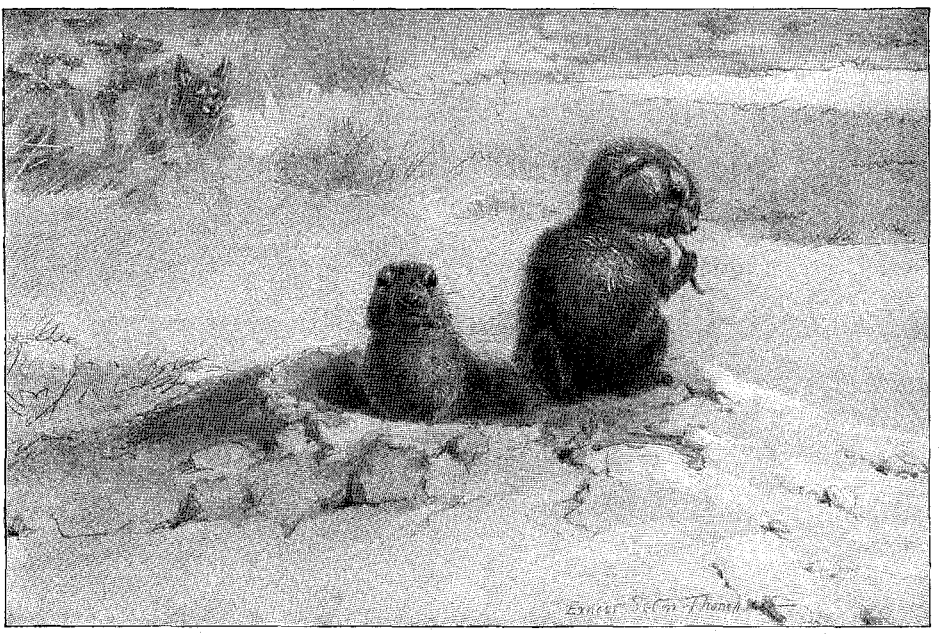

Fair Game.

portant, and if such a thing were to happen once or twice to a smart coyote—and it is usually clever ones that get such chances—it might easily grow into a new trick of hunting.

After a hearty meal Tito buried the rest in a cold place, not to get rid of it but to hide it for future use, and a little later, when she was too weak to hunt much, her various hoards of this sort came in very useful. True, the meat had turned very strong, but Tito was not critical, and she had no fears or theories of microbes, so suffered no ill effects.

(To be concluded.)

GOSSIP

By Oliver Herford

THE news around the Garden flew
  Last night the Rose was robbed—*A flower*
Was filched from her and flung into
  The casement of my Lady's bower.

The flowers were mystified. In vain
  They asked of one another, "*Pray,*
What ails our Lady of Disdain
  That she must wear a Rose to-day?"

The Daisy with her latest breath,
  'Reft of her petals, whispered low,
"*It is a secret to the Death*
  I gave my petals all to know."

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"OLD CARNATIONS"

By Albert Bigelow Paine

BUT that was an after-thought. It would have been the thing for him to do, of course; only, it had not occurred to him at the time. Instead he had let slip the hot words that were on his tongue—words which he knew Jessica would never forgive. Never in the world. If he had only treated the matter good-humoredly—if he had been even willing to take part of the blame, (it would have been so easy to do it)—Jessica would have seen her mistake presently and laughed. What an idiot he had been.

On Broadway, just below Twenty-third Street, he halted and turned, through force of habit. An old man on a low stool sat there, meagre of face and huddled down in a faded, heavy overcoat buttoned to his throat, though it was nearly June. Before him, on a box, were a few bunches of carnations, his stock in trade. A single blossom he wore on his coat. Through winter and summer—in storm and sun—he had sat thus as long as Trevenning could remember. Never, even in midsummer, had he been without the heavy overcoat with its single spot of crimson on the colorless lapel. His little stock in trade had never changed and he was called "Old Carnations."

And every morning for a year Trevenning had bought flowers of him. Every morning, in fact, since he had known Jessica. Usually they had stopped together to leave the modest price and a pleasant word, and when Trevenning had been alone, as had been the case sometimes of a stormy morning, he had left the coin and the pleasant word just the same, and later in the day he had carried the little nosegay around to Jessica. It had become their little daily love-symbol as the days passed, and the old seller of flowers had grown into the romance of their lives.

They really knew little of him, for he rarely spoke, though presently he had grown familiar with their faces, and whether they came together or either of them passed alone, his eyes brightened. They brightened now as Trevenning paused. Then, as the artist started to hurry by, hesitated, paused again and laid down the usual coin, and hurried on without taking the flowers, a look of grave astonishment came into the old man's eyes and his pale face grew troubled. He watched the young man as he disappeared in the crowd toward Twenty-second Street, and noticed that he did not step with the usual brave, buoyant swing. Then "Old Carnations" sighed, and down under the breast of his faded overcoat something ached. A woman came along and laid down a coin as she picked up one of the little crimson bunches. He took the money mechanically—his eyes looking far beyond her.

For "Old Carnations" was looking back through many seasons of snow and blossom. The hurrying crowds passed unseen. The clatter and roar of the cobble dwindled back into silence. In the place of these there came woods and green fields, with birds singing. There was a house, too, a little house, and a garden—a tiny garden where carnations grew. And out of the house there came a girl as fresh and sweet as the morning. There was a youth there, too, a tall, strong lad, and he leaned over the gate. He was saying good-by to the girl, for he was going away to win fortune for them both. Then presently the girl ran into the little garden and came back with her hands filled with carnations. "Wear this till we meet again," she laughed, and pinned one of them on his coat. He had gone away then with her kiss sweet upon his lips and the golden morning on the woods and meadows. He had waved adieu to her from the hilltop and passed down behind it with her image in his heart. And always it had remained there, though he had seen her in life no more.

There had been a misunderstanding, at first. Then, later, when he heard that she was married, he had flung away the faded carnation. But when the news

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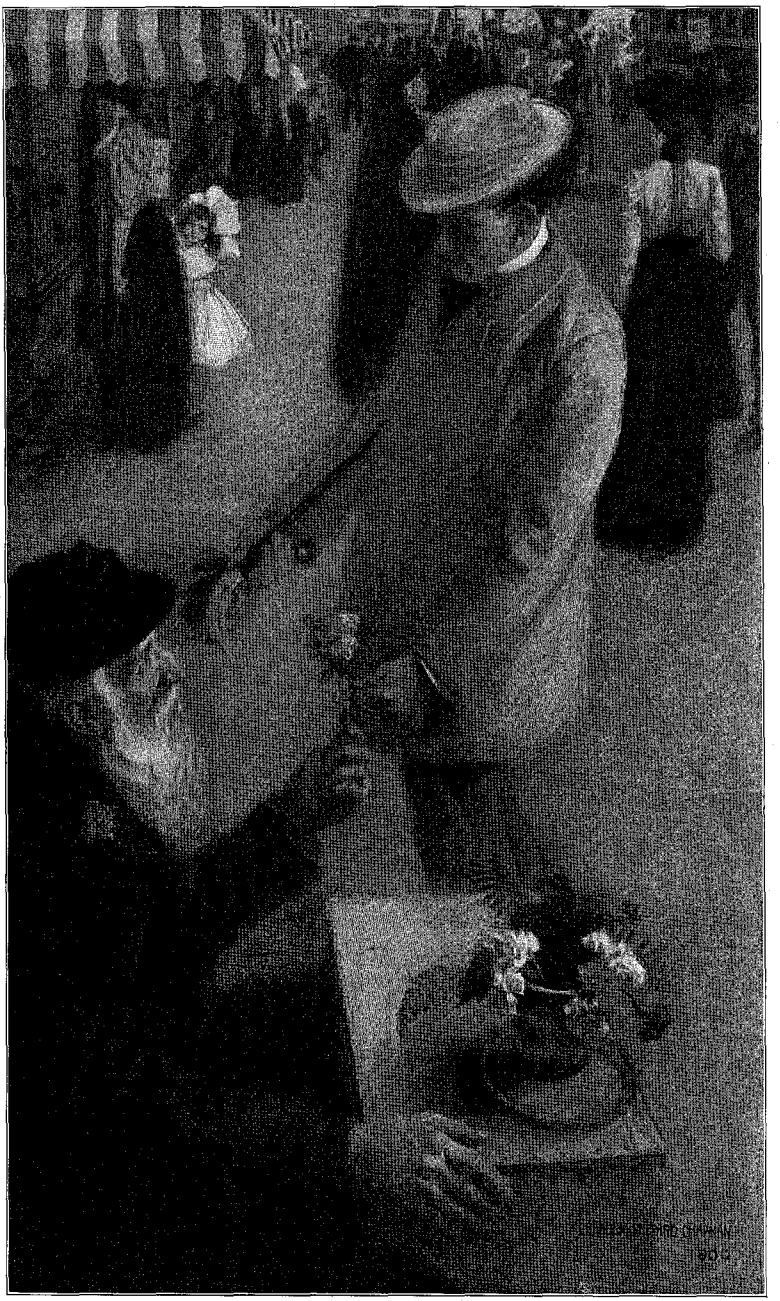

Drawn by C. S. Chapman.

Trevenning had bought flowers of him.—Page 146.

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came that she was dead, with some word of the real truth, he had bought others and worn a fresh one each day.

He had been faithful through all the years. When age and feebleness had come on, he had drifted to the city, and at last offered to others that which of all the world had become most dear to him. Years and exposure had racked and wasted his body, but he had crouched down in his heavy garments and lingered on. And so in time he had become as a part of the thronging street; and because of what he sold, and the flower always on his coat, they had called him "Old Carnations."

But by and by a new interest had come into his life—a young man and a fresh young girl who had paused often to buy his flowers. They had passed almost daily and he had known from the first that they were lovers. Out of their happiness something that was almost sweetness had come into his own heart. They were like two merry children, and erelong he found himself waiting hungrily each day until they came. They loved the flower that he loved. For them as for him it had acquired through love a new and precious meaning.

"Old Carnations" looked with weary helplessness at the hurrying crowd. The sweetness had suddenly gone out of the June air, and his heart moved heavily. Something had happened to his children. Something that would canker and destroy

And paused at the room pointed out by other tenants.—Page 149.

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their lives as his own had been destroyed, and hers. What would be the end of it? What could he do? He was so absorbed in this thought that he did not notice at first who it was that had paused in front of his little stand. Then he saw it was Jessica. She had taken up one of the little bunches and laid down the coin. She looked pale and troubled.

"She is sorry," he thought, and he seemed about to speak to her. But then he began to tremble, so that he could not utter even the usual word of greeting. She passed on, also in the direction of Twenty-second Street, and he hoped that they would meet. But the next morning, when Trevenning passed alone once more, he knew that the young man's heart was still uncomforted. And later, when Jessica came again for carnations, he thought there were traces of tears under her lids. His heart yearned to speak to her—only, he could not do it. He was ill, more so than usual, lately, and the very thought of what words would be fit to say to this sweet-faced girl he had grown to love, set him to quaking. If only he could do something for them. If only he could do something!

Somebody opened the street-door hesitatingly.

But one morning, when Trevenning passed along, the place of "Old Carnations" was unoccupied. The young man paused and looked up and down the street. Others, too, halted for a brief instant, as one halts where some old landmark has been removed. Trevenning passed on, but the old man's absence had in some way bitten into his heart and renewed its hunger for Jessica. By and by he left the studio and walked back along Broadway. "Old Carnations" had been late—he would surely be there by now. But no, the place was still empty. Trevenning spoke to the policeman on the corner. The officer thought the old man might be ill, and told where he was supposed to live. It was an obscure, wretched place, but Trevenning found his way. Through the dark hall and up narrow flights he stumbled, and paused at the room pointed out by other tenants. There was no answer to his knock and he tried the door. It yielded. There was almost nothing in the room, but through a narrow window came dim light that fell on a low bed in the corner. On it lay stretched a tall figure. Trevenning had never realized before the height of the old flower-seller. The faded heavy overcoat was drawn about him, and on its colorless lapel shone bravely a crimson flower.

Somebody opened the street-door hesitatingly as Trevenning reached the bottom of the last flight. In the ray of light that came in, he saw it was Jessica. She did not see him until he came forward. Then he drew her to him in the dark hallway.

"There is no need to go up, sweetheart," he whispered, and he took her in his arms.

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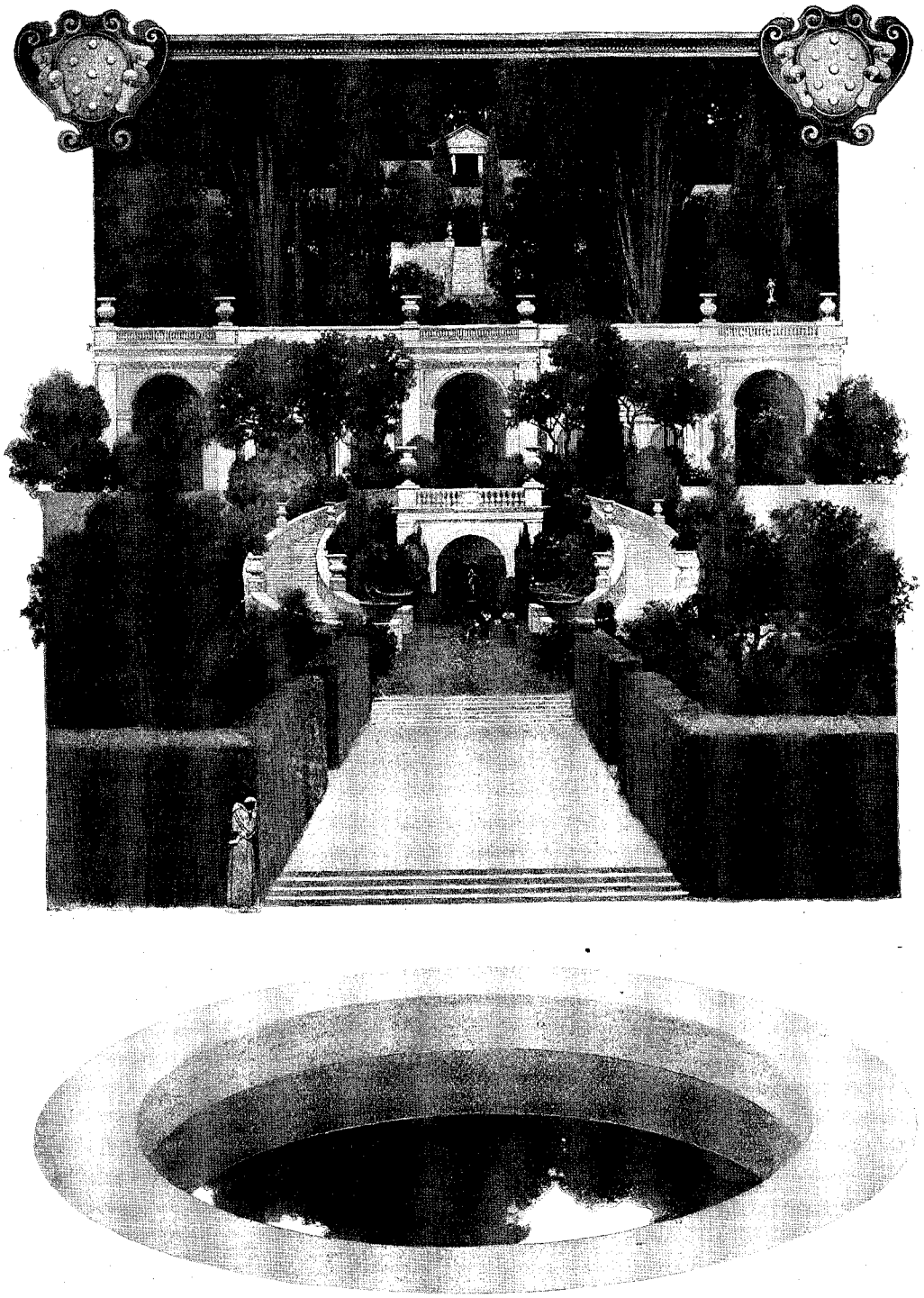

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

They were always together . . . walking in the gardens.—Page 156.

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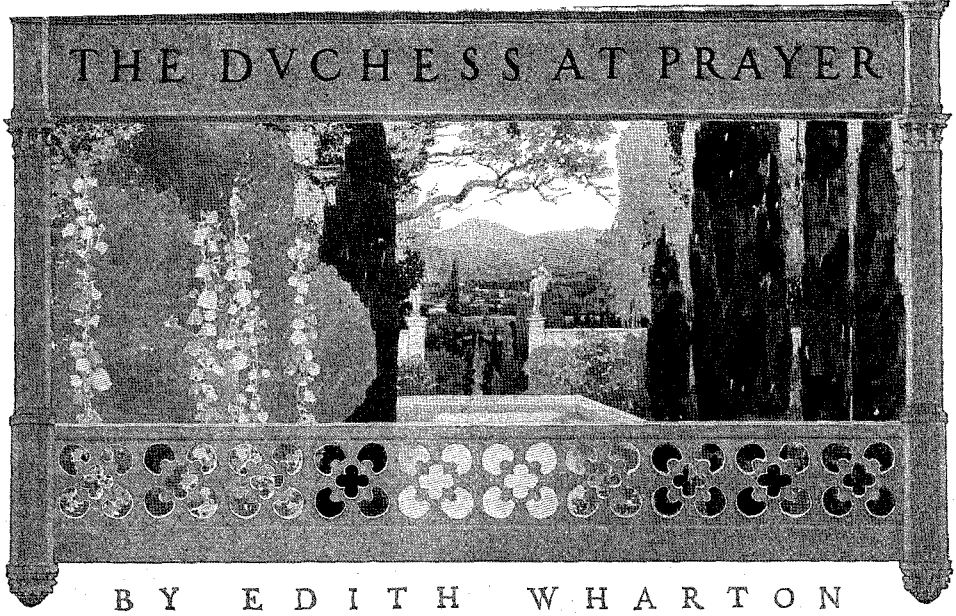

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

HAVE you ever questioned the long shuttered front of an old Italian house, that motionless mask, smooth, mute, equivocal as the face of a priest behind which buzz the secrets of the confessional? Other houses declare the activities they shelter; they are the clear expressive cuticle of a life flowing close to the surface; but the old palace in its narrow street, the villa on its cypress-hooded hill, are as impenetrable as death. The tall windows are like blind eyes, the great door is a shut mouth. Inside there may be sunshine, the scent of myrtles, and a pulse of life through all the arteries of the huge frame; or a mortal solitude where bats lodge in the disjointed stones, and the keys rust in unused doors. . . .

II

FROM the loggia, with its vanishing frescoes, I looked down an avenue barred by a ladder of cypress-shadows to the ducal escutcheon and mutilated vases of the gate. Flat noon lay on the gardens, on fountains, porticoes and grottoes. Below the terrace, where a chrome-colored lichen had sheeted the balustrade as with fine *laminæ* of gold, vineyards stooped to the rich valley clasped in hills. The lower slopes were strewn with white villages like stars spangling a summer dusk; and beyond these, fold on fold of blue mountain, clear as gauze against the sky. The August air was lifeless, but it seemed light and vivifying after the atmosphere of the shrouded rooms through which I had been led. Their chill was on me and I hugged the sunshine.

"The Duchess's apartments are beyond," said the old man.

He was the oldest man I had ever seen; so sucked back into the past that he seemed more like a memory than a living being. The one trait linking him with the actual was the fixity with which his small saurian eye held the pocket that, as I entered, had yielded a *lira* to the gate-keeper's child. He went on, without removing his eye:

"For two hundred years nothing has been changed in the apartments of the Duchess."

"And no one lives here now?"

"No one, sir. The Duke goes to Como for the summer season."

I had moved to the other end of the loggia. Below me, through hanging groves, white roofs and domes flashed like a smile.

"And that's Vicenza?"

"*Proprio!*" The old man extended

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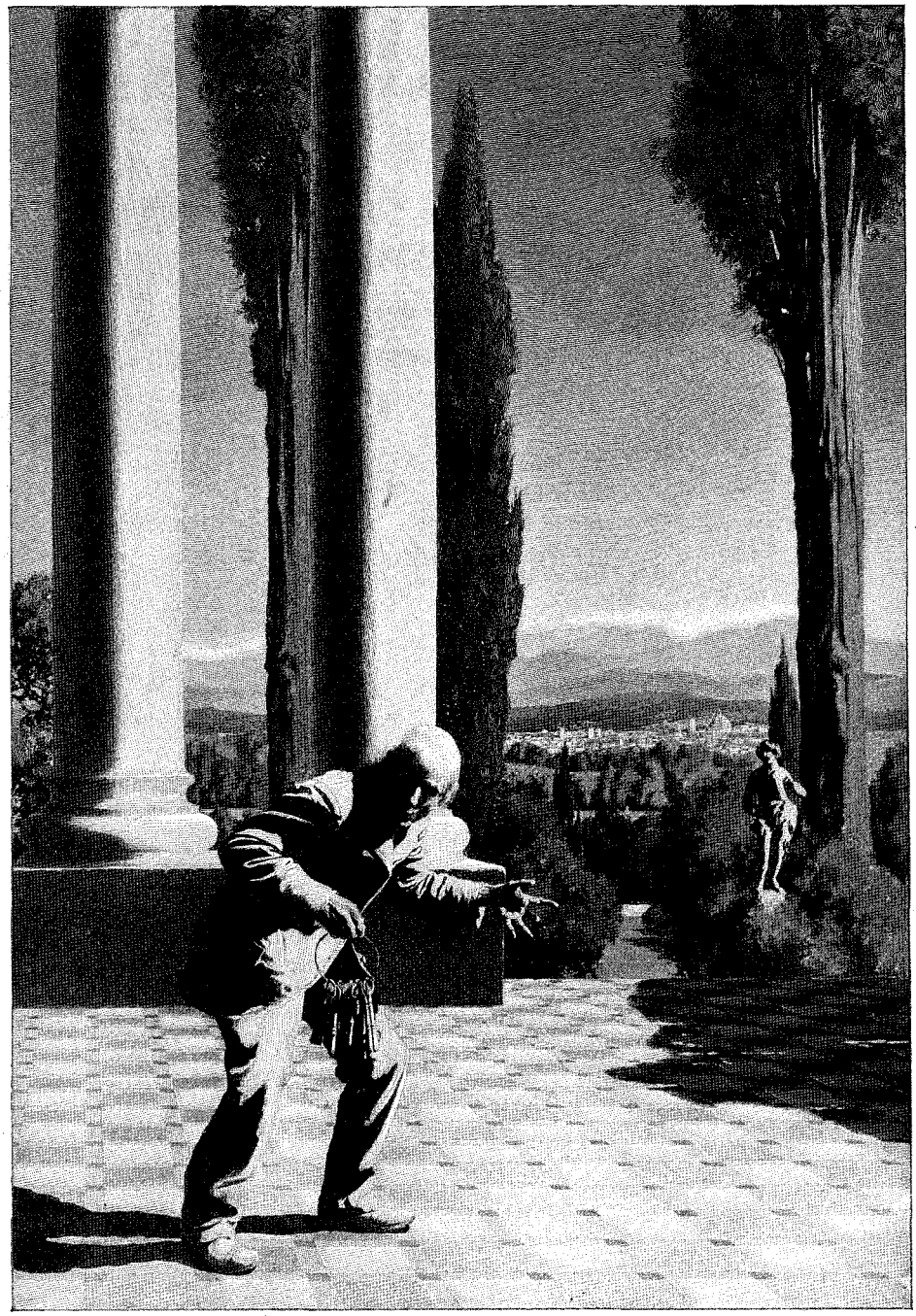

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

"The Duchess's apartments are beyond," said the old man.—Page 151.

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fingers as lean as the hands fading from the walls behind us. "You see the palace roof over there, just to the left of the Basilica? The one with the row of statues like birds taking flight? That's the Duke's town palace, built by Palladio."

"And does the Duke come there?"

"Never. In winter he goes to Rome."

"And the palace and the villa are always closed?"

"As you see—always."

"How long has this been?"

"Since I can remember."

I looked into his eyes: they were like tarnished metal mirrors reflecting nothing. "That must be a long time," I said, involuntarily.

"A long time," he assented.

I looked down on the gardens. An opulence of dahlias overran the box-borders, between cypresses that cut the sunshine like basalt shafts. Bees hung above the lavender; lizards sunned themselves on the benches and slipped through the cracks of the dry basins. Everywhere were vanishing traces of that fantastic horticulture of which our dull age has lost the art. Down the alleys maimed statues stretched their arms like rows of whining beggars; faun-eared terms grinned in the thicket, and above the laurustinus walls rose the mock ruin of a temple, falling into real ruin in the bright disintegrating air. The glare was blinding.

"Let us go in," I said.

The old man pushed open a heavy door, behind which the cold lurked like a knife.

"The Duchess's apartments," he said.

Overhead and around us the same evanescent frescoes, under foot the same scagliola volutes, unrolled themselves interminably. Ebony cabinets, with colonnades of precious marbles in cunning perspective, alternated down the room with the tarnished efflorescence of gilt consoles supporting Chinese monsters; and from the chimney-panel a gentleman in the Spanish habit haughtily ignored us.

"Duke Ercole II.," the old man explained, "by the Genoese Priest."

It was a narrow-browed face, sallow as a wax effigy, high-nosed and cautious-lidded, as though modelled by priestly hands; the lips weak and vain rather than cruel; a quibbling mouth that would have snapped at verbal errors like a lizard catching flies, but had never learned the shape of a round yes or no. One of the Duke's hands rested on the head of a dwarf, a simian creature with pearl earrings and fantastic dress; the other turned the pages of a folio propped on a skull.

"Beyond is the Duchess's bedroom," the old man reminded me.

Here the shutters admitted but two narrow shafts of light, gold bars deepening the subaqueous gloom. On a dais, the bedstead, grim, nuptial, official, lifted its baldachin; a yellow Christ agonized between the curtains, and across the room a lady smiled at us from the chimney-breast.

The old man unbarred a shutter and the light touched her face. Such a face it was, with a flicker of laughter over it like the wind on a June meadow, and a singular tender pliancy of mien, as though one of Tiepolo's lenient goddesses had been busked into the stiff sheath of a seventeenth century dress!

"No one has slept here," said the old man, "since the Duchess Violante."

"And she was——?"

"The lady there—first Duchess of Duke Ercole II."

He drew a key from his pocket and unlocked a door at the farther end of the room. "The chapel," he said. "This is the Duchess's balcony." As I turned to follow him the Duchess tossed me a side-long smile.

I stepped into a grated tribune above a chapel festooned with stucco. Pictures of bituminous saints mouldered between the pilasters; the artificial roses in the altar-vases were gray with dust and age, and under the cobwebby rosettes of the vaulting a bird's nest clung. Before the altar stood a row of tattered arm-chairs, and I drew back at sight of a figure kneeling near them.

"The Duchess," the old man whispered. "By the Cavaliere Bernini."

It was the image of a woman in furred robes and spreading fraise, her hands lifted, her face addressed to the tabernacle. There was a strangeness in the sight of that immovable presence locked in prayer before an abandoned shrine. Her face was hidden, and I wondered

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whether it were grief or gratitude that raised her hands and drew her eyes to the altar, where no living prayer joined her marble invocation. I followed my guide down the tribune steps, impatient to see what mystic version of such terrestrial graces the ingenious artist had found—the Cavaliere was master of such arts. The Duchess's attitude was one of transport, as though heavenly airs fluttered her laces and the love-locks escaping from her coif. I saw how admirably the sculptor had caught the poise of her head, the tender slope of the shoulder; then I crossed over and looked into her face—it was a frozen horror. Never have hate, revolt, and agony so possessed a human countenance. . . .

The old man crossed himself and shuffled his feet on the marble.

"The Duchess Violante," he repeated.

"The same as in the picture?"

"Eh—the same."

"But the face—what does it mean?"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned deaf eyes on me. Then he shot a glance round the sepulchral place, clutched my sleeve and said, close to my ear: "It was not always so."

"What was not?"

"The face—so terrible."

"The Duchess's face?"

"The statue's. It changed after——"

"After?"

"It was put here."

"The statue's face *changed*——?"

He mistook my bewilderment for incredulity and his confidential finger dropped from my sleeve. "Eh, that's the story. I tell what I've heard. What do I know?" He resumed his senile shuffle across the marble. "This is a bad place to stay in—no one comes here. It's too cold. But the gentleman said, *I must see everything!*"

I let the *lire* sound. "So I must—and hear everything. This story, now—from whom did you have it?"

His hand stole back. "One that saw it, by God!"

"That saw it?"

"My grandmother, then. I'm a very old man."

"Your grandmother? Your grandmother was——?"

"The Duchess's serving girl, with respect to you."

"Your grandmother? Two hundred years ago?"

"Is it too long ago? That's as God pleases. I am a very old man and she was a very old woman when I was born. When she died she was as black as a miraculous Virgin and her breath whistled like the wind in a keyhole. She told me the story when I was a little boy. She told it to me out there in the garden, on a bench by the fish-pond, one summer night of the year she died. It must be true, for I can show you the very bench we sat on. . . ."

III

NOON lay heavier on the gardens; not our live humming warmth, but the stale exhalation of dead summers. The very statues seemed to drowse like watchers by a death-bed. Lizards shot out of the cracked soil like flames and the bench in the laurustinus-niche was strewn with the blue varnished bodies of dead flies. Before us lay the fish-pond, a yellow marble slab above rotting secrets. The villa looked across it, composed as a dead face, with the cypresses flanking it for candles. . . .

IV

". . . Impossible, you say, that my mother's mother should have been the Duchess's maid? What do I know? It is so long since anything has happened here that the old things seem nearer, perhaps, than to those who live in cities. . . . But how else did she know about the statue then? Answer me that, sir! That she saw with her eyes, I can swear to, and never smiled again, so she told me, till they put her first child in her arms . . . for she was taken to wife by the steward's son, Antonio, the same who had carried the letters. . . . But where am I? Ah, well . . . she was a mere slip, you understand, my grandmother, when the Duchess died, a niece of the upper maid, Nencia, and suffered about the Duchess because of her pranks and the funny songs she knew. It's possible, you think, she may have

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stand up as distinct as the statues in the garden. . . .

"It began the summer after they came back from the Brenta. Duke Ercole had married the lady from Venice, you must know; it was a gay city, then, I'm told, with laughter and music on the water, and the days slipped by like boats running with the tide. Well, to humor her he took her back the first autumn to the Brenta. Her father, it appears, had a grand palace there, with such gardens, bowling-alleys, grottoes and casinos as never were; gondolas bobbing at the water-gates, a stable full of gilt coaches, a theatre full of players, and kitchens and offices full of cooks and lackeys to serve up chocolate all day long to the fine ladies in masks and furbelows, with their pet dogs and their blackamoors and their *abates*. Eh! I know it all as if I'd been there, for Nencia, you see, my grandmother's aunt, travelled with the Duchess, and came back with her eyes round as platters, and not a word to say for the rest of the year to any of the lads who'd courted her here in Vicenza.

"What happened there I don't know—my grandmother could never get at the rights of it, for Nencia was mute as a fish where her lady was concerned—but when they came back to Vicenza the Duke ordered the villa set in order; and in the spring he brought the Duchess here and left her. She looked happy enough, my grandmother said, and seemed no object for pity. Perhaps, after all, it was better than being shut up in Vicenza, in the tall painted rooms where priests came and went as softly as cats prowling for birds, and the Duke was forever closeted in his library, talking with learned men. The Duke was a scholar; you noticed he was painted with a book? Well, those that can read 'em make out that they're full of wonderful things; as a man that's been to a fair across the mountains will always tell his people at home it was beyond anything *they'll* ever see. As for the Duchess was always laughing.

"When she first came to the villa she was very busy laying out the gardens, designing grottoes, planting groves, and planning all manner of agreeable surprises in the way of water-jets that drenched you unexpectedly, and hermits in caves, and wild men that jumped at you out of thickets. She had a very pretty taste in such matters, but after awhile she tired of it, and there being no one for her to talk to but her maids and the chaplain—a clumsy man deep in his books—why, she would have strolling players out from Vicenza, mountebanks and fortune-tellers from the market-place, travelling doctors and astrologers, and all manner of trained animals. Still it could be seen that the poor lady pined for company, and her waiting women, who loved her, were glad when the Cavaliere Ascanio, the Duke's cousin, came to live at the vineyard across the valley—you see the pinkish house over there in the mulberries, with a red roof and a pigeon-cote?

"The Cavaliere Ascanio was a cadet of one of the great Venetian houses, *pezzi grossi* of the Golden Book. He had been meant for the Church, I believe, but what! he set fighting above praying and cast in his lot with the captain of the Duke of Mantua's *bravi*, himself a Venetian of good standing, but a little at odds with the law. Well, the next I knew, the Cavaliere was in Venice again, perhaps not in good odor on account of his connection with the gentleman I speak of. Some say he tried to carry off a nun from the convent of Santa Croce; how that may be I can't say; but my grandmother declared he had enemies there, and the end of it was that on some pretext or other the Ten banished him to Vicenza. There, of course, the Duke, being his kinsman, had to show him a civil face; and that was how he first came to the villa.

"He was a fine young man, beautiful as

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a Saint Sebastian, a rare musician, who sang his own songs to the lute in a way that used to make my grandmother's heart melt and run through her body like mulled wine. He had a good word for everybody, too, and was always dressed in the French fashion, and smelt as sweet as a bean-field; and every soul about the place welcomed the sight of him.

"Well, the Duchess, it seemed, welcomed it too; youth will have youth, and laughter turns to laughter; and the two matched each other like the candlesticks on an altar. The Duchess—you've seen her portrait—but to hear my grandmother, sir, it no more approached her than a weed comes up to a rose. The Cavaliere, indeed, as became a poet, paragoned her in his song to all the pagan goddesses of antiquity; and doubtless these were finer to look at than mere women; but so, it seemed, was she; for, to believe my grandmother, she made other women look no more than the big French fashion-doll that used to be shown on Ascension days in the Piazza. She was one, at any rate, that needed no outlandish finery to beautify her; whatever dress she wore became her as feathers fit the bird; and her hair didn't get its color by bleaching on the housetop. It glittered of itself like the threads in an Easter chasuble, and her skin was whiter than fine wheaten bread, and her mouth as sweet as a ripe fig. . . .

"Well, sir, you could no more keep them apart than the bees and the lavender. They were always together, singing, bowling, playing cup and ball, walking in the gardens, visiting the aviaries and petting her grace's trick-dogs and monkeys. The Duchess was as gay as a foal, always playing pranks and laughing, tricking out her animals like comedians, disguising herself as a peasant or a nun (you should have seen her one day pass herself off to the chaplain as a mendicant sister), or teaching the lads and girls of the vineyards to dance and sing madrigals together. The Cavaliere had a singular ingenuity in planning such entertainments, and the days were hardly long enough for their diversions. But toward the end of the summer the Duchess fell quiet and would hear only sad music, and the two sat much together in the gazebo at the end of the garden. It was there the Duke found them one day when he drove out from Vicenza in his gilt coach. He came but once or twice a year to the villa, and it was, as my grandmother said, just a part of her poor lady's ill-luck to be wearing that day the Venetian habit, which uncovered the shoulders in a way the Duke always scowled at, and her curls loose and powdered with gold. Well, the three drank chocolate in the gazebo, and what happened no one knew, except that the Duke, on taking leave, gave his cousin a seat in his carriage; but the Cavaliere never returned.

"Winter approaching, and the poor lady thus finding herself once more alone, it was surmised among her women that she must fall into a deeper depression of spirits. But far from this being the case, she displayed such cheerfulness and equanimity of humor that my grandmother, for one, was half-vexed with her for giving no more thought to the poor young man who, all this time, was eating his heart out in the house across the valley. It is true she quitted her gold-laced gowns and wore a veil over her head; but Nencia would have it she looked the lovelier for the change, and so gave the Duke greater displeasure. Certain it is that the Duke drove out oftener to the villa, and though he found his lady always engaged in some innocent pursuit, such as embroidery or music, or playing games with her young women, yet he always went away with a sour look and a whispered word to the chaplain. Now as to the chaplain, my grandmother owned there had been a time when her grace had not handled him overwisely. For, according to Nencia, it seems that his reverence, who seldom approached the Duchess, being buried in his library like a mouse in a cheese—well, one day he made bold to appeal to her for a sum of money, a large sum, Nencia said, to buy certain tall books, a chest full of them, that a foreign pedler had brought him; whereupon the Duchess, who could never abide a book, breaks out at him with a laugh and a flash of her old spirit—'Holy Mother of God, must I have more books about me? I was nearly smothered with them in the first year of my marriage;' and the chaplain turning red at the affront, she added: 'You may buy them and welcome, my good chaplain, if you can find the money; but as for me, I am yet

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seeking a way to pay for my turquoise necklace, and the statue of Daphne at the end of the bowling-green, and the Indian parrot that my black boy brought me last Michaelmas from the Bohemians—so you see I've no money to waste on trifles;' and as he backs out awkwardly she tosses at him, over her shoulder: 'You should pray to Saint Blandina to open the Duke's pocket!' to which he returned, very quietly, 'Your excellency's suggestion is an admirable one, and I have already entreated that blessed martyr to open the Duke's understanding.'

"Thereat, Nencia said (who was standing by), the Duchess flushed wonderfully red and waved him out of the room; and then 'Quick!' she cried to my grandmother (who was too glad to run on such errands), 'Call me Antonio, the gardener's boy, to the box-garden; I've a word to say to him about the new clove-carnations. . . .

"Now, I may not have told you, sir, that in the crypt under the chapel there has stood, for more generations than a man can count, a stone coffin containing a thigh-bone of the blessed Saint Blandina of Lyons, a relic offered, I've been told, by some great Duke of France to one of our own dukes when they fought the Turk together; and the object, ever since, of particular veneration in this illustrious family. Now, since the Duchess had been left to herself, it was observed she affected a fervent devotion to this relic, praying often in the chapel and even causing the stone slab that covered the entrance to the crypt to be replaced by a wooden one, that she might at will descend and kneel by the coffin. This was matter of edification to all the household, and should have been peculiarly pleasing to the chaplain; but, with respect to you, he was the kind of man who brings a sour mouth to the eating of the sweetest apple.

"However that may be, the Duchess, when she dismissed him, was seen running to the garden, where she talked earnestly with the boy Antonio about the new clove-carnations; and the rest of the day she sat in-doors and played sweetly on the virginal. Now Nencia always had it in mind that her Grace had made a mistake in refusing that request of the chaplain's; but she said nothing, for to talk reason to the Duchess was of no more use than praying for rain in a drought.

"Winter came early that year, there was snow on the hills by All Souls, the wind stripped the gardens, and the lemon-trees were nipped in the lemon-house. The Duchess kept her room in this black season, sitting over the fire, embroidering, reading books of devotion (which was a thing she had never done), and praying frequently in the chapel. As for the chaplain, it was a place he never set foot in but to say mass in the morning, with the Duchess overhead in the tribune, and the servants aching with rheumatism on the marble floor. The chaplain himself hated the cold, and galloped through the mass like a man with witches after him. The rest of the day he spent in his library, over a brazier, with his eternal books. . . .

"You'll wonder, sir, if I'm ever to get to the gist of the story; and I've gone slowly, I own, for fear of what's coming. Well, the winter was long and hard. When it fell cold the Duke ceased to come out from Vicenza, and not a soul had the Duchess to speak to but her maid-servants and the gardeners about the place. Yet it was wonderful, my grandmother said, how she kept her brave colors and her spirits; only it was remarked that she prayed longer in the chapel, where a brazier was kept burning for her all day. When the young are denied their natural pleasures, they turn often enough to religion; and it was a mercy, as my grandmother said, that she, who had scarce a live sinner to speak to, should take such comfort in a dead saint.

"My grandmother seldom saw her that winter, for though she showed a brave front to all, she kept more and more to herself, choosing to have only Nencia about her, and dismissing even her when she went to pray. For her devotion had that mark of true piety, that she wished it not to be observed; so that Nencia had strict orders, on the chaplain's approach, to warn her mistress if she happened to be in prayer.

"Well, the winter passed, and spring was well forward, when my grandmother one evening had a bad fright. That it was her own fault I won't deny, for she'd been down the lime-walk with Antonio when her aunt fancied her to be stitching in her chamber; and seeing a sudden light in Nencia's win-

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dow, she took fright lest her disobedience be found out, and ran up quickly through the laurel-grove to the house. Her way lay by the chapel, and as she crept past it, meaning to slip in through the scullery, and groping her way, for the dark had fallen and the moon was scarce up, she heard a crash close behind her, as though someone had dropped from a window of the chapel. The young fool's heart turned over, but she looked round as she ran, and there, sure enough, was a man scuttling across the terrace; and as he doubled the corner of the house my grandmother swore she caught the whisk of the chaplain's skirts. Now that was a strange thing, certainly; for why should the chaplain be getting out of the chapel window when he might have passed through the door? For you may have noticed, sir, there's a door leads from the chapel into the saloon on the ground floor; the only other way out being through the Duchess's tribune.

"Well, my grandmother turned the matter over, and next time she met Antonio in the lime-walk (which, by reason of her fright, was not for some days) she laid before him what had happened; but to her surprise he only laughed, and said, 'You little simpleton, he wasn't getting out of the window, he was trying to look in;' and not another word could she get from him.

"So the season moved on to Easter, and news came the Duke had gone to Rome for that holy festivity. His comings and goings made no change at the villa, and yet there was no one there but felt easier to think his yellow face was on the far side of the Apennines, unless, perhaps, it was the chaplain.

"Well, it was one day in May that the Duchess, who had walked long with Nencia on the terrace, rejoicing at the sweetness of the prospect and the pleasant scent of the gilly-flowers in the stone vases, the Duchess toward midday withdrew to her rooms, giving orders that her dinner should be served in her bed-chamber. My grandmother helped to carry in the dishes, and observed, she said, the singular beauty of the Duchess, who, in honor of the fine weather, had put on a gown of shot-silver and hung her bare shoulders with pearls, so that she looked fit to dance at court with an emperor. She had ordered, too, a rare repast for a lady that heeded so little what she ate—jellies, game-pastries, fruits in syrup, spiced cakes, and a flagon of Greek wine; and she nodded and clapped her hands as the women set it before her, saying, again and again, 'I shall eat well to-day.'

"But presently another mood seized her; she turned from the table, called for her rosary, and said to Nencia: 'The fine weather has made me neglect my devotions. I must say a litany before I dine.'

"She ordered the women out and barred the door, as her custom was; and Nencia and my grandmother went down-stairs to work in the linen-room.

"Now the linen-room gives on the court-yard, and suddenly my grandmother saw a strange sight approaching. First up the avenue came the Duke's carriage (whom all thought to be in Rome), and after it, drawn by a long string of mules and oxen, a cart carrying what looked like a kneeling figure wrapped in death-clothes. The strangeness of it struck the girl dumb and the Duke's coach was at the door before she had the wit to cry out that it was coming. Nencia, when she saw it, went white and ran out of the room. My grandmother followed, scared by her face, and the two fled along the corridor to the chapel. On the way they met the chaplain, deep in a book, who asked in surprise where they were running, and when they said, to announce the Duke's arrival, he fell into such astonishment, and asked them so many questions and uttered such ohs and ahs that by the time he let them by the Duke was at their heels. Nencia reached the chapel-door first and cried out that the Duke was coming; and before she had a reply he was at her side, with the chaplain following.

"A moment later the door opened and there stood the Duchess. She held her rosary in one hand and had drawn a scarf over her shoulders; but they shone through it like the moon in a mist, and her countenance sparkled with beauty.

"The Duke took her hand with a bow. 'Madam,' he said, 'I could have had no greater happiness than thus to surprise you at your devotions.'

"'My own happiness,' she replied, 'would have been greater had your excellency prolonged it by giving me notice of your arrival.'

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"'Had you expected me, Madam,' said he, 'your appearance could scarcely have been more fitted to the occasion. Few ladies of your youth and beauty array themselves to venerate a saint as they would to welcome a lover.'

"'Sir,' she answered, 'having never enjoyed the latter opportunity, I am constrained to make the most of the former.—What's that?' she cried, falling back, and the rosary dropped from her hand.

"There was a loud noise at the other end of the saloon, as of a heavy object being dragged down the passage; and presently a dozen men were seen haling across the threshold the shrouded thing from the ox-cart. The Duke waved his hand toward it. 'That,' said he, 'Madam, is a tribute to your extraordinary piety. I have heard with peculiar satisfaction of your devotion to the blessed relics in this chapel, and to commemorate a zeal which neither the rigors of winter nor the sultriness of summer could abate, I have ordered a sculptured image of you, marvellously executed by the Cavaliere Bernini, to be placed before the altar over the entrance to the crypt.'

"The Duchess, who had grown pale, nevertheless smiled playfully at this. 'As to commemorating my piety,' she said, 'I recognize there one of your excellency's pleasantries——'

"'A pleasantry?' the Duke interrupted; and he made a sign to the men, who had now reached the threshold of the chapel. In an instant the wrappings fell from the figure, and there knelt the Duchess to the life. A cry of wonder rose from all, but the Duchess herself stood whiter than the marble.

"'You will see,' says the Duke, 'this is no pleasantry, but a triumph of the incomparable Bernini's chisel. The likeness was done from your miniature portrait by the divine Elisabetta Sirani, which I sent to the master some six months ago, with what results all must admire.'

"'Six months!' cried the Duchess, and seemed about to fall; but his excellency caught her by the hand.

"'Nothing,' he said, "could better please me than the excessive emotion you display, for true piety is ever modest, and your thanks could not take a form that better became you And now,' says he to the men, 'let the image be put in place.'

"By this, life seemed to have returned to the Duchess, and she answered him with a deep reverence. 'That I should be overcome by so unexpected a grace, your excellency admits to be natural; but what honors you accord it is my privilege to accept, and I entreat only that in mercy to my modesty the image be placed in the remotest part of the chapel.'

"At that the Duke darkened. 'What! You would have this masterpiece of a renowned chisel, which, I disguise not, cost me the price of a good vineyard in gold pieces, you would have it thrust out of sight like the work of a village stone-cutter?'

"'It is my semblance, not the sculptor's work, I desire to conceal.'

"'If you are fit for my house, Madam, you are fit for God's, and entitled to the place of honor in both. Bring the statue forward, you dawdlers!' he called out to the men.

"The Duchess fell back submissively. 'You are right, sir, as always; but I would at least have the image stand on the left of the altar, that, looking up, it may behold your excellency's seat in the tribune.'

"'A pretty thought, Madam, for which I thank you; but I design before long to put my companion image on the other side of the altar; and the wife's place, as you know, is at her husband's right hand.'

"'True, my lord—but, again, if my poor presentment is to have the unmerited honor of kneeling beside yours, why not place both before the altar, where it is our habit to pray in life?'

"'And where, Madam, should we kneel if they took our places? Besides,' says the Duke, still speaking very blandly, 'I have a more particular purpose in placing your image over the entrance to the crypt; for not only would I thereby mark your special devotion to the blessed saint who rests there, but, by sealing up the opening in the pavement, would assure the perpetual preservation of that holy martyr's bones, which hitherto have been too thoughtlessly exposed to sacrilegious attempts.'

"'What attempts, my lord?' cries the

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Duchess. 'No one enters this chapel without my leave.'

"'So I have understood, and can well believe from what I have learned of your piety; yet at night a malefactor might break in through a window, Madam, and your excellency not know it.'

"'I'm a light sleeper,' said the Duchess.

"The Duke looked at her gravely. 'Indeed?' said he. 'A bad sign at your age. I must see that you are provided with a sleeping-draught.'

"The Duchess's eyes filled. 'You would deprive me, then, of the consolation of visiting those venerable relics?'

"'I would have you keep eternal guard over them, knowing no one to whose care they may more fittingly be entrusted.'

"By this the image was brought close to the wooden slab that covered the entrance to the crypt, when the Duchess, springing forward, placed herself in the way.

"'Sir, let the statue be put in place to-morrow, and suffer me, to-night, to say a last prayer beside those holy bones.'

"The Duke stepped instantly to her side. 'Well thought, Madam; I will go down with you now, and we will pray together.'

"'Sir, your long absences have, alas! given me the habit of solitary devotion, and I confess that any presence is distracting.'

"'Madam, I accept your rebuke. Hitherto, it is true, the duties of my station have constrained me to long absences; but henceforward I remain with you while you live. Shall we go down into the crypt together?'

"'No; for I fear for your excellency's ague. The air there is excessively damp.'

"'The more reason you should no longer be exposed to it; and to prevent the intemperance of your zeal I will at once make the place inaccessible.'

"The Duchess at this fell on her knees on the slab, weeping excessively and lifting her hands to heaven.

"'Oh,' she cried, 'you are cruel, sir, to deprive me of access to the sacred relics that have enabled me to support with resignation the solitude to which your excellency's duties have condemned me; and if prayer and meditation give me any authority to pronounce on such matters, suffer me to warn you, sir, that I fear the blessed Saint Blandina will punish us for thus abandoning her venerable remains!'

"The Duke at this seemed to pause, for he was a pious man, and my grandmother thought she saw him exchange a glance with the chaplain; who, stepping timidly forward, with his eyes on the ground, said, 'There is, indeed, much wisdom in her excellency's words, but I would suggest, sir, that her pious wish might be met, and the saint more conspicuously honored, by transferring the relics from the crypt to a place beneath the altar.'

"'True!' cried the Duke, 'and it shall be done at once.'

"But thereat the Duchess rose to her feet with a terrible look.

"'No,' she cried, 'by the body of God! For it shall not be said that, after your excellency has chosen to deny every request I addressed to him, I owe his consent to the solicitation of another!'

"The chaplain turned red and the Duke yellow, and for a moment neither spoke.

"Then the Duke said, 'Here are words enough, Madam. Do you wish the relics brought up from the crypt?'

"'I wish nothing that I owe to another's intervention!'

"'Put the image in place then,' says the Duke, furiously; and handed her grace to a chair.

"She sat there, my grandmother said, straight as an arrow, her hands locked, her head high, her eyes on the Duke, while the statue was dragged to its place; then she stood up and turned away. As she passed by Nencia, 'Call me Antonio,' she whispered; but before the words were out of her mouth the Duke stepped between them.

"'Madam,' says he, all smiles now, 'I have travelled straight from Rome to bring you the sooner this proof of my esteem. I lay last night at Monselice and have been on the road since daybreak. Will you not invite me to sup?'

"'Surely, my lord,' said the Duchess. 'It shall be laid in the dining-parlor within the hour.'

"'Why not in your chamber and at once, Madam? Since I believe it is your custom to sup there.'

"'In my chamber?' says the Duchess, in disorder.

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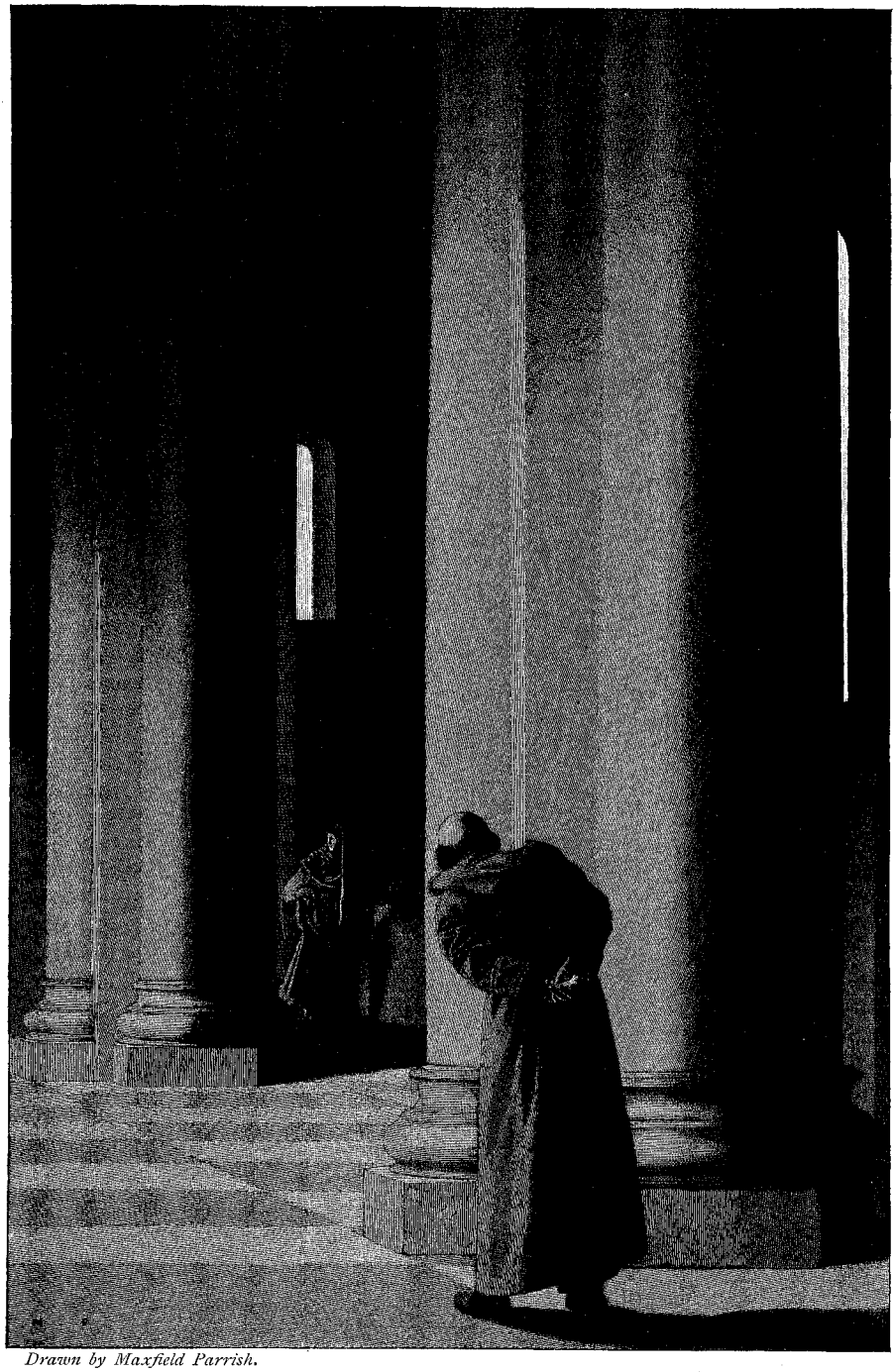

Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

"He was the kind of man who brings a sour mouth to the eating of the sweetest apple."—Page 157.

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"'Have you anything against it?' he asked.

"'Assuredly not, sir, if you will give me time to prepare myself.'

"'I will wait in your cabinet,' said the Duke.

"At that, said my grandmother, the Duchess gave one look, as the souls in hell may have looked when the gates closed on our Lord; then she called Nencia and passed to her chamber.

"What happened there my grandmother could never learn, but that the Duchess, in great haste, dressed herself with extraordinary splendor, powdering her hair with gold, painting her face and bosom, and covering herself with jewels till she shone like our Lady of Loreto; and hardly were these preparations complete when the Duke entered from the cabinet, followed by the servants, carrying supper. Thereupon the Duchess dismissed Nencia, and what follows my grandmother learned from a pantry-lad who brought up the dishes and waited in the cabinet; for only the Duke's body-servant entered the bed-chamber.

"Well, according to this boy, sir, who was looking and listening with his whole body, as it were, because he had never before been suffered so near the Duchess, it appears that the noble couple sat down in great good humor, the Duchess playfully reproving her husband for his long absence, while the Duke swore that to look so beautiful was the best way of punishing him. In this tone the talk continued, with such gay sallies on the part of the Duchess, such tender advances on the Duke's, that the lad declared they were for all the world like a pair of lovers courting on a summer's night in the vineyard; and so it went till the servant brought in the mulled wine.

"'Ah,' the Duke was saying at that moment, 'this agreeable evening repays me for the many dull ones I have spent away from you; nor do I remember to have enjoyed such laughter since the afternoon last year when we drank chocolate in the gazebo with my cousin Ascanio. And that reminds me,' he said, 'is my cousin in good health?'

"'I have no reports of it,' says the Duchess. 'But your excellency should taste these figs stewed in malmsey——'

"'I am in the mood to taste whatever you offer,' said he; and as she helped him to the figs he added, 'If my enjoyment were not complete as it is, I could almost wish my cousin Ascanio were with us. The fellow is rare good company at supper. What do you say, Madam? I hear he's still in the country; shall we send for him to join us?'

"'Ah,' said the Duchess, with a sigh and a languishing look, 'I see your excellency wearies of me already.'

"'I, Madam? Ascanio is a capital good fellow, but to my mind his chief merit at this moment is his absence. It inclines me so tenderly to him, that, by God, I could empty a glass to his good health.'

"With that the Duke caught up his goblet and signed to the servant to fill the Duchess's.

"Here's to the cousin,' he cried, standing, 'who has the good taste to stay away when he's not wanted. I drink to his very long life—and you, Madam?'

"At this the Duchess, who had sat staring at him with a changed face, rose also and lifted her glass to her lips.

"'And I to his happy death,' says she in a wild voice; and as she spoke the empty goblet dropped from her hand and she fell face down on the floor.

"The Duke shouted to her women that she had swooned, and they came and lifted her to the bed. . . . She suffered horribly all night, Nencia said, twisting herself like a heretic at the stake, but without a word escaping her. The Duke watched by her, and toward daylight sent for the chaplain; but by this she was unconscious and, her teeth being locked, our Lord's body could not be passed through them.

. . . . . .

"The Duke announced to his relations that his lady had died after partaking too freely of spiced wine and an omelet of carp's roe, at a supper she had prepared in honor of his return; and the next year he brought home a new Duchess, who gave him a son and five daughters. . . ."

V

THE sky had turned to a steel gray, against which the villa stood out sallow and inscrutable. A wind strayed through the gardens, loosening here and

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there a yellow leaf from the sycamores; and the hills across the valley were purple as thunder-clouds.

. . . . . .

"And the statue—?" I asked.

"Ah, the statue. Well, sir, this is what my grandmother told me, here on this very bench where we're sitting. The poor child, who worshipped the Duchess as a girl of her years will worship a beautiful kind mistress, spent a night of horror, you may fancy, shut out from her lady's room, hearing the cries that came from it, and seeing, as she crouched in her corner, the women rush to and fro with wild looks, the Duke's lean face in the door, and the chaplain skulking in the antechamber with his eyes on his breviary. No one minded her that night or the next morning; and toward dusk, when it became known the Duchess was no more, the poor girl felt the pious wish to say a prayer for her dead mistress. She crept to the chapel and stole in unobserved. The place was empty and dim, but as she advanced she heard a low moaning, and coming in front of the statue she saw that its face, the day before so sweet and smiling, had the look on it that you know—and the moaning seemed to come from its lips. My grandmother turned cold, but something, she said afterward, kept her from calling or shrieking out, and she turned and ran from the place. In the passage she fell in a swoon; and when she came to her senses, in her own chamber, she heard that the Duke had locked the chapel door and forbidden any to set foot there. . . .

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The place was never opened again till the Duke died, some ten years later; and then it was that the other servants, going in with the new heir, saw for the first time the horror that my grandmother had kept in her bosom. . . ."

"And the crypt?" I asked. "Has it never been opened?"

"Heaven forbid, sir!" cried the old man, crossing himself. "Was it not the Duchess's express wish that the relics should not be disturbed?"

THE GREEN DANCERS

By Bliss Carman

WHEN the Green Dance of summer
Goes up the mountain clove,
There is another dancer
Who follows it for love.

To the sound of falling water
Processional and slow
The children of the forest
With waving branches go—

And to the wilding music
Of winds that loiter by,
By trail, ravine, and stream-bed
Troop up against the sky

The bending yellow birches,
The beeches cool and tall,
Slim ash and flowering locust,
My gypsy knows them all.

And light of foot she follows,
And light of heart gives heed,
Where in the blue-green chasm
The wraiths of mist are freed.

For when the young winged maples
Hang out their rosy pods,
She knows it is a message
From the primeval gods.

When tanager and cherry
Show scarlet in the sun,
She slips her careworn habit
To put their gladness on.

And where the chestnuts flower
Along the mountain-side,
She, too, assumes the vesture
And beauty of their pride.

She hears the freshening music
That ushers in their day,
When from the hemlock shadows
The silver thrushes play.

When the blue moth at noonday
Lies breathing with his wings,
She knows what piercing woodnote
Across the silence rings.

And when the winds of twilight
Flute up the ides of June,
Where Kaaterskill goes plainward
Under a virgin moon,

My wild mysterious spirit
For joy cannot be still,
But with the woodland dancers
Must worship as they will.

From rocky ledge to summit
Where lead the dark-tressed firs,
Under the open starshine
Their festival is hers.

She sees the moonlit laurel
Spread through the misty gloom
(The soul of the wild forest
Veiled in a mesh of bloom).

Then to the lulling murmur
Of leaves she, too, will rest,
Curtained by northern streamers
Upon some dark hill-crest.

And still, in glad procession
And solemn bright array,
A dance of gold-green shadows
About her sleep will play;

Her signal from the frontier:
There is no bar nor toll
Nor dearth of joy forever
To stay the gypsy soul.

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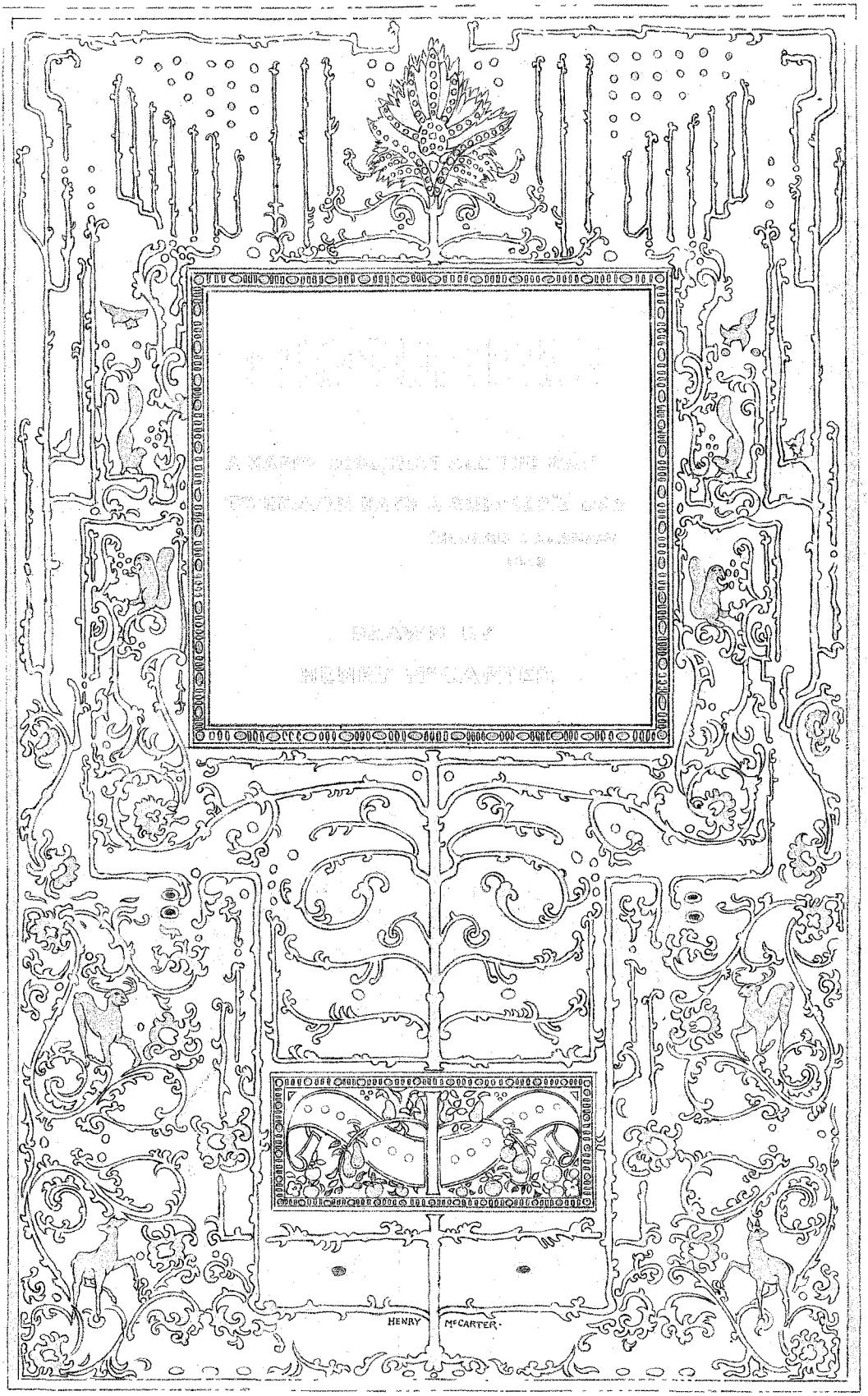

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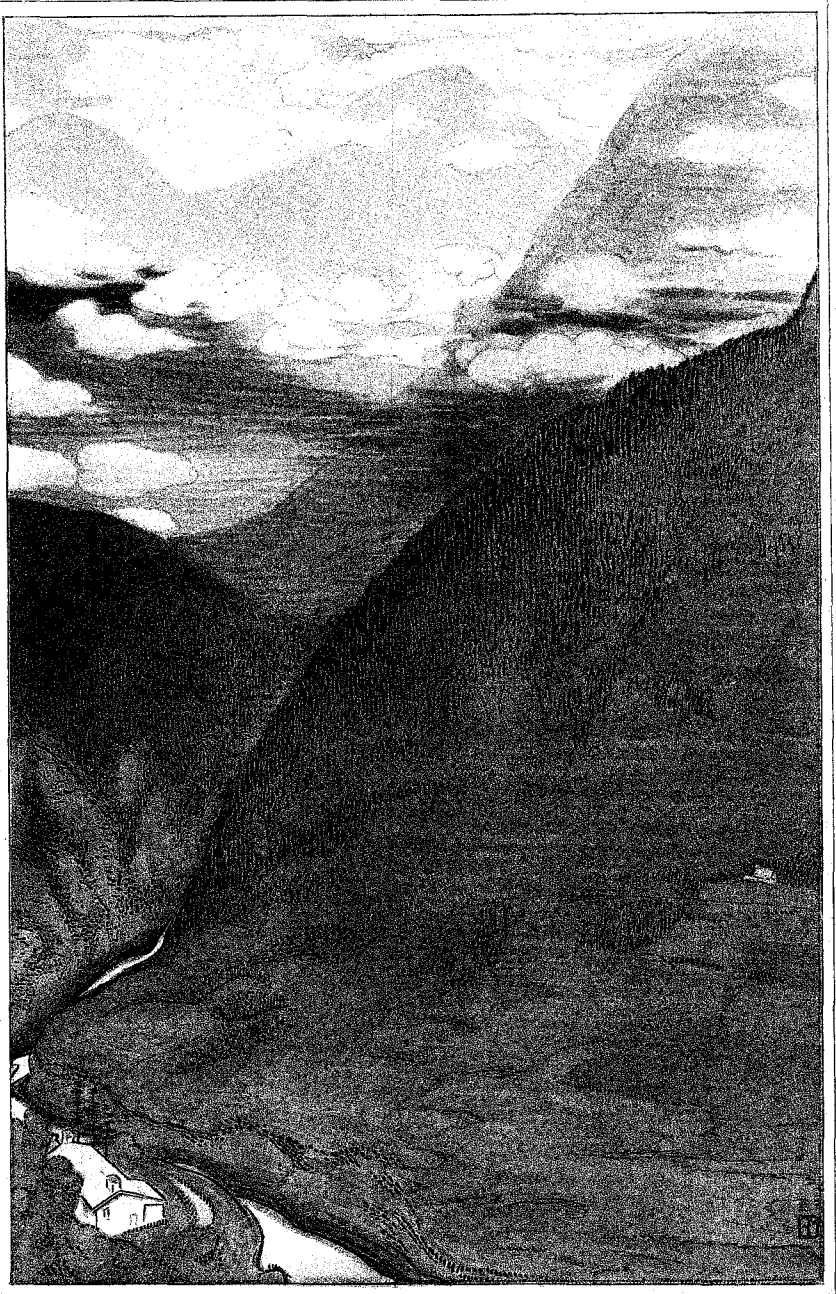

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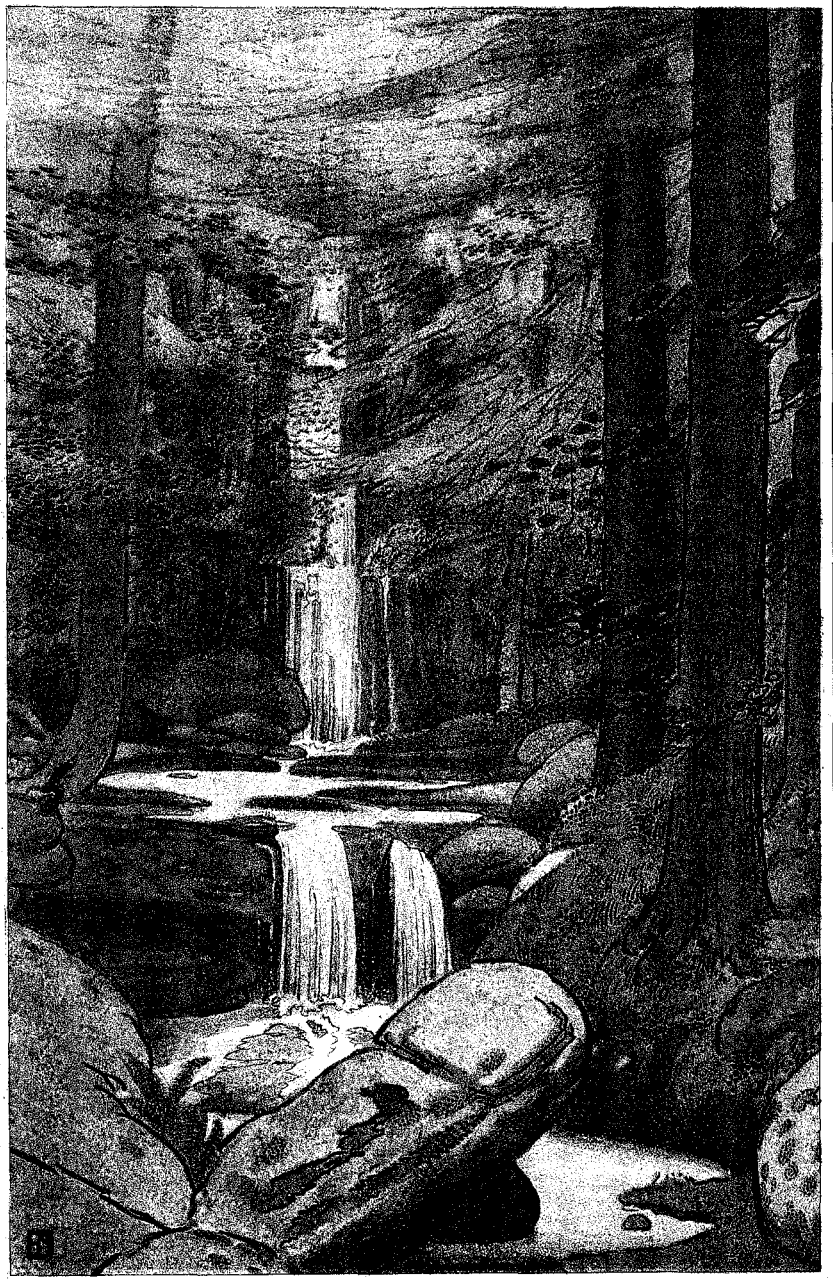

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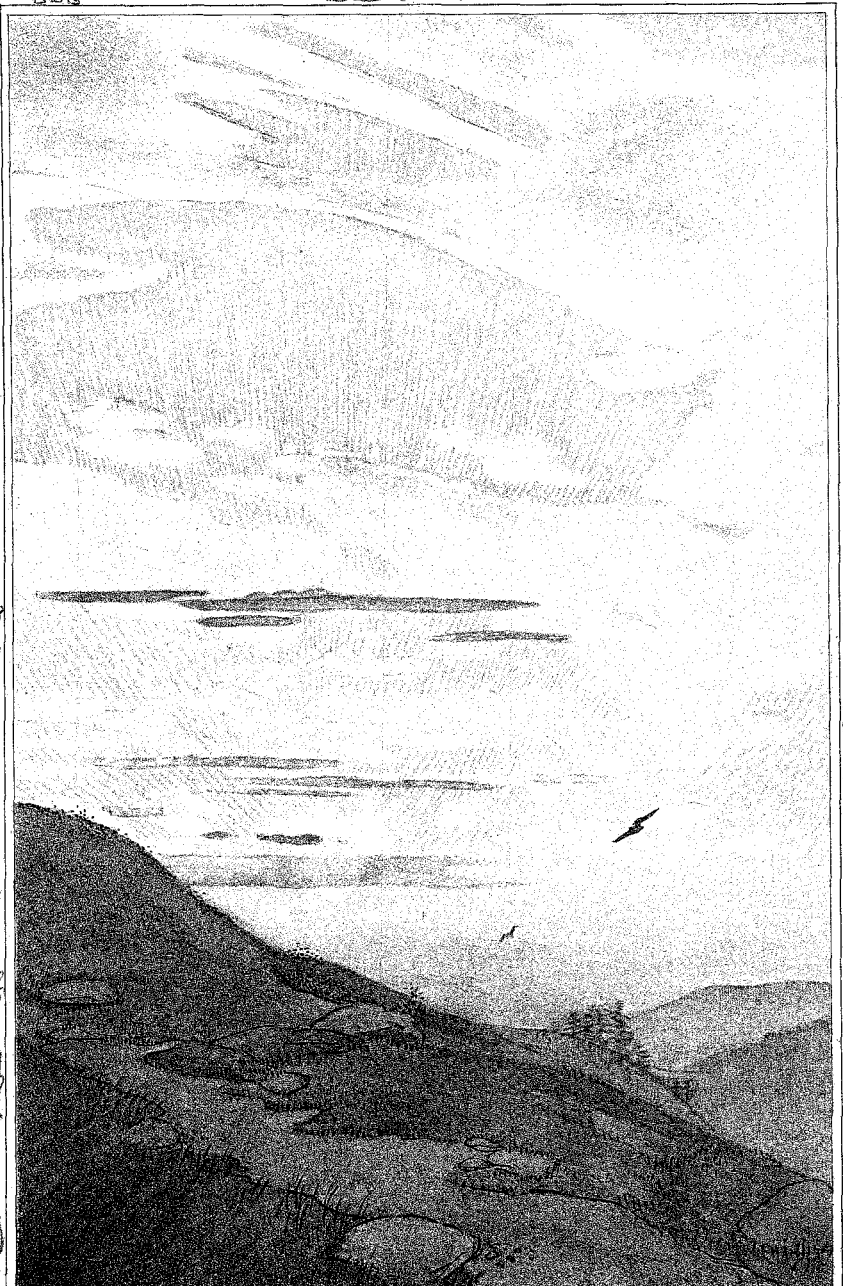

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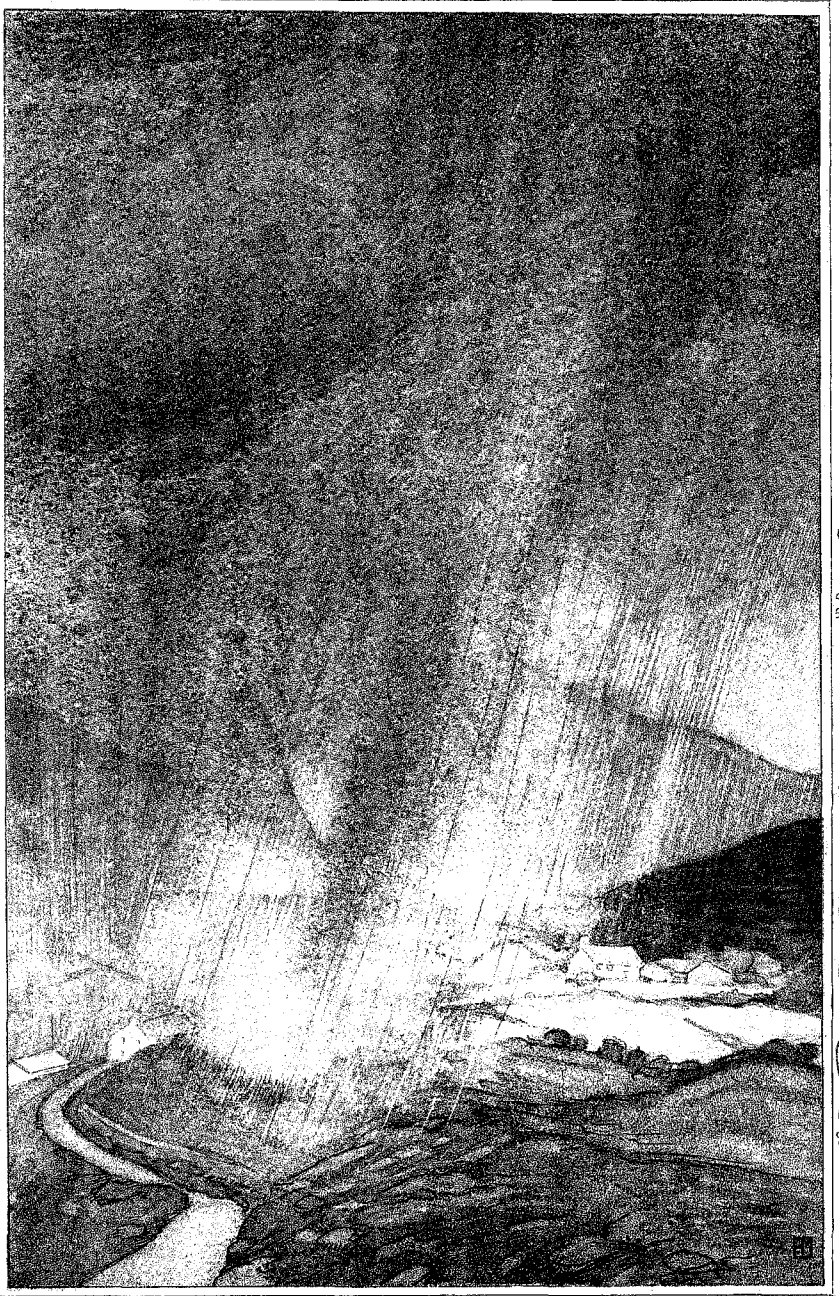

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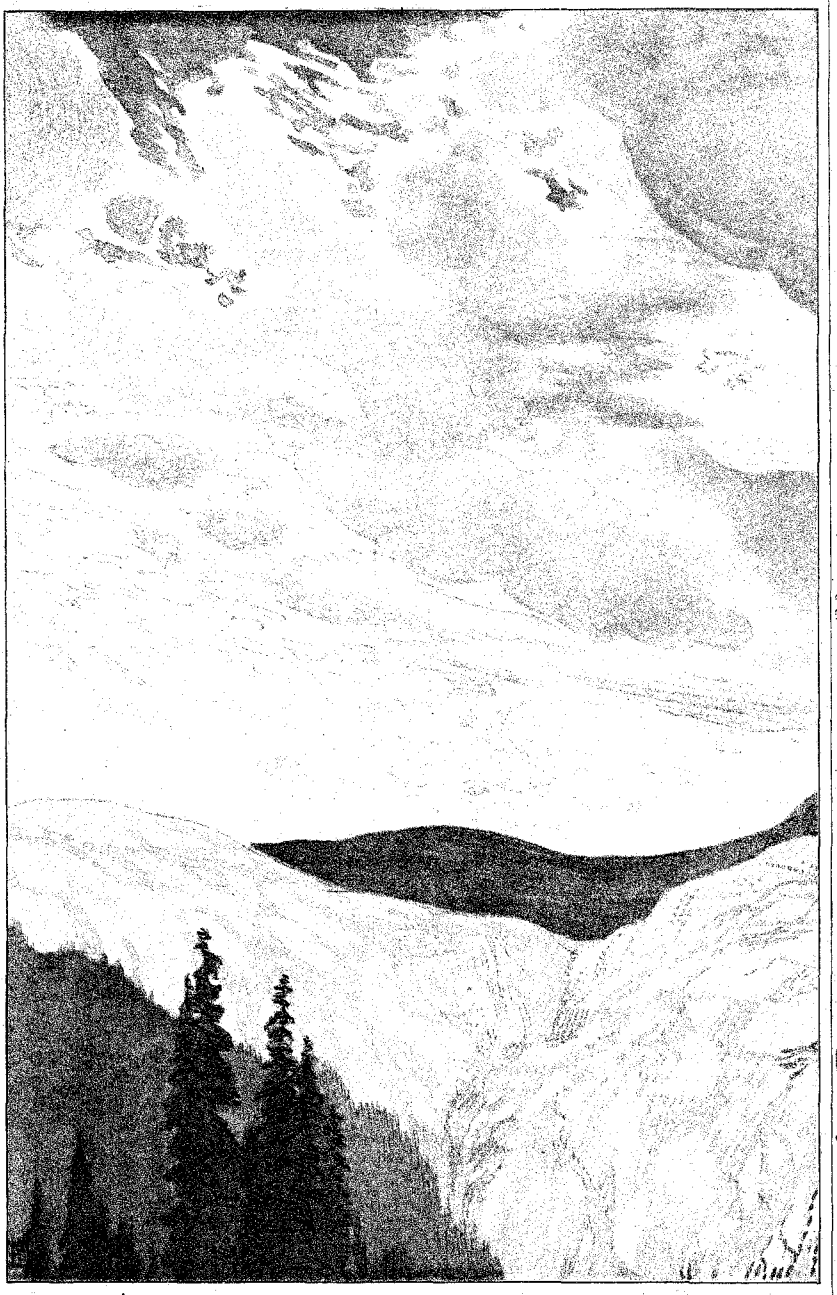

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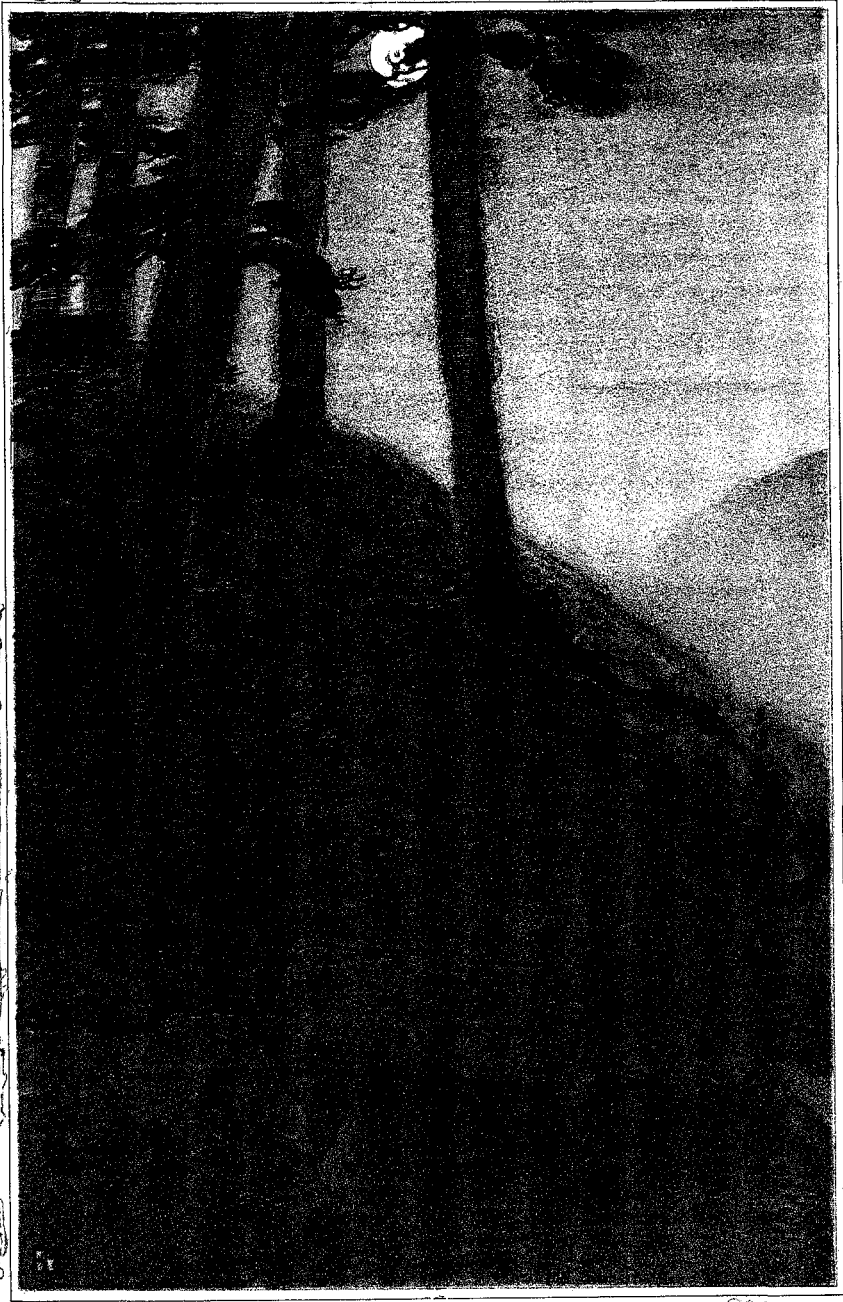

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PRETORIA IN WAR-TIME

By Richard Harding Davis

PRETORIA reposes drowsily at the bottom of a basin, a great bowl made of hills. There is a crack in the bowl, and it is through this crack that the British army, when it comes, will enter the capital. In the meantime Pretoria, shut in from the outside world not only by her circle of hills but by censors, armies, and a blockade of war-ships, waits tranquilly. For none of these, even while it increases her isolation, can disturb her calm. A session of the Volksraad, when it meets here next week, may arouse her, because that is of interest to every man over sixteen years of age in the republic; but the fact that one hundred and fifty thousand British soldiers are advancing from Bloemfontein upon her, limping, it is true, but still advancing, is a circumstance too foreign to her experience to ruffle her composure.

From any elevation Pretoria is a beautiful place, a great park of tall, dark-green poplars, with red roofs shining through, and the towers of the public buildings and the gilded figure of Liberty rising over all. From a distance Pretoria has almost the look of Florence. The hills about her are so high that the white, sun-lit clouds are near enough when they pass to write their names upon them; and they continue for so great a distance that they turn, as they draw away, from a light green to a purple, and then to a misty, turquoise blue.

Pretoria down in the basin itself is not so beautiful. It is throughout half suburb and half city, with corrugated zinc cottages next to a bank building, and a State museum adjoining the meat-market, but with trees and flowers and running water everywhere. The houses are of one story, each of them set in gardens of rose bushes and many of the older ones roofed with thatch; but the Government buildings, the shops, the banks and business houses are metropolitan. They suggest a new city of our West, and some of them, the banking houses around the city square, are of the best style of architecture as it is adapted to homes of business. But the red dust, the chief characteristic of South Africa, and the ox-cart, the moving home of the Boer, destroy the illusion of a city.

The trek-wagons are as incongruous as are the costers' donkey-carts in Piccadilly. They are the most picturesque relics which remain to us from the days of the emigrant and of the pioneer. The caravan of camels still obtains, but it belongs to a people who have never left anything behind them, who have never progressed one stride in advance of the camel, and to whom the caravan with its rolled-up tents and bales of merchandise is still a part of their daily life. But the trek-wagon exists in a land of railroads and telegraphs, and rubs wheels with victorias and tram-cars. It is much like the great hooded carts which the empire makers of our West drove across the prairie, the real "ships of the desert," that carried civilization with them, and that blazoned forth on their canvas as the supreme effort of the pioneer, "Pike's Peak or Bust." The ox-cart is the most typical possession of the Boer, and it and the lion, and the man with the rifle in his hand, are the three emblems of the national coat of arms.

The cart is drawn by from five to ten pair of oxen led by a small Kaffir, the "voortrekker," and belabored from behind by another Kaffir, with a whip as far reaching as a salmon line. In the front seat sits the head of the family and behind him are his women folk in a mysterious zenana, from which they emerge clad in white starched linen, showing that the cart must contain, besides its bunks and mattresses, as many ingenious wardrobe-boxes and cubby-holes as the cabin of a ship. At the back of the long wagon sit the Kaffir women and their naked, beaded children. The rifle hangs ready at hand beside the box-seat; water-kegs, pots, and pans swing between the wheels, and tools and fodder-boxes hang from either side.

The calm of the Pretoria streets is the calm of the people. In travelling from Ladysmith to Pretoria I have found nothing to be in greater contrast than the com-

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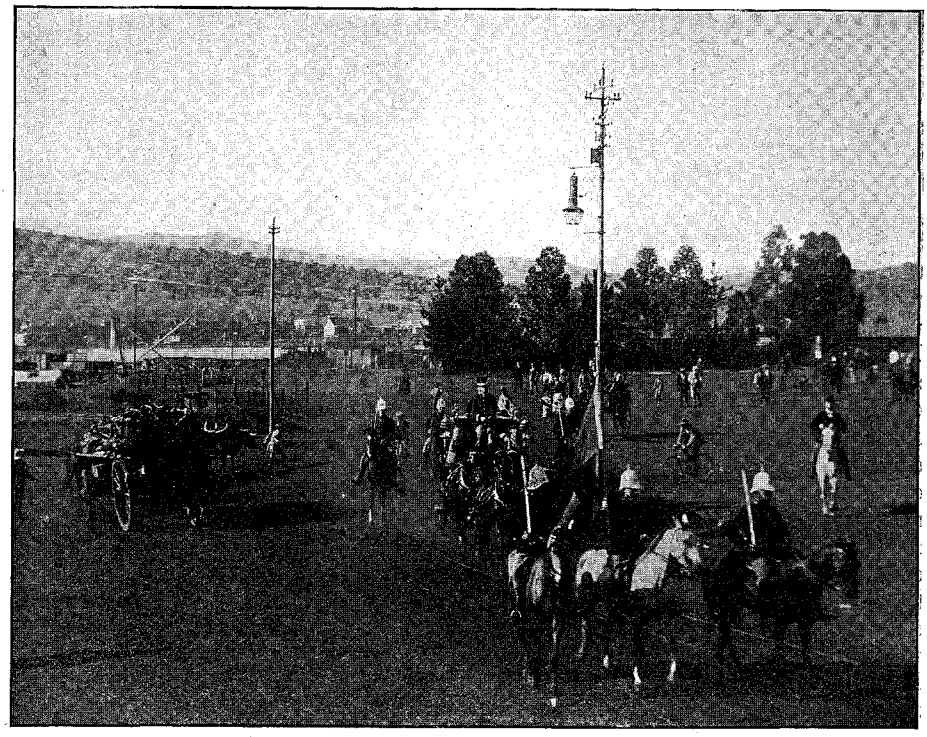

The President's State-Carriage.

posed acceptance of the war by the Boer with the Englishman's complete absorption in it. In London, Cape Town, in Durban, in Ladysmith, on the steamers, in the field, the Englishman reads, talks, thinks of nothing else. Here the chief men of the Government find time to meet at a club twice a day to smoke and talk on almost any other subject. Yet each of them has been to the front for a month at a time, or for three months together, and each of them is going back again, but he speaks of his having been there without boasting or excitement, much as though he were a neutral who had run down to the battle-field to take photographs and collect exploded shells as souvenirs. I have heard one of them secure the entire attention of every man in the club by recounting his adventures on a hunting trip which he had taken during his leave of absence from his commando, and his friends were much more keen to know how his pointers and setters had behaved than what his men had done in the firing-line. I commented on this, and one of them told me that during a reconnaissance which the British made from Ladysmith and when the burghers were firing upon them, a couple of deer ran from the hills back of the Boer position. Instantly almost every burgher whirled about, and turning his back to the enemy, opened a fusillade on the deer. Owing to this diversion the English made a considerable advance.

What makes the remarkable resistance which the Boer has shown to the British forces the more remarkable, is this fact of his leisurely indifference to it all. He goes from the farm to the firing-line and back again to the farm almost at will, and what is even more surprising is the fact that when he is in the field he apparently only takes part in an engagement when he feels inclined to do so. I have been told again and again by men of all nationalities who have been frequently with the Boers in action, that it is a usual thing for a hundred of them to lie in a trench protecting the position, and opposed sometimes to a thousand men, while the remaining three or four hundred of their comrades, who do not wish to fight, will be seated a hundred yards down the kopje smoking and eating. At Sand River, within three hundred yards of the artillery

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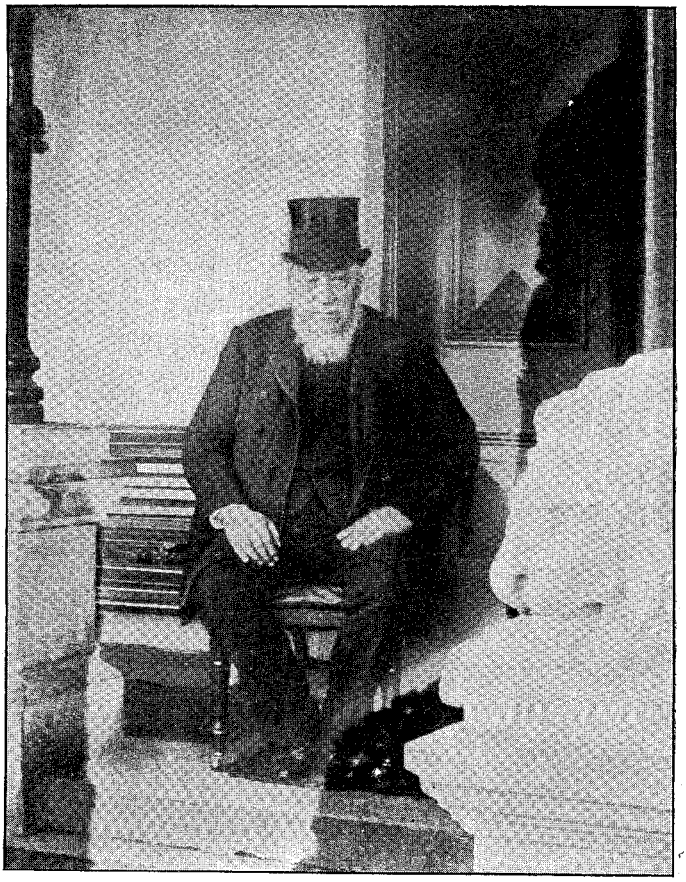
which was firing desperately on Lord Roberts's advancing column, I saw a thousand Boers, and not one of them was apparently conscious that a battle was going forward or that his services were badly needed. They sat among the rocks and talked together, or slept in the shade of a mesquite bush, or mounted their ponies and rode away. The small number of men required to hold one of these defensive positions seems almost incredible, and I am convinced that throughout the war one man to ten has been the average proportion of Boer to Briton, and that frequently the British have been repulsed when their force outnumbered that of the Boers twenty to one. What terrible losses the burghers would have caused had they occupied the trenches in force is something the nations which next meditate going to war with modern magazine rifles should weigh deeply. The Boers tell you casually when leading up to some other point, that at such and such a fight they placed ten men on one kopje and on another twenty. At Spion Kop the attack on the hill was made by forty men, so few indeed, so they claim, that one of the English colonels surrendered, and then on seeing, when the Boers left cover, to what a small force he was opposed, threw down the white flag and cried, "No, we'll not surrender," and fired on the Boers who were coming up to receive his rifles. One can imagine what an outcry such an incident as this would have called forth from the English papers had it been the Boer who first raised the white flag and then thought better of it. But the comment the Boer made on this "treachery" was, "It was probably a mistake. Perhaps someone without authority raised



The President on His Veranda, Showing One of the Marble Lions Presented to Him by Barney Barnato.

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the white flag, and the colonel did not know that. He wounded seventeen of our men, but I believe it was a mistake."

A number of Pretorians were at Nicholson's Nek, and they tell that at that place their men were so few in proportion to the eleven hundred British soldiers who surrendered, that when the burghers sent a detachment from the trenches to take the Englishmen's arms; their own men were entirely swallowed up in the crowd, and they lost sight of them altogether. Every burgher, which means every man over sixteen years of age who can carry a rifle, is allowed twelve days' leave of absence out of each three months. If he overstays his leave, which the women, who are even more keen than the men, seldom permit him to do, he is brought back to his regiment or "commando" under arrest. But for this there appears to be very little punishment. What there is consists of fines, which the burghers cannot pay and which are remitted indefinitely until "after the war," and of enforcing pack drill, and police work around the camp. It is almost always the same men who force the fighting, that is, the same forty men out of a commando of three hundred will always volunteer to fight in the trenches, while the remainder help them from time to time exactly as they see fit. Knowing this, the wonder grows as to what would have happened to the British forces if the Boer had been a relentless foe with a taste for blood-letting and slaughter, instead of one quite satisfied to hold his position with the least possible exertion, and with the least danger to himself. The accounts of his successful marksmanship are undoubtedly correct. It is to this and to his ability to judge distances in this peculiarly deceptive atmosphere that has made his fire, coming though it does from so few rifles, so fatally effective. Eighty per cent. of the men in each commando are what we should consider sharp-shooters; and as opposed to them the Boers tell me that after a charge they have often picked up the English rifles where the soldiers have fallen a hundred yards from the Boer trench, and found that the sights on the Lee-Metfords were adjusted for eight hundred to eleven hundred yards. Of course with sights at that range no sharp-shooter, certainly no Tommy, could hit a Boer at a hundred yards, even if the burgher stood up, and made a target of himself.

But I hope to tell more of the Boer in the field in another article. This one must continue to treat of the Boer capital, and of the most interesting man in it, Paul Kruger, who is possibly also the man of the greatest interest in the world today; a man, who, while he will probably rank as a statesman with Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone, lives in the capital of his republic as simply as a village lawyer. Every day, for the few brief moments during which he is driven from his cottage to the Government buildings, surrounded by a mounted guard of honor, he rises to a degree of state to which our own President does not attain. But for the remainder of the day he sits on his front porch or in his little parlor and arranges the affairs of his Government with as little display as that shown by the poorest of his burghers. On the stoop, separated from the sidewalk by only a bed of flowers, and guarded by two white marble lions and two policemen, you may at almost any hour you pass see the President smoking his pipe and sipping his coffee. This simplicity and democracy adds infinitely to the interest he holds for you as a man. It is, of course, much more effective than any show of state. The man is so much bigger than his surroundings that his gilded carriage and troop of helmeted police do not in any way increase his dignity, neither to the burgher who never before has seen a gilt carriage, nor to the High Commissioner of Her Majesty, who has ridden in a gilt carriage of his own. The first time I heard him speak was when he received the Irish-Americans who came from Chicago to join the Transvaal Army. They were drawn up along the front of the cottage in a double line, and while he waited for the arrival of the State Secretary, Mr. Reitz, who was to act as interpreter, the President sat on the porch and regarded them through his black spectacles. When Mr. Reitz came, the President walked out to the sidewalk, and Colonel Blake, the commander of the Irish brigade, introduced Captain O'Connor of the Chicago contingent. The

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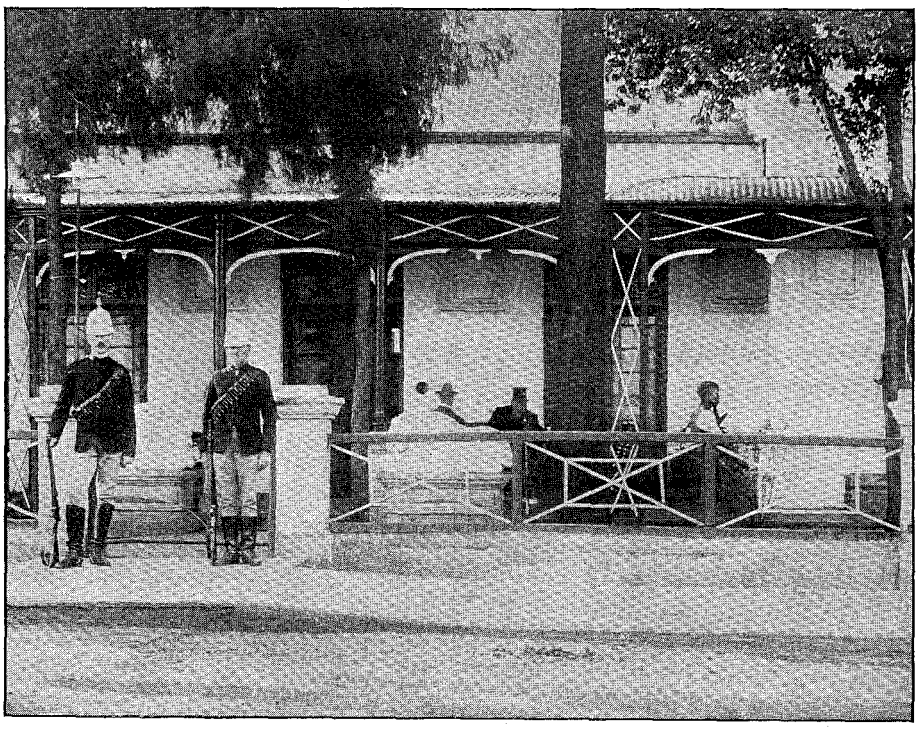

President Krüger's Cottage.

President said that it was to be expected that men should come from the country which had always stood for the liberty and for the independence of the individual; that the cause for which they had come to fight was one upon which the Lord had looked with favor; and that even though they died in this war they must feel that they were acting as His servants and had died in His service. He then instructed them, much as a father talking to a group of school-boys, that they must obey their commanders and that their commanders must obey the generals of the Transvaal. Then he spoke more rapidly and inarticulately, so that we guessed it was something of great moment that we were about to hear; but it proved on translation that he was enjoining them to be very careful of their ponies, not to ride them too hard, nor to lame them. Mr. Reitz translated this rather grudgingly, as though he wished the President would speak a few more words of welcome and of thanks for the sacrifice the men were about to make. But the President had the care of the State's ponies at heart and reiterated his injunctions concerning them. He then bowed and turned into his cottage. I think he left the Irish boys a little puzzled, as they had expected oratory of an unusual order; but nevertheless they cheered him very heartily, and then O'Shea, who is the tenor of the troop, cleared his throat and sang a hymn. Possibly had the President known the Irish boys better he would have been as much surprised by this act on their part as his own performance had puzzled them. "Jerusalem" was the hymn O'Shea sang, and the picture the men made as they stood under the trees joining in the chorus was a very curious one. They were all armed and with bandoliers crossed over their chests, and gathered around them were a few Boers and a crowd of school-children who had ridden up on their bicycles to see what was going forward. I do not know whether they sang "Jerusalem" in order to please the President or as a sort of battle-hymn, but whatever the motive, it was very effective. They said afterward that they thought President Krüger was a very fine gentleman, but that somehow he had "scared" them.

My first meeting with President Krüger

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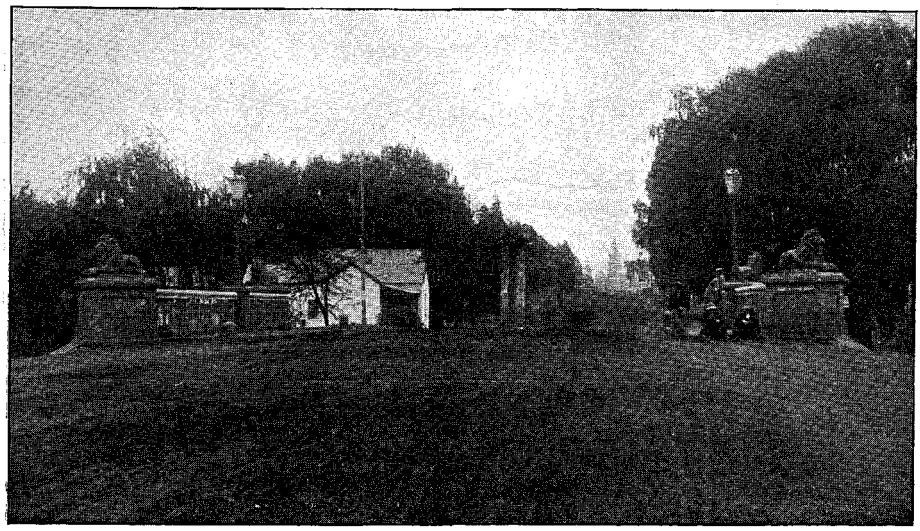
was very brief, and I learned little from it of him then which has not been made familiar to everyone. Mr. Reitz brought me to his house and we sat on his porch, he loading and re-loading his cavernous pipe the while and staring out into the street. The thing that impressed me first was that in spite of his many years his great bulk and height gave you an impression of strength and power which was



Church Street, Pretoria.

increased by the force he was able to put into his abrupt gestures. He gesticulated awkwardly but with the vigor of a young man, throwing out his arm as though he were pitching a quoit, and opening his great fingers and clinching them again in a menacing fist, with which he struck upon his knee. When he spoke he looked neither at the State Secretary nor at me, but out into the street; and when he did look at one, his eyes held no expression, but were like those in a jade idol. His whole face, chiefly, I think, because of the eyes, was like a heavy waxen mask. In speaking, his lips moved and most violently, but every other feature of his face remained absolutely set. In his ears he wore little gold rings, and his eyes, which were red and seared with some disease, were protected from the light by great gold-rimmed spectacles of dark glass with wire screens.

So many men had come to see him and to ask him to talk on a subject for which the day for talk was past, that he had grown properly weary of it all; and before I could ask him for the particular information I hoped to obtain, he said, "I say what I have said before, we are fighting for our independence." He kept repeating this stubbornly several times, and then spoke more specifically, saying, "They are two hundred thousand, we are thirty thousand." "They have turned the black men on the border against us." "We have all their prisoners to feed." "It is like a big bully fighting a boy."

I asked him in what way he thought the United States could have assisted him.

"By intervention," he answered. "It can intervene."

I pointed out that the President had already offered to intervene and had been snubbed for so doing, and that it was not at all probable he would do so again, but that there was much sympathy in America; that there were many people anxious to help the Transvaal, and I asked him to suggest how they might put their sympathy to account.

"They have sent us a great deal of money for the Red Cross," he said, "and many of them have come to fight; but we cannot pay the passage money for others to come here, and we cannot ask for help. If they give us sympathy, or money, or men, that is good, and it is welcome.

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We thank them. But we will not ask for help." He struck his knee and pointed out into the street, talking so rapidly and violently that the words seemed as though they must be unintelligible to everyone. But Mr. Reitz said that the President had returned again to the simile of the big bully and the little boy.

"Suppose a man walking in the street sees the big bully beating the boy and passes on without helping him," was what the President had said when he spoke so excitedly. "It is no excuse for him to say after the boy is dead, 'The boy did not call to me for help.' We shall not ask for help. They can see for themselves. They need not wait for us to ask."

The Palace of Justice, Pretoria.

This building has never been used. It was finished just as the war began.

He talked on other subjects, but the greater part of what he said was a repetition of what I have written—the injustice of the English, the fact that his people fought only to protect their liberty, and the unfairness of the odds against them. In many ways he reminded me greatly of one of our own presidents, Mr. Cleveland. Both men have a strangely similar energy in speaking, a matter of stating a fact as aggressively and stubbornly as though they were being contradicted. There is also something similar in the impressiveness of their build and size which seems fitting with a big mind and strong will; something similar even in the little trick each has of shaking his head when an idea is presented to him which annoys him, as though he could brush away its truth with a gesture, and in the way neither of them looks at the person to whom he speaks. Resolution, enormous will-power, and a supreme courage of conviction are the qualities in both which after you have left them are still uppermost in your memory.

. . . . . .

Strangely enough, the chief sign of war in Pretoria is not shown by the Boers themselves but in the presence at the capital of the English prisoners. Every night when the town is hidden in darkness there arise from outside its narrow boundaries the two great circles of electric lights which shine down upon the Pretoria race-course, and the camp of the British officers. When you drive home from some dinner, when you bid the visitor "good-night," and turn for a look at the sleeping town, the last thing that meets your eyes are these blazing, vigilant policemen's lanterns, making for the prisoner an endless day, pointing out

English Prisoners Arriving at Pretoria.

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his every movement, showing him in a shameless glare.

Early in the war General Buller declared his intention of eating his Christmas-dinner in Pretoria, and so frequently did his officers and men surrender, and in such large numbers, that at one time it looked as though, unless he was exceedingly careful, his boast would come true.

When the first of the prisoners began to arrive they were placed in the Pretoria race-course, which had also been the temporary home of the Jameson Raiders; but later the officers were moved into the residential quarter of the town, which is a pretty suburb called Sunnyside.

There they were given accommodations in the Model School House, until for several reasons they again were moved, this time into a camp especially prepared for them on the side of a hill, at the opposite edge of the town. In the meanwhile the number of captured Tommies had increased to such proportions that they were taken several miles from the city to an immense camp at Waterval, and the race-course was reserved for civil prisoners and as a hospital for those who were sick or wounded.

The officers were very comfortable at the Model School House, and in comparison with what the camp offers them the change was for the worse. The School House is just what its name suggests, a model school, with high, well-ventilated, well-lighted rooms, broad halls, and, what must have been particularly welcome to the Englishman, a perfectly appointed gymnasium and a good lawn-tennis court. It is a handsome building outside, and when the officers used to sit reading and smoking on its broad verandas, one might have mistaken it for a club. They were given a piano and all the books and writing-material they wanted, they could see the calm life of Pretoria passing in the street before them, and, on the whole, were exceedingly well off. And, so far as I can learn, they have no one to thank for their removal to their present undesirable quarters save themselves. It is the tradition of many wars that the generous enemy treats his prisoners with a consideration equal to or even greater than that which he gives to his own men. The moment his enemy surrenders he becomes his guest, and the Boers certainly provided much better accommodations for the officers than those to which their own men are accustomed either in the field or at home. The attitude of the prisoner to his enemy should be no less courteous. But the British officers, in their contempt for their captors, behaved in a most unsportsmanlike, ungentlemanly, and, for their own good, a most foolish manner. They drew offensive caricatures of the Boers over the walls of the school-house, destroyed the children's copy-books and text-books, which certainly was a silly performance and one showing no great sign of valor, and were rude and "cheeky" to the Boer officials, boasting of what their fellow-soldiers would do to them when they took Pretoria. Their chief offence, however, was in speaking to and shouting at the ladies and young girls who walked past the school-house. Personally, I cannot see why being a prisoner would make me think I might speak to women I did not know; but some of the English officers apparently thought their new condition carried that privilege with it. I do not believe that every one of them misbehaved in this fashion, but it was true of so many that their misconduct brought discredit on all. Some people say that the young girls walked by for the express purpose of being spoken to; and a few undoubtedly did, and one of them was even arrested, after the escape of a well-known war correspondent, on suspicion of having assisted him. But, on the other hand, any number of older women, both Boer and English, have told me that they found it quite impossible to pass the school-house on account of the insulting remarks the officers on the veranda threw to one another concerning them, or made directly to them. At last the officers grew so offensive that a large number of ladies signed a petition and sent it to the Government complaining that the presence of the Englishmen in the heart of the town was a public nuisance, and in consequence of this they were removed from their comfortable quarters and sent to the camp.

When I went to see them there, the fact that I was accompanied by a Boer officer did not in the least deter them from

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English Officers Arriving at the Model School House.

abusing and ridiculing his countrymen to me in his presence, so that what little service I had planned to render them was made impossible. After they had sneered and jeered at the Boer official in my hearing, I could not very well turn around and ask him to grant them favors. It was a great surprise to me. I had thought the English officer would remain an officer under any circumstances. When one has refused to fight further with a rifle, it is not becoming to continue to fight with the tongue, nor to insult the man from whom you have begged for mercy. It is not, as Englishmen say, "Playing the game." It is not "cricket." You cannot ask a man to spare your life, which is what surrendering really means, and then treat him as you would the gutter-snipe who runs to open the door of your hansom. Some day we shall wake up to the fact that the Englishman, in spite of his universal reputation to the contrary, is not a good sportsman because he is not a good loser. As Captain Hanks said when someone asked him what he thought of the Englishman as a sportsman, "He is the cheerfulest winner I ever met."

There were many sober-minded ones among the prisoners, and one of these devoted himself to covering the walls of a room in the school-house with maps of Natal and of the Orange Free State. These maps were so remarkably well executed that the Director of the school has preserved them for the education of the children. He even wrote to the Government officials asking them to invite the officer who had made the maps to return daily from the camp and complete one he had begun of the Transvaal. I told the officer in the camp of this, and he was much amused and pleased, and said he would be only too happy to oblige them.

The escape of Winston Churchill also helped toward the removal of the officers from the centre of Sunnyside to a more secluded spot, although the difficulty of the escape really began after Churchill was clear of Pretoria. His first danger, which was in leaving the school-house,

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was made feasible by the fact that when he slipped over the fence the sentry was looking the other way, either by accident or "for revenue only," as is variously stated. After Churchill was once in the street he was comparatively safe, as there are so many strange uniforms in the Boer army that a man in full khaki might to-day walk through the streets of Pretoria unchallenged. It was the long journey through the country which made the leave-taking of Churchill, and later of three brother officers, remarkable.

The chances of escape from the camp are almost impossible. It might be done, however, by tunnelling under the fence, or by cutting the wires of the tell-tale electric lights, and, after throwing mattresses over the barbed-wire entanglements, scrambling over them into the darkness. If this were done at many different points along the fence, some men would undoubtedly get away, and the others would undoubtedly be shot.

I visited the camp only once and found it infinitely depressing. The officers are enclosed in a rectangular barbed-wire fencing about as high as a man's head and one hundred and fifty yards in length, and about fifty yards across at either end. At one corner of this is a double gate, studded with barbed-wire and guarded by turnkeys. The whole is a sort of a pen into which the officers are herded like zebras at the Zoo. Innumerable electric lights are placed at close intervals along the line of this wire fencing, and make the camp as brilliant as a Fall River boat by night. There is not a corner in it in which one could not read fine print. In the middle of the enclosure is a long corrugated zinc building with a corrugated zinc roof. It is hot by day and cold by night and is badly ventilated. At one end are some excellently arranged bath-rooms with shower-baths, and at the other the kitchen and mess-room. The mess-room is as bare as an earth floor, deal tables and benches, and zinc walls can make it. In the sleeping apartment one hundred and forty-two cots are placed almost touching each other. They are in four long rows with two aisles running between. There is no flooring to this building, but slips of oil-cloth stretch down the two aisles. In between the cots the red dust settles freely. There is, of course, no possible privacy, although some of the men have surrounded their beds with temporary screens, and the wall at the head of almost every cot is covered with a strip of blanket or colored cloth, and on these the owner of the bed has pinned pictures from the illustrated weekly papers. It makes the long room look less like a barrack than the children's ward of a hospital. If one can decide from the number of their portraits, the Queen and Marie Studholme seemed to be, with the imprisoned officers, the most popular of all English people, with Lord Roberts a close third. In judging the treatment the Boers have meted out to their prisoners one must remember that the cots in the zinc shed, the mess-hall, and the bath-rooms are as luxurious as anything to which the majority of the Boers are accustomed. We must take his point of view as to what is comfortable and luxurious, not that of men accustomed to White's and Bachelors. It is also to be considered that had the officers been decently civil to the Boers, which need not have been difficult for gentlemen—for I have never met an uncivil Boer—they might have been treated with even greater leniency.

The camp seemed to me worse than any prison of stone and iron bars that I have ever visited, because it showed freedom so near at hand. The great hills, the red-roofed houses, the trees by the spruit which runs only a hundred yards below the camp, the men and women passing at will, beyond the dead line of fifty yards, the cattle grazing, the clouds drifting overhead, all seemed to tantalize and mock at the men, who are not shut off from it by a blind wall, but who can see it clearly through the open cat's cradle of tangled wire.

I went to the prison with Captain Von Loosberg of the Free State Artillery. He himself had taken several prisoners at Sannahspost and was returning to them a Bible and two prayer-books which he had found in their captured kit and which had been given to these officers before they left England by their children. From this the officers could not have thought that he had come to gloat over them, and the fact that he was in an equally bad

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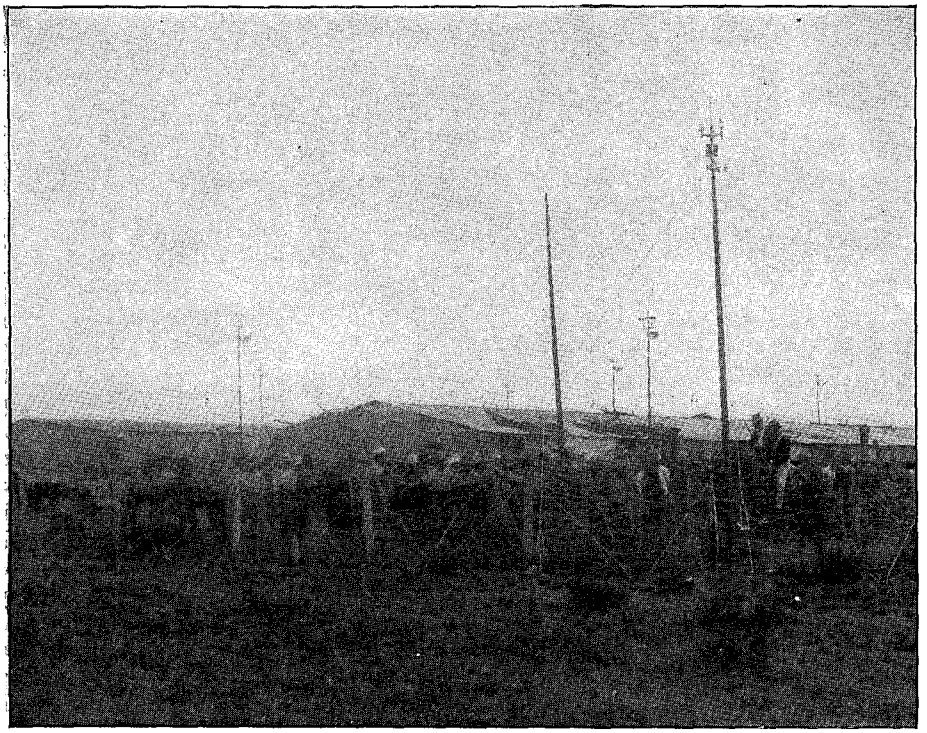

English Prisoners Behind the Barbed Wire Entanglement.

plight with themselves, with his head in bandages and his arm in a sling owing to their shrapnel and Lee-Metfords, might have appealed to them in his favor. But in spite of his reason for coming, one of them was so exceedingly insulting to him that Von Loosberg told the man that if he had him on the outside of the barbed-wire he would thrash him. His brother officers ordered the fellow to be quiet and hustled him away. It seemed so strange to hear a British officer insulting a man when he himself was in a position in which he could not be touched nor chastised. And besides, there are so few circumstances when one can insult a man with his arm in a sling.

I was surprised to find that the habitual desire of the Englishman to be left severely to himself did not follow him into prison. I had expected that I should walk around with the Boer officer, who was sent with me to see that I did not say anything to the officers which I should not, in as lonely state as though I wore a cloak of invisibility. On the contrary almost all of the prisoners came up at once like children rushing to a Punch and Judy show, and gazed and asked questions. Their eagerness over the slight variety which our coming brought to the awful routine of the prison-camp, their desire to learn some new thing, to get a fresh whiff of knowledge from the outside world, was so pathetic and disturbing that I do not know that I ever spent a more uncomfortable hour. The Commission on Prisoners do not allow the officers to hear any news of the war except as it is misrepresented in the *Volksstem*, a single sheet of no value. It is a foolish and unnecessarily hard restriction, but as it exists I had to obey it and was not able to tell the officers anything that they cared to know. Some of them played the game most considerately, appreciating that I could not answer certain questions; but others, when I did not answer, or pretended not to hear, abused the Boers violently, which made it most unpleasant for the Boer officer with me, and did not help to make me more loquacious. But these men were the exception. The majority were only too glad to gain any informa-

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tion from outside without wasting time abusing anybody.

Before the electric lights were lit we stood outside the zinc shed near the gate, and as it grew dark they separated me from my Boer guide and crowded in closer, so that in the dusk I could only see vague outlines of figures and hear voices whispering questions without seeing from where they came. Those nearest me under cover of these voices from the outside circles, pressed me for some word as to the chance of their release, the probable length of their imprisonment, the nearness of the attacking column, and the safety of friends and relatives. They were so little of the class with which one connects imprisonment, their voices were so strongly reminiscent of the London clubs, the Savoy, and the Gaiety, and so strange in this cattle-pen, that one felt supremely selfish, and, when going away, both mean and apologetic. The fact of being able to pass the barbed wire while they still stood watching one, seemed like flaunting one's own good fortune and freedom.

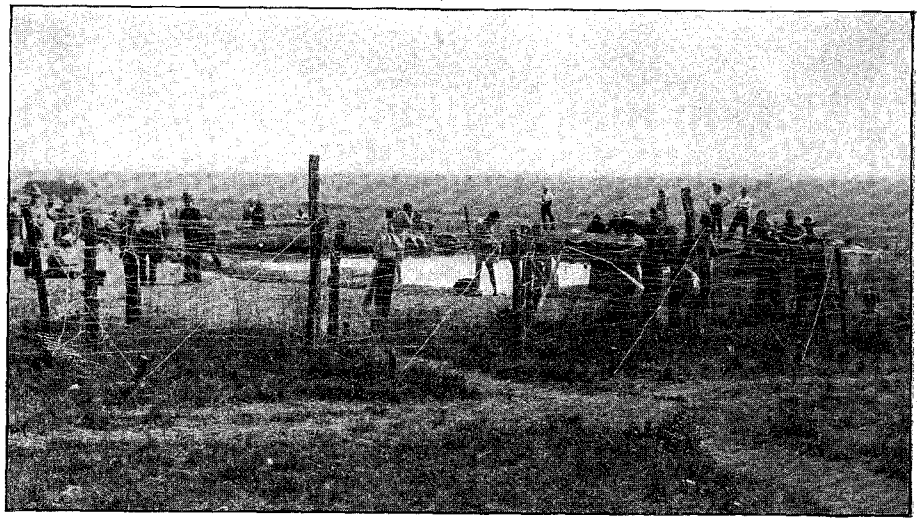
What I liked best about them was their genuine and keen interest in the welfare of the Tommies of their several commands who were imprisoned at Waterval.

"Is it true they're sleeping on the ground?" they whispered. "Do you know if they have decent medicines?" "Do they get their money?" "Won't you go and see them, and tell us how they are?"

It was good to find that most of them suffered for their men even more keenly, because unselfishly, than for themselves. For these I wished to do anything which might help the dreary torture of the camp, but in what I tried to do I was unsuccessful.

They form the most picturesque, the most painful, and, as I have said, the only war-like feature of Pretoria. For nights after my visit to them I was haunted by the presence of that crowd pressing close and whispering questions, speaking eagerly from far back in the darkness. "Can you tell me was General Hilyard wounded at Pieters? He is my father." "Is it true my brother was shot at Spion Kop? He was with Thorneycroft." "Do my people know I am here?" "Will you tell Hay I must see him?" "Will you cable my people that I am all right?" "Do the papers blame us for surrendering? It was not the Colonel's fault that we had no outposts!"

In the dusk, they were like a chorus of ghosts, of imprisoned spirits, of "poor little lambs who had lost their way," and who, caged on the side of a Boer kopje, were trying to get back into the fold of the great world again.



The Bathing-Tank for the Privates at Waterval.

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HOW GRANNY READS HER OMAR

By Mary Youngs

V

Yestiddy's dandylines is shut, that's so;
An' where last evenin's shower is, I dunno—
  But never min' :—the buttercups is out,
An' sunshine's what we need to make things grow.

VII

Come, now! cheer up an' have a cup o' tea!
Things ain't so hard's you make 'em out to be.
  Be happy while you can; time ain't so long
But what it soon must end fer you an' me.

XIII

Some wants the earth. Yes; an' there do be some
That's everlastin' wantin' Kingdom Come—
  You hang to what you've got, an' leave the rest
To them as ain't contented here at hum.

XLVI

You nee'n'ter think the worl's a-goin'ter know
About it, when you quit this earth below;
  There's several others died sence Time began,
An' likely others will keep doin' so.

XCIX

Oh, well, o' course, if we could shift the plan
O' Heaven an' Earth, to meet the mind o' man,
  We might be happy fer awhile—but laws!
Folks ain't been suited sence the worl' began!

CI

'Twon't pleasure me ter have you mourn fer me—
I'd ruther you'd be happy, as I be,
  So when you pass my empty place, jest stop
An' laugh a little laugh fer me to see.

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TOBIN'S MONUMENT

By Arthur Colton

I WAS a student then and lived on the second floor of a brick dormitory with footworn stones and sagging casements. The windows looked across one end of the campus on ivy-covered walls of other buildings, on a bronze statue whose head was bent to indicate that the person represented had taken life seriously in his day. Near at hand was a street of unacademic noises, horse-cars, shops, German bands, newsboys, people who bought and sold without higher mathematics and seldom mentioned Horatius Flaccus.

But there were drifts and eddies of the street that would turn aside and enter the dormitories commercially. Tobin was one of these. He came to my door by preference, because of the large crack in the panel. For, if one entered the dormitory commercially and knocked at the doors, one never knew—it might be Horatius Flaccus, a volume of size and weight. But with a crack in the panel one could stand outside at ease and dignity, looking through it, and crying, "*M'las ca-andy!* Peanuts!" Then, if anything arrived, without doubt it arrived. A man might throw what he chose at his own door.

He was thin in the legs and shoulders, but round of face and marked there with strange designs that were partly a native complexion; but, if one is a candy boy, in constant company with newsboys, shiners, persons who carry no such merchandise but are apt to wish for it violently, one's complexion of course varies from day to day.

"Say, but I hit *him!* He bled on his clo's."

Tobin sometimes made this comment, "him" meaning different persons. There was a vein of fresh romance in him. Did not Sir Balin, or his like, smite Sir Lanceor, so that the blood flowed over his hauberk, and afterward speak of it with enthusiasm?

It was a cold December day in the year 188–, when the snow whirled without rest from morning chapel till the end of the day was signified by the first splutter of gas-jets. Among the hills where I was born that office was left to the sunsets and twilights, who had a manner of doing it, a certain broad nobility, a courtesy and grace. "One of God's days is over. This is our sister, the night." The gas-jets were fretful, coquettish, affected. "It is an outrage! One is simply turned on and turned off!"

Horatius Flaccus was social and intimate with me that day. "*Exegi monumentum*," he remarked. "You will find it not easy to forget me."

Monuments! At the University we lived among commemorative buildings; many a silent dusty room was dim with accumulation of thought; and there men labored for what but to make a name?

The statue outside represented one who took life seriously in his day, now with the whirling snow about it, the gas-jet in front snapping petulantly. "One is simply turned on and turned off!"

"*Exegi monumentum*," continued Horatius Flaccus. "This is my work, and it is good. I shall not all die, *non omnis moriar*." It seemed natural to feel so. But how honorably the sunsets and twilights used to go their ways among the hills, contented and leaving not a wrack behind.

It was a better attitude and conduct, that serene security of clouds in their absolute death. "*Non omnis moriar*" was not only a boast, but a complaint and a protest.

Still, as to monuments, one would rather be memorialized by one's own work than by the words of other men, or the indifferent labor of their chisels.

"*M'las ca-andy!*"

"Come in, Tobin!"

He opened the door and said, tentatively, "Peanuts."

He always spoke in a more confident tone of the candy than of the peanuts. There was no good reason for his confidence in either.

"Tobin," I said, "you don't want a monument?"

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He kicked his feet together and murmured again, "Peanuts."

His shoes were cracked at the sides. The cracks were full of snow.

The remark seemed to imply that he did not expect a monument, having no confidence in his peanuts. As a rule they were soggy and half-baked.

Tobin's life, I thought, was too full of the flux of things; candy melted, peanuts decayed, complexion changed from day to day, his private wars were but momentary matters. I understood him to have no artificial desires. Death would be too simple an affair for comment. He would think of no comment to make. Sunsets and twilights went out in silence; Tobin's half of humanity nearly as dumb. It was the other half that was fussy on the subject.

"Your feet are wet, Tobin. Warm them. Your shoes are no good."

Tobin picked the easiest chair with good judgment, and balanced his feet over the coals of the open stove, making no comment.

"I won't buy your peanuts. They're sloppy. I might buy you another pair of shoes. What do you think?"

He looked at me, at the shoes, at the wet basket on his knees, but nothing elaborate seemed to occur to him. He said:

"A'right." He had great mental directness. I had reached that point in the progress of young philosophy where the avoidance of fussiness takes the character of a broad doctrine: a certain Doric attitude was desired. Tobin seemed to me to have that attitude.

"If I give you the money, will you buy shoes or cigarettes?"

"Shoes."

"Here, then. Got anything to say?"

He put the bill into his pocket, and said:

"Yep, I'll buy 'em."

His attitude was better than mine. The common wish to be thanked was pure fussiness.

"Well, look here. You bring me back the old ones."

Even that did not disturb him. The Doric attitude never questions other men's indifferent whims.

"A'right."

I heard him presently on the lower floor, crying, "*M'las ca-andy!* Peanuts."

"I shall be spoken of," continued Horatius Flaccus, calmly, "by that wild southern river, the Aufidus, and in many other places. I shall be called a pioneer in my own line, *princeps Æolium carmen deduxisse.*"

The night was closing down. The gaslight flickered on the half-hidden face of the statue, so that its grave dignity seemed changed to a shifty, mocking smile.

I heard no more of Tobin for a month, and probably did not think of him. There were Christmas holidays about, and that week which is called of the Promenade, when one opens Horatius Flaccus only to wonder what might have been the color of Lydia's hair, and introduce comparisons that are unfair to Lydia.

It was late in January. Someone came and thumped on the cracked panel. It was not Tobin, but a stout woman carrying Tobin's basket, who said in an expressionless voice:

"Oi! Them shoes."

"What?"

"You give 'im some shoes."

"Tobin. That's so."

"I'm Missus Tobin."

She was dull-looking, round-eyed, gray-haired. She fumbled in the basket, dropped something in wet paper on a chair, and seemed placidly preparing to say more. It seemed to me that she had much of Tobin's mental directness, the Doric attitude, the neglect of comment. I asked: "How's Tobin?"

"Oi! He's dead."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Tobin. May I——"

"Oi! Funeral's this afternoon. He could'n' be round. He was sick. Five weeks three days."

She went out and down the stair, bumping back and forth between the wall and the banister.

On the misty afternoon of that day I stood on that corner where more than elsewhere the city and the University meet; where hackmen and newsboys congregate; where a gray brick hotel looks askance at the pillared and vaulted entry of a recitation hall. The front of that hall is a vainglorious thing. Those who understand, looking dimly with half-shut eyes, may see it change to a mist, and in the

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mist appear a worn fence, a grassless, trodden space, and four tall trees.

The steps of the hall were deserted, except for newsboys playing tag among the pillars. I asked one if he knew where Tobin lived.

"He's havin' a funeral," he said.

"Where?"

"10 Clark Street."

"Did you know him?"

The others had gathered around. One of them said:

"Tobin licked him."

The first seemed to think more than ordinary justice should be done a person with a funeral, and admitted that Tobin had licked him.

No. 10 Clark Street was a door between a clothing shop and a livery stable. The stairway led up into darkness. On the third landing a door stood open, showing a low room. A painted coffin rested on two chairs. Three or four women sat about with their hands on their knees. One of them was Mrs. Tobin.

"Funeral's over," she said, placidly.

The clergyman from the mission had come and gone. They were waiting for the city undertaker. But they seemed glad of an interruption and looked at me with silent interest.

"I want to ask you to tell me something about him, Mrs. Tobin."

Mrs. Tobin reflected. "There ain't nothin'."

"He never ate no candy," said one of the women, after a pause.

Mrs. Tobin sat stolidly. Two large tears appeared at length and rolled slowly down.

"It made him dreadful sick when he was little. That's why."

The third woman nodded thoughtfully.

"He said folks was fools to eat candy. It was his stomach."

"Oi!" said Mrs. Tobin.

I went no nearer the coffin than to see the common grayish pallor of the face, and went home in the misty dusk.

The forgotten wet bundle had fallen to the floor and become undone.

By the cracks in the sides, the down-trodden heels, the marks of keen experience, they were Tobin's old shoes, round-toed, leather-thonged, stoical, severe.

Mrs. Tobin had not commented. She had brought them merely, Tobin having stated that they were mine.

They remained with me six months, and were known to most men, who came to idle or labor, as "Tobin's Monument." They stood on a book-shelf, with other monuments thought to be *ære perennius*, more enduring than brass, and disappeared at the end of the year, when the janitor reigned supreme. There seemed to be some far-off and final idea in the title, some thesis which never got itself rightly stated. Horatius Flaccus was kept on the shelf beside them in the notion that the statement should somehow be worked out between them. And there was no definite result; but I thought he grew more diffident with that companionship.

"*Exegi monumentum.* I suppose there is no doubt about that," he would remark. "*Ære perennius.* It seems a trifle pushing, to so trespass on the attention of posterity. I would rather talk of my Sabine farm."

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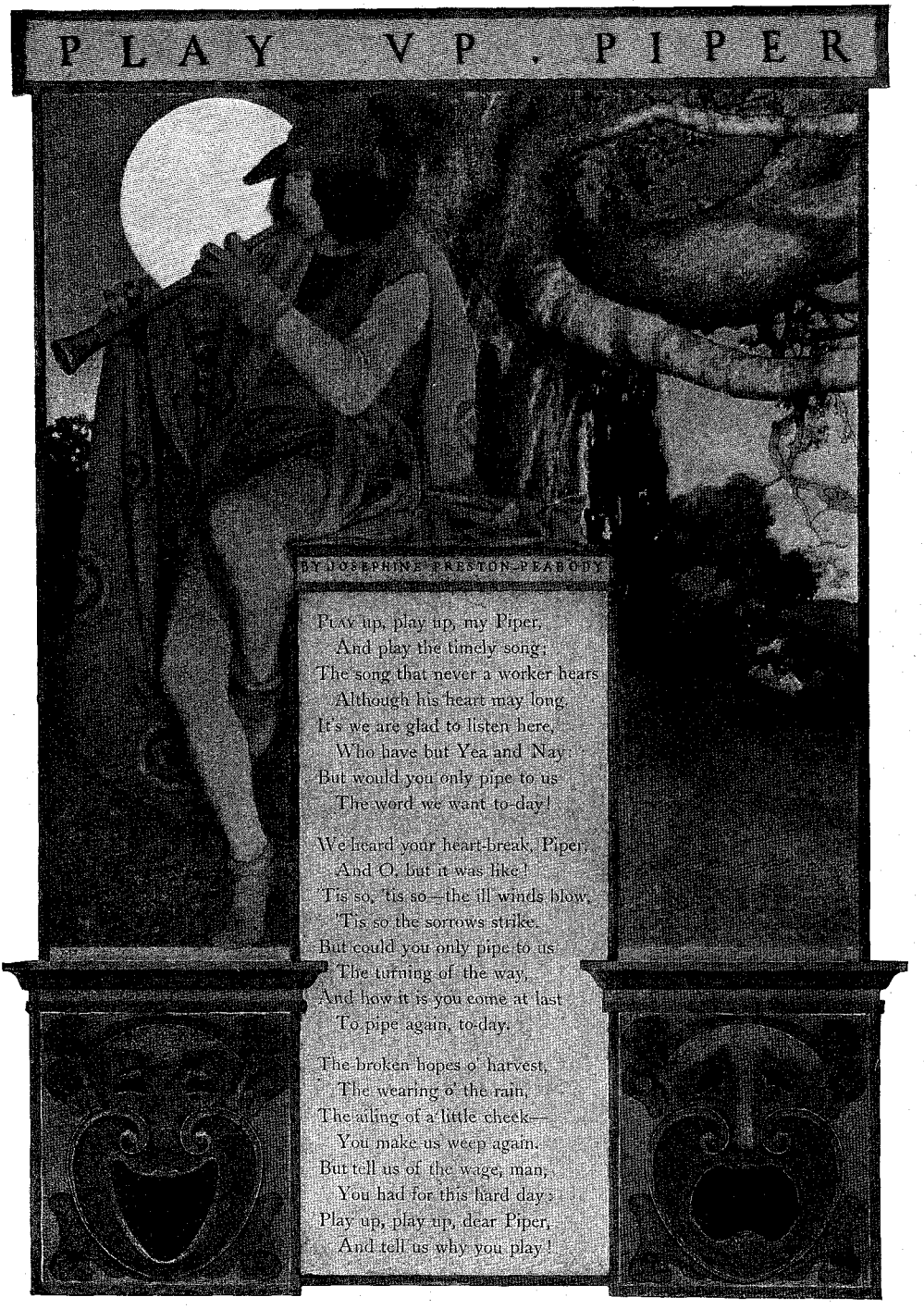

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Play up, play up, my Piper,
And play the timely song;
The song that never a worker hears
Although his heart may long.
It's we are glad to listen here,
Who have but Yea and Nay:
But would you only pipe to us
The word we want to-day!

We heard your heart-break, Piper,
And O, but it was like!
'Tis so, 'tis so—the ill winds blow,
'Tis so the sorrows strike.
But could you only pipe to us
The turning of the way,
And how it is you come at last
To pipe again, to-day.

The broken hopes o' harvest,
The wearing o' the rain,
The ailing of a little cheek—
You make us weep again.
But tell us of the wage, man,
You had for this hard day:
Play up, play up, dear Piper,
And tell us why you play!

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"How to put his food in the pan with the long-handled shovel."—Page 194.

THE GREEN PIGS

By Sydney Herman Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

I

THE VICTIM

IT is a matter of surprise to me now that I could ever have been misguided enough to think that Archie Mills was a proper person to be intrusted with the care of my rural home during our holiday trip, but the arrangement was made so hurriedly, that in twenty-four hours from the time the idea entered our heads, we were being rapidly whisked away from our beloved farm by the express train, bound for a Northern harbor. We had not been able to take a holiday for five years, for leaving home had become a complex problem since we had abandoned city life, and we found that there were endless difficulties in the way, with growing crops and a large variety of domestic animals and birds to be taken care of.

Our city friends were in the habit of congratulating us upon the possession of such an ideal place, enabling us to dispense with summer trips; and we were popularly supposed to spend the hot weather in hammocks on the veranda, varying the monotony by periodically pressing a button to summon roasted chickens from the barnyard, and strawberries and appur-

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tenances from their natural abode. We had all the luxuries attributed to our idyllic condition, but we paid for them in hard work, and felt that we could enjoy a complete change if a satisfactory way could be devised of having the property taken care of.

We were discussing the subject when an invitation arrived from Matilda's uncle, who was Inspector of Harbors, to accompany him on his tour of the Northern lakes during the month of July. For a moment we gazed at each other in joyous anticipation, only to dejectedly admit in the end that the invitation must be declined.

"You see," I said to Matilda, "even if I could trust the Jones boy to look after the place for a month, here's a letter from Archie, asking me to find a boarding-place for them in this neighborhood, and it would look as if we were running away from our relatives."

Matilda's eyes dilated. "I have it!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "Go up to the station and telegraph to Archie, asking him if they will keep house for us, instead of boarding. Put in lots of regrets for our absence, and tell him they must use the place as their own, and I think they'll be delighted. Wait for the answer," she added, as I got my hat, and as I reached the gate I heard her call out: "Regrets—ten words!"

I returned in an hour, waving a telegram triumphantly, and we began at once to pack up our belongings, for Archie had replied that they would start the next day.

We expected them to arrive several hours before we left, but the train was late and there was not much time to initiate them into our domestic arrangements, so I hurriedly told Archie all the more important facts I could remember, while Matilda was showing Alice over the house. My

Remarkable objects appearing at irregular intervals in their nests.—Page 194.

double brother-in-law (I call him so because he is married to my sister and I to his), didn't seem anxious to hear the instructions, but kept urging me to get ready, saying that he would attend to everything; he even insisted upon trying to save time by going out to harness the horse, although I was quite sure he didn't know how. When I got to the stable he was apparently trying to fit the breast-collar over the equine's tail, and as I appeared he stepped back nonchalantly with the harness in his hand, and said, with a critical air: "Looks to me, Arthur, as if your mare was hipped."

That was just like him—no one could ever find out how much he didn't know, for he had a knack of making use of any fragment of knowledge he possessed with the air of knowing all about it, and his silence was even more expressive than his speech.

In the matter of horses, for instance, I was positive he knew nothing, and yet he had the usual luck with his chance remark,

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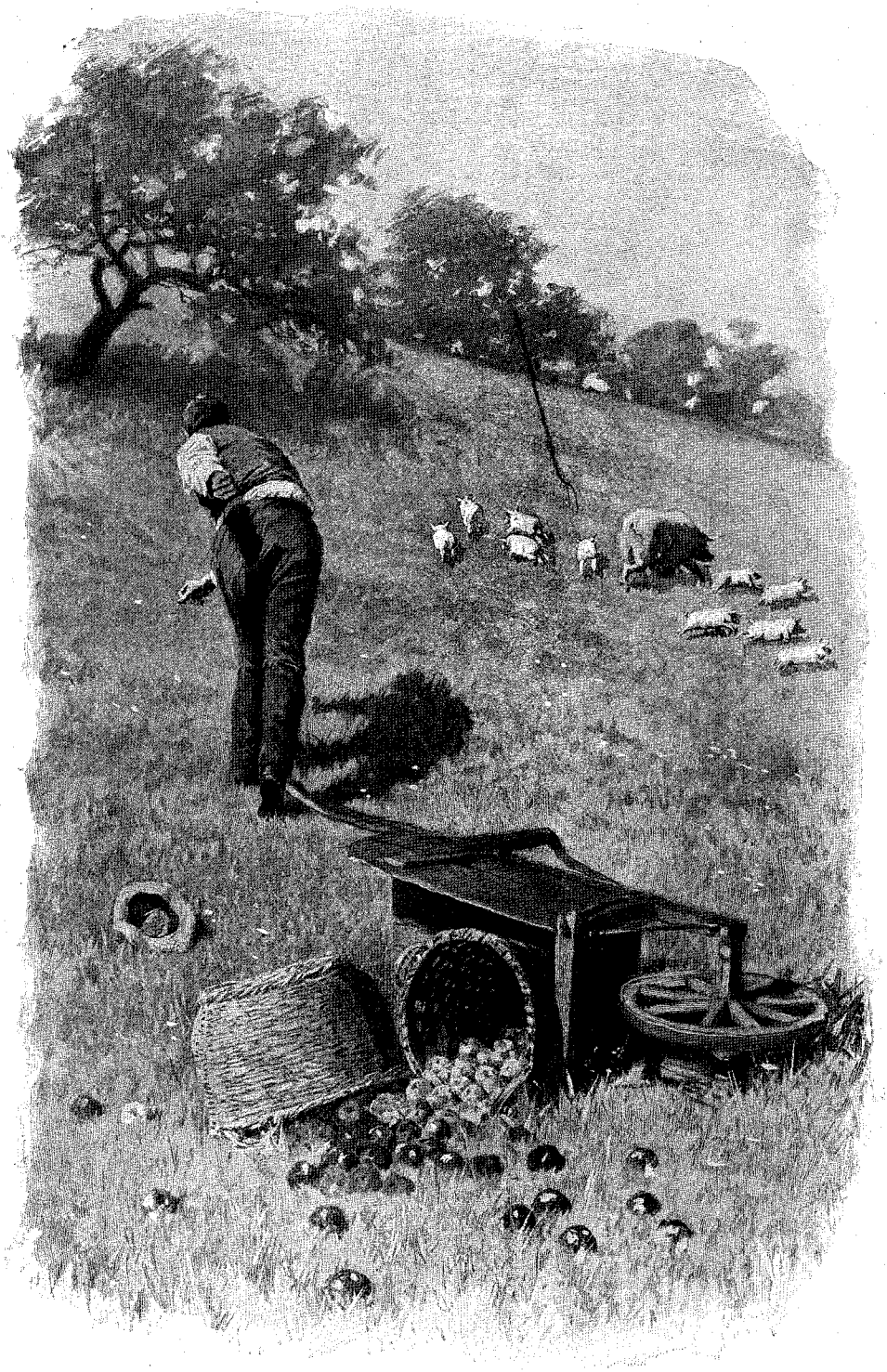

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

No savage ever threw his weapon with a deadlier intent than I.—Page 194.

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I thought bitterly, as we drove to the station; for my mare, who had previously seemed as sound as a bell, began to drop her off hip, as if to corroborate his villainous insinuation. I was so bothered that I actually forgot to tell him about Mason's pigs, but just as we sat down in the car I remembered. I made a rush for the window and struggled mightily to raise it, without avail.

"Shoot Mason's pigs on sight!" I shouted desperately, through the glass, with a fierce gesture. He looked unperturbed. "*Pigs!*" I insisted, fortissimo. He was no longer visible, but I got a glimpse of one arm and hand making a familiar reassuring motion of complete confidence and understanding, and I dropped into the seat with a gasp of relief, becoming conscious that Matilda's face was crimson with mortification, and that I was the cause of the unrestrained hilarity of the other passengers.

I felt thankful that my wife was under bonds not to speak of the matter for half an hour, for we had made a compact that when one angered the other the cause was not to be mentioned until that time had elapsed. The plan was successful—during the week it had been in operation I had offended thirteen times, Matilda twice—and much useless recrimination had been avoided; so in this case also I had some ground for hoping that her feelings would be somewhat modified by the time she felt free to speak.

My spirits sank rapidly, and I began to feel that we ought to take the first train back, to cancel the idiotic arrangement. That parting gesture of Archie's added to my mental discomfort, for I remembered that in our boyhood it had often been a presage of disaster, in which I usually played the part of principal victim. I wished I hadn't mentioned the pigs, in view of the fact that I was unable to tell him to use coarse salt in place of buckshot in doing the shooting. If he deliberately went to work to murder ten little pigs, as he was quite capable of doing, and was also successful in finding a vulnerable spot on the sow, Mason might mulct me to the extent of $50, at present market prices. Not only that, but I might be compelled to pay for the possible progeny of the infants, had they been allowed to live and flourish on the melons and corn and apples of my farm. Of course, Archie might insist upon paying a share—but then, in his case probabilities always turned out to be mere possibilities, and it was never safe to predict that he must do one of two things, for he frequently took an entirely original course with the utmost indifference as to what other people would naturally expect. His nonchalant manner and confidence in himself, when he should be overwhelmed with confusion, was really amusing. I could recall——

Matilda leaned forward, with a smile. I saw at a glance that she had forgiven me. "Arthur," she said, "I'll forgive you if you tell me just what you are thinking—you have such a peculiar expression."

"About Archie," I replied, promptly. "I was thinking that he might be divided into four equal parts."

"Name those parts," she commanded.

"*Aplomb, savoir-faire, sang-froid* and——"

I could see a steely gleam in her eyes, which meant that I was treading upon dangerous ground if I was about to say anything disrespectful of a Mills.

"And?" she repeated, coldly.

"Archie," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, then smiled. "Not bad," she said. "I wonder how he would define you."

I felt tempted to tell her my fear that Archie might recklessly slaughter Mason's pigs if he found them on our place, but refrained, for the subject was a sore one between us. I detested the creatures from the bottom of my heart, while Matilda had an unsatisfied longing to possess a few of her own. I might have learned to tolerate them as part of our live-stock, but to have Mason's periodically ruining my choicest products was more than I could stand. I had reasoned with Mason quietly at first, and he always expressed the greatest surprise that "the darned old sow" had broken out of the pen again. He would apologize humbly for the raid and describe the fastenings he had devised to keep her shut up, and I would reluctantly accept his excuses. I had been angry enough to impound the invaders, but I soon found that I could neither capture nor corral them; and I doubt if a company of cowboys would have suc-

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ceeded. The climax was reached when, during my temporary absence from the orchard, they overturned the wheelbarrow containing several baskets of my choicest apples, prepared for the county fair. My innate savagery broke forth when I saw them at work, and seizing a hay-fork I charged with bloodthirsty fury. They were too fleet to be reached with even a long-handled fork, and no savage ever threw his weapon with a deadlier intent than I, as I launched mine at the fleeing group. They scattered instinctively, and the steel prongs plunged harmlessly into the earth. I returned to the house to find that Matilda, who had witnessed the chase, was so full of sympathy for the uninjured innocents, that my cruel intentions filled her with horror; and the situation was not improved when I declared that pincers and thumb-screws would be fitting tools for the punishment of such brutes.

My interview with Mason, while I was still in a passion, resulted in a sudden respite from the visitations, and for a whole week I had not even seen a pig in the distance; but I feared that as soon as their owner knew I was safely away, he would let them out to resume their ravages.

As I thought the matter over in the train, I finally decided not to burden Matilda with my misgivings, and, in place of writing instructions to Archie, leave him to struggle with the pests. He was a man of resource, and he might discover some way of exterminating them without making me liable for damages.

We had a delightful holiday, and an absolute rest from all responsibility; for even if the farm had been swallowed up by an earthquake, we probably would not have known, as we left no address. Matilda expressed anxiety occasionally about home affairs. I tried to reassure her by dwelling upon Archie's sterling qualities—then she confided to me that what she really feared was that he would involve us in unpleasant complications with our neighbors. "Of course, the Masons needn't be considered," she said, meaningly, "for they are hopelessly offended by the dreadful language you used about those poor animals, but I was thinking how dreadful it would be if he stopped any of the Joneses when they take a short cut through our place to the road—or if he took old Mr. Petch for a tramp when he walks into the woodshed to borrow the lawn-mower—or if he didn't keep the assessor to dinner, and the taxes were raised—or if he should set Growler on——"

"Stop! stop!" I exclaimed, laughingly. "He said he would act just as if he owned the place, and if he does any of these things we'll not be responsible—and as for Growler, he's chained, as usual, and I showed Archie how to put his food in the pan with the long-handled shovel."

I laughed again to think of my dear brother-in-law attending to that dog; for, being unaccustomed to the care of animals, he would naturally be terrified that Growler's antics at feeding-time would break the chain. I did not wonder at the nervousness displayed by the natives who saw him, for his great size, gaping jaws, and baleful eyes, gave him an appearance of ferocity quite at variance with his ordinarily gentle nature—but Archie was too wary to be caught showing trepidation, and it was amusing to recall how, when I introduced Growler to him, he had stood at a safe distance and discoursed sagely on the folly of keeping large dogs chained.

How I could ever have treated the matter so lightly, I cannot now conceive, but the fact remains that for nearly a month we were absolutely ignorant, and almost unsuspicious, about what is usually termed the progress of events; and it was delightful to return and find our dear little home intact—the farm in a flourishing condition, and no fatalities among the live-stock. Archie showed me around with all the pride of ownership, and he was so full of enthusiasm about the place that I tried to conceal my annoyance at some of his mistakes. He had nearly all the hens engaged in hatching chickens, instead of laying, and I was aghast at the thought of raising an extra hundred so late in the season, but I did not dream that I would be burdened by infant ducks, turkeys, guinea-fowl, geese and crows. I cannot imagine how he got so many different kinds of eggs, but I do know that some of the hens went crazy when they found such remarkable objects appearing at irregular intervals in their nests. It was after he left, too, that I discovered the populous rabbit-warren under the barn—

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a serious matter, but comparatively trifling in the light of further revelations.

I noticed that Alice looked well, but slightly worried, and I felt as if she wanted to tell me something, but we all had so much to talk about that I did not see her alone. Archie was nut-brown with exposure to the sun, but I was puzzled at the peculiar appearance of his hands, for at a first glance I thought he was wearing green gloves. He didn't seem willing to enlighten me, however, when I questioned him, but laughed evasively.

We parted in quite a friendly manner, though I was provoked at the last to find the harness lying in a heap on the floor of the stable, a mere mass of detached straps. I was so long in getting it put together that we nearly missed the train, and I heaved a sigh of relief when we said good-by. "By the way, Arthur," he called out from the rear platform, "that Jones boy turned out to be a rascal—I dismissed him."

I gazed after the retreating train in bewilderment—Archie was waving his hand reassuringly.

"Well," I muttered, as I drove home, "that's the end of the business, anyway." It wasn't—it was only the beginning. As I backed the wagon into the shed I heard an agonized groan or grunt, followed by a blood-curdling squeal. The sounds came from an unused pig-pen, and with a nervous horror of what might be there, I wrenched the door open.

My imagination had pictured some ghastly discovery, but the reality smote me with a sudden fear that my mind was unhinged, for I saw two little pigs—indubitable pigs, but *green*—green as a field of rye in the spring—green as onion-tops!

I looked again, and staggered to the house. Matilda was in the kitchen. "Matilda!" I gasped, "there are two pigs in the pig-pen and they're *green!*"

II

THE VICTOR

I HAD not felt as fond of my brother-in-law, Arthur Merkel, for years, as I did when his telegram arrived asking if Alice and I would keep house for them during my holidays. I didn't wait to consult Alice, for such an opportune chance might never occur again. I didn't envy Arthur anything, but it rankled in my mind occasionally that he should be comfortably settled in such an ideal country-place, while I spent my days over musty ledgers in the city. He was such a slow-coach that I felt sure he didn't know how to manage even a little farm properly, but yet he could make the most fascinating practical experiments in agriculture, while I could only pore over Government Farm Reports and cultivate imaginary acres.

Yes, I felt positively affectionate when I sent the reply that we would be delighted to accept—it reminded me of the cordial feeling I used to have for Arthur when we were boys, and were called David and Jonathan. That was before our sisters were recognized factors in our intercourse, and one of us was always at the other's home on Saturdays—and every other possible occasion. I considered that a holiday was the best time for a boy to be away from home, for, if he is within reach, his mother is always hunting up chores and errands for him to do, even if he manages to keep dark during that dangerous period between breakfast and the time his father goes to business. My policy, therefore, was to get started to Arthur's quite early; and as a visitor could not very well be left alone, Alice used to entertain me quite nicely while her brother was more usefully employed. Later, he began to develop such a habit of early rising that I was frequently kept at home by his premature arrival; and one morning, when I had started off before breakfast, I met him at our gate. Suspicious words led to anger, and I frankly accused him of coming to hang around Matilda. He didn't deny it, and declared that anyone who thought he came to see me was a fool. Of course neither of us could afford to continue the quarrel, and we compromised on the basis of alternate visits, for he displayed a grasping stubbornness that was proof against my efforts to gain better terms.

It was rather fortunate that our train was late in arriving, for Arthur and Matilda were obliged to leave soon after we reached their place. Of course, under normal conditions, we might have enjoyed each other's society for a limited time, but

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in this case Arthur was quite voluble, and tried to monopolize the conversation. His inconsequent remarks, when I attempted to describe the remarkable manner in which I had been affected by influenza, were very aggravating, so I went off to the stable on the pretext of harnessing the horse for him. The harness was tangled up in such a way that I scarcely had time to find out which part belonged to the head, and which to the tail, before Arthur came after me. It was just like him, I thought, to keep things in such a shiftless, unmethodical way—but he would have a chance to learn a point or two when he saw how I managed. He didn't like my saying that the mare was hipped, but it was the only term I could think of at the time, and the remark diverted his mind from the groove of unnecessary directions that it was running in.

I was glad to see the train move off, and it was really quite amusing to see him rush to the window and shout to me to be sure to feed the pigs. Of course I would feed them, unless they were stuffed specimens ; and I made up my mind to give them all the hay they could eat to begin with, and to study up the rations in the Experimental Farm Report at my leisure during the evening. I remembered that there were twenty-seven different rations recommended, costing from three and a quarter cents per diem, to nineteen ; so you could feed for the production of two ounces of pork a day, up to twenty. If Arthur knew anything at all about scientific feeding he would be certain to use the cheapest combination, but that wasn't my way.

It took me some time to get the mare and wagon attended to, for the harness was absurdly complicated. There were thirty-three buckles, and some of them so stiff that my fingers ached with the exertion of getting the straps separated, and such a bulk of material resulted that there wasn't room to hang all the pieces on wooden pegs, and I rather impatiently threw them in a heap on the floor.

When I went to attend to the pigs they were not to be found. The building and yard that I took to be the pig-premises were deserted, and showed no signs of having been lately used. Alice suggested that perhaps they were on pasture, so starting out together, we at last found them grazing contentedly on a plot of carrots. There were ten little ones, and the mother — better-looking animals than I expected to see on Arthur's farm, but so wild that they resembled gazelles in their movements. If I had not had practice in sprinting, we never could have got them into the yard, although Alice helped in flanking when they tried to escape. I could see from their actions that Arthur must have been in the habit of abusing them shamefully.

When they were safely yarded I threw down a liberal supply of hay, but they didn't seem hungry, and we went to tea, after carefully securing the barnyard gate. We didn't get time to finish, for hearing a disturbance, I ran out quickly and found a rough-looking man trying to drive the pigs out of the yard. I closed the gate just in time to foil the attempt, and folding my arms, stood looking at him sternly.

"That darned old sow," he began, deprecatingly, "bruk loose agin. When I git 'em home I'm a-goin' to fasten——"

"No—you're not," I said, sharply. "You may be thankful if you get home safely without them. You ought to be jailed. What do you mean by coming here in broad daylight to drive off my pigs ?"

"Yourn !" he shouted, fiercely. "Them hogs is mine."

I was enraged at his brazen impudence. He evidently took me for a tender-foot. Turning away abruptly, I walked hurriedly over to Growler. He had smelled a disagreement, and was standing on his hind legs uttering hideous sounds of eager longing. Apparently Arthur allowed his pigs to run so as to develop muscle, while his fine mastiff was kept chained to encourage fat. As I began to unbuckle the collar the man called out incredulously : "You ain't a-goin' to let that brute loose, be you ?"

"I am about to exercise my dog," I replied, calmly.

The leather was stiff, and before I could unfasten the collar he had reached the road. "Mister," he shouted, from the other side of the gate, "be you a-goin' to pound them hogs ?"

I smiled at the thought of such cruelty. "No," I called out, "I'm going to treat them kindly and feed them well."

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"Keep'em then," he replied, and doubling himself up, broke into a peal of laughter that sounded like the explosion of a bunch of fire-crackers. I could hear similar explosions as he went down the road.

Leaving the dog chained, I went into the house and finished my tea. I had just settled down to study the Farm Report when Alice called out excitedly, from the kitchen: "Archie, Archie! There's a man in the woodshed!"

When I got out he was just disappearing around the corner of the house, dragging the lawn-mower, evidently meaning to escape with his plunder. I headed him off and wrenched the machine out of his hands with considerable violence. "You hardened old sinner," I yelled, "clear out!"

He was a little old man, clad only in trousers and shirt, but even with due allowance for his light apparel, the speed with which he ran was amazing. I brought the mower back triumphantly, feeling confident, from the look of terror on his face, that he would not return.

Shortly afterward the boy whom Arthur had hired to milk appeared. He was dirty-looking, and I was not at all prepossessed by his manners. He didn't even know enough to touch his cap when I spoke to him, but was quite voluble in explanations, and I followed his movements with interest. The cow, who was pastured in a small field adjoining the orchard, looked vicious, and a rope dangling from her horns added to the effect. Carrying a sharp stick with a carrot stuck on the end, he entered the field and called, persuasively: "Co-o boss—Co-o boss." The effect was surprising, for the animal erected her tail and charged head downward at the boy, who fled precipitately and clambered over the fence. She stopped suddenly on finding that her prey had escaped, and he poked the stick through the fence, waving the carrot like a flag of truce. She immediately ceased hostilities and began to eat, while he secured the rope and led her away to the barnyard. She followed like a pet sheep.

"You see, sir," he explained, "the boss, he showed me jest how—she's a good cow, and don't mean no harm—an' he says cows does better if they ain't crossed, so he ketches her twict a day jest like I done. 'Remember, Tommy,' says he to me, 'Mister Mills don't any more'n know a cow from a horse, so I leaves her in your care. Treat her like a lady an' she'll act like one, is my motto,' says he, 'but you, Tommy, ain't strong on manners, so you can jest treat her as gentle as if you was her own calf.'"

I smiled to think of Arthur's standard of lady-like behavior, and instantly resolved that I would repay him for his remark about me by teaching his cow to comport herself decently, according to my own methods. "Treat a cow like a lady," I murmured, "when she behaves like one."

I learned, as I watched operations, that Lady Jane had three other plays that she worked regularly twice a day. The next was to kick at the milker when the stool was brought. If he escaped, he might, after stroking her lovingly and saying "Co-o bossie," sit down with perfect safety, as she would not do it twice. The Jones boy escaped, and sitting down, proceeded to loop her tail about his neck. "She don't care how the flies bites," he said, "if she feels her tail a-restin' there, but if you don't fix it she'll slash everlastin'."

He milked quickly, but I was disgusted with the grime on his hands, and made up my mind not to use a drop of the milk. When the pail was nearly full he remarked: "She likes awful well to put her hoof in the pail when she's bein' stripped."

Even as he spoke the foot came sliding along her belly, cautiously feeling for the vessel. He pushed it away, saying "Co-o bossie," soothingly, and she resignedly desisted.

We had a delightful evening, enjoying the luxury of swinging in hammocks under the trees in the moonlight. I had set Growler free in case any more marauders should be prowling about, and he lay contentedly on the grass beside us, so we were quite startled when he jumped up with a mighty roar and dashed off to the barn. From the squeals that arose I concluded that he was engaged in eating one of the young pigs, but on arriving at the place I found that the sounds proceeded from the inside of the building, and through the

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tightly shut door I recognized the voice of the Jones boy.

He was alternately shouting for help, and swearing at me for letting the dog loose. I dragged him forth, declining Growler's proffered help with difficulty, and discovered that he had a covered basket containing a pair of rabbits. They leaped out, and Growler ran off in pursuit. The boy howled louder than ever, and declared that the rabbits belonged to him, but the evidence to the contrary was conclusive, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that the young rascal did not escape with his booty. I discharged him on the spot, in spite of his trumped-up excuse of having taken a short cut through my place on his way home from Mason's. He seemed glad that I allowed him to go before Growler got tired digging under the barn, in a vain pursuit of the rabbits.

I was unable to sleep for several hours that night, thinking about the utter absence of honesty in the neighborhood. I could well understand why Arthur and Matilda were unwilling to leave the place without a tenant, for, if I had not been there, not a portable article would have been left in twenty-four hours.

The Jones boy must have spread the news that Growler was loose, for we were not disturbed again by marauders. Even the baker, butcher, and grocer refused to come inside the gate, and we had to go down to the road for supplies. Many passers-by stopped to call out: "How's them pigs?" The general interest was quite pleasing to me, for they never failed to laugh with good-natured delight when I described my method of feeding, and the growth of the animals. Occasionally a farmer would accept my invitation to come in and inspect them, but he invariably had wild horses that couldn't be left on the road, and seemed content with a cursory view from the wagon. Growler was very friendly; he would sit on the ground, wagging his tail slowly, and gaze at strangers with a most mournful and longing expression. He yearned to be petted, yet no one showed any willingness to gratify his desire.

The morning after we arrived a young man drove up with feed for sale—quite opportunely, for there was not enough on the place to last two days. He said his name was William Mason, and, as his father's hogs had been stolen, they had decided to sell off the feed cheap. I bought his whole stock, although he couldn't be induced to drive up to the barn until the dog was chained. He said that his horses were in the habit of bolting at the approach of large dogs.

My experiments in feeding were more elaborate than I had intended at first, for I decided to test ten different rations on as many young pigs; so I chained the mother to a post in the centre of the yard, and the ten young ones to the surrounding fence, at equal distances apart. In this way I was enabled to number each one, and keep an account of the food eaten.

I had no means of weighing the porkers, so I measured the girth twice daily, and calculated the increase in cubic inches. They always measured less before breakfast than in the evening, but that was the only fact that didn't wobble and waver in a distracting manner. Number ten, for instance, costing me seventeen cents a day, only earned a cent and four-fifths at the end of a week. Number five would pay two-sevenths of his board for a brief period, and then hypothecate his future prospects to a hopeless extent. Three and eight decreased in size—while one, eating three cents a day, was honest enough to pay back eleven and a half cents in seven days.

I began to look on them with less enthusiasm, but my success with Lady Jane was inspiriting. The absence of the Jones boy, considering his dirty appearance, was not a matter for regret; but the nebulous idea of doing the milking myself became an imperative duty, and also forced me to apply my newly evolved theory of how a cow should be treated.

It was a perfect success. When I sallied out to capture her I carried the stick without a carrot, and when we walked into the barnyard a few minutes later there were no two opinions as to which of us should be treated with deference.

She behaved with decorum while I milked, but when I gave up there was only a quart of milk in my pail, while Lady Jane had the other nine. I had reason to feel aggrieved, having worked as hard as a locomotive fireman for an hour and a

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quarter, and I gazed at her placid countenance suspiciously, trying to divine the means she had taken to cut off the supply between the reservoir and the outlet. She chewed her cud with placid indifference, but I detected slight creases about the corners of her mouth, suggesting repressed exultation. "You old swindler," I exclaimed threateningly; "you've been playing with cards up your sleeve!"

I spent several hours in a vain search among Arthur's agricultural books before finding a clew to the mysterious mechanism which had baffled my efforts. At last my eye was attracted by blue pencil-marks on the margin of the weekly paper, and I discovered the source of Arthur's oracular dissertation to Tommy Jones. "Treat your cow like a lady," I read with derision. I felt competent to instruct the author of the cow-lady paragraph, but the next let in a flood of light on my difficulty.

The following morning when I stood, with a full pail in front of Lady Jane, *I* wore the triumphant smile. She sighed, and chewed her cud dejectedly—the ironical dimples had vanished. "If," I reflected, "a cow holds up her milk, you can trump her ace by placing a sack of grain across her loins."

To return to the pigs—they became a hateful incubus. I had no chance for recreation, for my time was taken up in feeding and watering, weighing rations and measuring—not to mention maddening problems in cubic inches—and the blow which fell upon me at the end of a week was, therefore, not an absolutely crushing one.

I had decided not to disturb the heap of straps that Arthur called harness, and when Alice insisted on sending me to the village for supplies that she had overlooked, I was rather annoyed, but it was out of the question to walk so far, and I went unwillingly to the stable to prepare for the trip. Alice followed me in about an hour, and began to criticise, in a way that did not improve my temper, for I was taking a great deal of trouble to oblige her. She declared that there should be two straps around the mare's waist, but in spite of her protests, I put the second one over the back, where it would be of some use in helping to hold up the handles of the wagon, and drove away quite pleased at my success.

My good-humor did not last long because of the vulgar jocularity of the few people I met. In going down a steep hill my attention was concentrated on the handles, which suddenly projected themselves above the mare's ears, when a man who was passing, shouted: "Look at yer belly-band!"

I had no chance to reply, for the vehicle was rattling down hill at a rate that left him far in the rear before I could have inquired what he meant. My belt was a plain black silk one, with a heavy steel buckle, and not likely to attract attention, even in the country, so I concluded that the expression was a catch-phrase epitomizing the rural conception of wit, and not called forth by that article of clothing. This was confirmed when I met a small boy who saluted me with the same idiotic remark. I smilingly replied by asking him where he got his hat, and if his mother knew he was out. My urbanity almost failed, however, when a man in a top buggy, dressed like a minister, drew up his horse and began solemnly, "My friend, your belly-band——"

"Yes, I know," I snapped. "Look at your own."

"Your belly-band is——" he insisted, dogmatically.

"Where-did-you-get-that-hat?" I shouted with sudden passion, driving rapidly away.

As I passed the village tavern I heard one of the customary loafers exclaim, "That's him!" There was a loud guffaw, but I never even looked at the men, having become quite accustomed to attracting attention. It seemed as if these country bumpkins had never seen a gentleman before. I gave my order at the store, and as I sat down to wait for the parcels, I heard a loud conversation going on behind a stack of boxes.

"It's the darndest joke that ever was knowed," a cachinnatory voice declared. I recognized it as belonging to the young man named Mason, who sold me the pig-feed. "Ye see that city feller that's on Merkel's place thought our hogs was Merkel's, because they was in there eatin' carrots when he come." (Laughter.) "Of course, they've et a lot over there this sum-

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mer, an' Merkel used to chase them like ol' Nick—but they knowed the short cut home, you bet. Then Merkel'd come over pretty lippy, but the ol' man'd tell how he was a-goin' to shut th' ol' sow in with the crowbar because she'd broke the door off'n the hinges gettin' out." (Shouts of derision.) "But when they et up the Fair apples, he come down an' swore like a trooper, an' talked damages, so Paw fed 'em at home for a few days—then as soon as he seen the Merkels goin' off, he lets 'em out again." (More laughter.) "Paw says it's this way—Merkel don't have to make his livin' off the place, an' if our hogs gets some feedin' over there, he needn't be mean enough to gredge it, because he's pretty well fixed, an' don't have to work like us farmers." (Applause.) "An' if he don't want them hogs, let him keep 'em out." (More applause.)

"Well, this greeny thinks they're Merkel's, an' drives 'em into the yard, an' gives 'em—Jee—ruslem!—HAY! (Hoots and yells) an' shuts 'em up. Paw seen the hull bizness, an' jest went in an' begun to drive 'em off, when the feller rushes out o' the house an' takes him fur a thief. 'What,' says he, 'd'ye mean by comin' in broad daylight to steal my pigs?'" (Ecstatic shuffling.) "'Yourn!' yells Paw, rarin' up, 'ye blatherin' idjit, them hogs is mine.' Then before Paw can git his coat off to hit the clam, he sees him startin' to loose the dorg, an' lights fur the road—jest when he gets to the right side of the gate the pint hits him, an' he near busts a-laughin', but he hollers to the feller to keep 'em, an' makes fur home. Next mornin' he sends me up to sell feed. 'Sock it to him, Bill, if he bites,' says he to me, an' you bet I socked it. I got ten an' a half fur the load, an' we didn't pay more'n three at the mill." (Envious ejaculations.) "Our hogs is gettin' fed free, an' Paw's goin' to claim damages, an'——"

He stopped suddenly, with his mouth wide open, as I emerged from behind the boxes, and stood gazing at him silently through my glasses.

"William, dear," I said, sweetly, "my smart boy, run home and tell Paw that most of his hogs will leave to-night. We'll arrange about the balance when he pays Mr. Merkel's claim, and the amount which you swindled me out of."

There was no further laughter as I passed out with my basket—nor was I annoyed, in returning, by idiotic allusions to my apparel, for I forestalled every attempt of approaching persons to spring the local jest, by derisive injunctions to come off, or by inquiries about William Patterson and nearer relatives.

In place of going directly home, I drove a few miles farther to a town where there was a drug-store, and bought a dozen packets of emerald dye, returning in excellent spirits. I thought it better not to mention the matter in hand to Alice, for she had a habit of making trivial and irrelevant objections to my most original schemes, thus causing futile discussions.

I had become hardened to labor, or I could not have finished the work that night, but, when it was done, I gazed with pride and delight at ten little pigs clad in shimmering green. I regretted the limited supply of dye, for there was not enough to cover the vast expanse of sow, so I only did her tail and ears, with a dab in the mouth, to keep that yawning cavern from looking so naturally pink. At midnight I unfastened all but one pair, and drove them to the road—or rather, led them, for they looked upon me as a fountain of nourishment, and followed like a flock of hungry hens. My idea was to start them in the direction of Mason's, and go to bed; but they wouldn't start, and I returned to the house with the pack at my heels, their hoofs clattering on the flag-stones at the kitchen-door.

When we reached the road for the second time, I carried one of the largest cannon fire-crackers, from a stock that Arthur had evidently provided for celebrating the national holiday, and an ear of corn. While my charges were busy with the corn, I tied the fire-cracker to the sow's leg, and lighting the fuse, hastily departed. I arrived at the house just in time to calm Alice's fears, for she had been awakened by the explosion. Although I was positive there *wasn't* going to be a storm, I thought it better to close the windows as she requested, to avoid discussion. I have rarely enjoyed such a refreshing sleep.

The next morning I was surprised at the number of people passing north—walking or driving, they were all in a hurry. Wonderingly, I hailed a man. "Ain't ye

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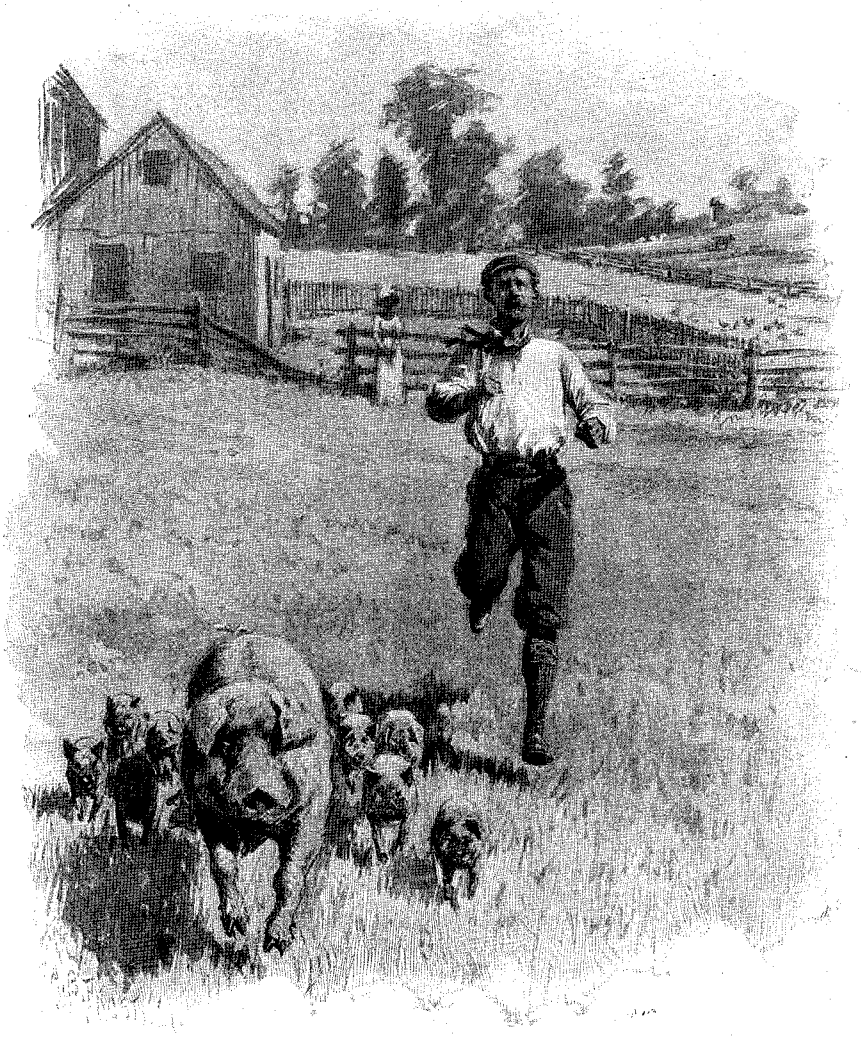

If I had not had practice in sprinting, we never could have got them into the yard.—Page 196.

heerd?" he inquired. "Come along down—greatest show on earth. Mason's hogs got into the taties an' licked off the Paris green. Little un's all turned green, an' th' old sow's beginnin'."

I didn't feel intimate enough with the Masons to visit them, and I thought the old man would probably give me the particulars when he came over to settle, so I declined the invitation.

The revelations of character that I heard through the medium of Bill Mason did not give me a good opinion of the natives, nor did my further experiences. There was the assessor, for instance—a blatant boor!

I was doing problems in cubic measurement one day, while Alice was in the kitchen, when I heard a peculiar rumbling and booming voice — an inconsequent noise, suggesting the note of a human bumble-bee. Stepping to the door, curiously, I heard Alice exclaim, in a tone of incredulous perplexity: "You want a table?"

"Yes, a table," the voice rumbled, peremptorily.

I peered around the door-frame with increased interest. A tall, gaunt man, with a sandy beard, dressed in a linen-duster, long boots, and a conical straw hat, stood there. My impression was that he wore

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absolutely no clothing but the articles mentioned.

"We have all kinds," I said, suavely. "Kitchen-table, dining-table, sewing-table, card-table, table-d'hôte——"

"That there'll do," he said, edging himself in, and flinging a large flat book on the dining-room table. I immediately calculated the number of cubic inches it contained. Consulting the book, with a pencil in his hand, he declared, emphatically: "Your name is Arthur Merkel."

The massive tone did not admit of contradiction, and I was too much surprised to deny the assertion, so I said, faintly, "Yes?"

"You have two children," he roared, without looking up.

I was speechless, and before I could get my breath an indignant voice rang out from the kitchen, "We've nothing of the kind—we've only——"

"Both dead," he interrupted, striking out an entry. "Name your live-stock."

"Three thousand, six hundred and fifty-two rabbits," I answered, fiercely. "At least there'll be that number before this time next year."

"Rabbits ain't live-stock," he snarled. "Horses, hogs, cattle, sheep and ceterer."

"They're very much alive," I contended. "You ought to see them work their noses when Growler is at a meal, and they get a chance to pop their heads out."

I had been spreading a newspaper on the table, and, as he stared in astonishment, I lifted his hat by the tapering crown, and placed it gently on the paper.

"Ah," I said, meditatively, gazing at the shining surface of his head, "bald as a coot! Do you not know that wearing a hat in the house leads to baldness? Are you aware of the danger of continuing the habit, after baldness supervenes?"

"You hardened old sinner," I yelled, "clear out!"—Page 197.

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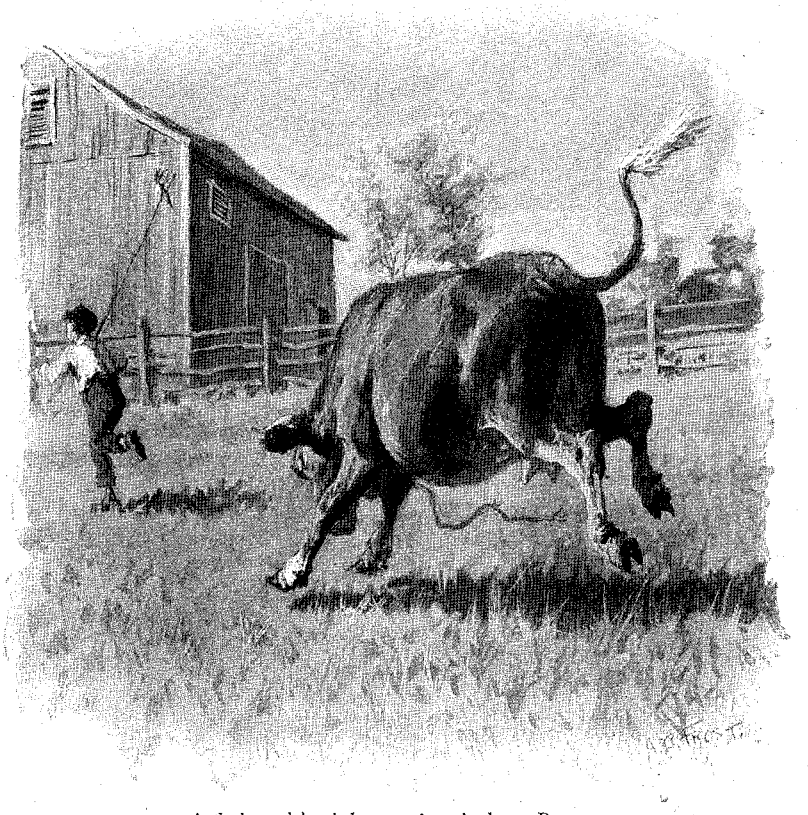

And charged head downward at the boy.—Page 197.

He gazed at me silently.

"The unprotected surface conducts the heat downward," I continued, impressively, "and softening of the brain follows."

"Jee-hoshaphat!" he thundered.

"Besides," I went on, "ladies are apt to think that you are not accustomed to polite society."

He reached out with the left hand for his hat—I held it with my right.

"Will you answer them questions?" he snapped.

"Certainly," I replied, with alacrity, "so that you may not be detained, Horses, none—cattle, none—sheep, none—two green pigs."

"Two *what!*"

"Green—pigs."

He closed the book with a bang. "You'll pay for this," he growled. At the kitchen-door he paused in his headlong exit, and pointed triumphantly to the little pasture. "You told me you didn't have no horses nor cattle—ain't that a horse?"

"No."

"What is it then?"

"A mare—and *that*," I continued anticipatingly, "ain't *cattle;* it's a *cow*."

I had him there, but his roving eye spied a third animal in the lee of the barn. "I guess," he said, exultantly, "*it* and *that* makes cattle—you lied."

I had to admit, as I looked, that it certainly resembled a dun-colored yearling heifer in the act of rising, hind-end foremost. I knew, however, that the other end was under the barn, with rabbit-on-the-brain. I whistled—there was a violent upheaval, and Growler came bounding over the intervening space. The assessor was very long, and being in light marching order, reached the gate in half the time old Mason made. He didn't even stop there, but fled down the road, swiftly and silently, as if mounted on a bicycle.

Alice is gentle and serious in disposi-

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tion, but she danced with delight at the sight.

The third week of our rural holiday might have seemed dull, but for the fact that most of Arthur's hens became broody, and I was kept busy providing them with eggs for hatching. I went to considerable trouble to obtain a varied assortment, for I wished to leave the place well stocked, knowing that the unexpected appearance of living mementos of my stewardship would be most interesting to Arthur.

The last week dragged wearily, for I had nothing unusual to do, and I was troubled, besides, about Alice. I had been too busy to notice sooner that she was not like herself, and stories of the effect on the mind of the routine of farm-life haunted me, as I saw the quiet, almost listless, way in which she worked. I recalled, with alarm, that she hadn't once objected to anything I had done, or inquired what I intended doing, since we left home.

She hadn't even noticed that my hands were green!

Worse, I had heard her laughing wildly to herself on two occasions, when she thought I was out of hearing, and, on asking her the cause, she answered evasively.

With faint hope, and a sickening dread, I appeared at dinner with my coat turned inside out, and ate pie with my knife. My wife looked unconcerned.

That afternoon I went down to the road

The Cannon Cracker.—Page 200.

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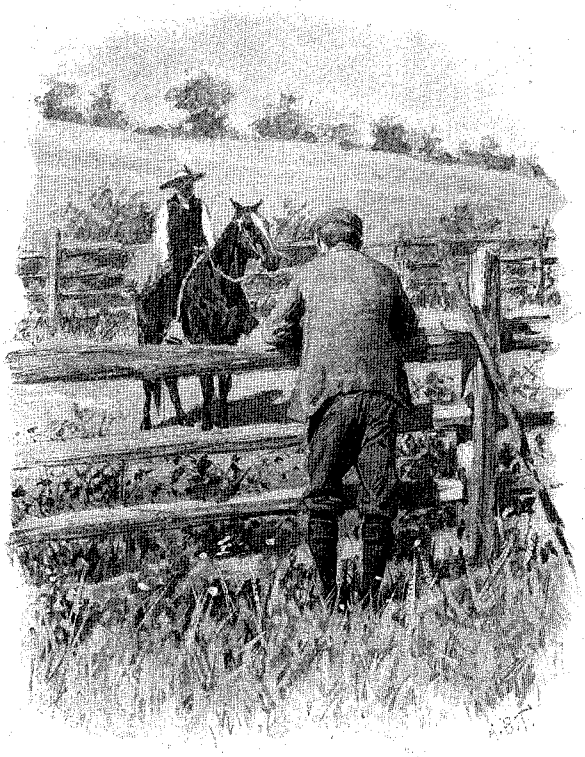
at three o'clock, and gazed longingly in the direction of the station, hoping that Arthur and Matilda might have arrived on the train from the North. When at last they actually appeared in the distance, I ran joyfully to the house to tell Alice to get ready to start for home in an hour. I chained Growler, gave the pigs enough food to keep them quiet, and hung a tag on the inside of the pig-pen door marked "C.O.D. $7.00, and damages."

When I showed Arthur around he looked quite pleased, but when he saw the hens hatching, his expression changed, and he never thanked me for my trouble. For a moment I wished I had set them all on plain mud-turtles' eggs.

That is one reason why I decided to let him find everything out for himself; another is that I was too pressed for time to talk, and still another that I hate all sorts of explanations and discussions. But, as I stood on the back of the car, with Alice safely seated inside, I was suddenly impelled to call out the news that the Jones boy was dismissed, and I had to smile at Arthur's look of blank bewilderment. My smile vanished as I entered the car and found Alice in a paroxysm of laughter.



Passers-by stopped to call out: "How's them pigs?"—Page 198.

My fears returned in force. "Alice," I whispered in a tone of suppressed agony, "what is it?"

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed. "*That's* over."

"There, there," I said soothingly. "What's over?"

She laughed again. "Your farming—have you had enough?"

"Indeed I have," I replied, earnestly.

"Then," she said, "it *was* worth while to let you have your fling. But oh, Archie, it was awfully hard to keep quiet—you did such funny things."

And this time I laughed with her.

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III

THE VERDICT

THE village store was crowded on the evening of the day the Merkels returned home. It happened, providentially, to be Saturday, so there was a full turn-out, and most of the participants in the incidents connected with Archie's sojourn were able to testify to their share in the stirring events.

"'Ee's gone, but 'is works ain't gone," said Simon Petch, bitterly. "'Ee called me a hold sinner, an' me a deacon. 'Clear hout!' 'ee 'ollers, an' jerks t' 'andle away. Hi'd 'a knocked 'im hover for tuppence, but—i turns on ma 'eel an' walks hoff."

"You'd 'a scooted if he'd had the dorg loose," said another man. "I druv in to look at them hogs, an' have a laugh, but when I seen that brute a-sittin' on his hams an' lickin' his chops, I most fell off the wagon into his jaws, an' I couldn't raise no laugh."

"I was up to the house to-day," said the butcher's boy, "for the first time in three weeks. Mr. Merkel, he looked pretty sick. He asked me to tell him plain if anyone were killed by the dog when he was gone. 'No,' says I, 'there wasn't no one to kill—for no one wouldn't go in the gate. Mr. Boomer,' says I, 'was 'round assessin', an' the dog took after him, an' he had to git so quick that he lost three days with cramps in the legs.'"

"You bet that 'd make him feel sick," said Billy Mason, "for Boomer's rated his place two hundred higher this year, an' Paw says he's goin' to make him pay up for that feller keepin' our hogs, an' then turnin' 'em into the taties."

I measured the girth twice daily.—Page 198.

"I believe," said a meditative listener, "he turned them pigs green. When I was a-hurryin' down the road that mornin' he hails me to know what's up, an' when I tells him to come along an' see the green pigs, he chuckles, an' says he seen all the green pigs he cares about."

"Paw said they was painted when he seen 'em fust," said Billy Mason, "but when he smelled 'em he knowed better, an' when he seen th' inside o' the sow's mouth he lit out fur old Jake, the cow-doctor. The minute old Jake twigged 'em he said the green had et the linin' off 'n their livers, an' if it hadn't come through the skins they'd ha' bin dead in a hour—jest like measles. Th' ol sow was the worst because it didn't come out right, her skin bein' tougher, and he made her swaller two pounds o' bakin' soda. Jee-ruslem! She swelled up tremenjus!'

"Ee's a deevil—'ee dooed it 'isself," Simon Petch maintained. "Ee's a deevil, an' Merkel's to blame for bringin' 'im 'ere. Ee'll 'pologize afore Simon Petch sets foot on's place agen."

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Fled down the road, swiftly and silently.—Page 203.

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"Look at yer belly-band!"—Page 199.

"My dad's goin' to give Merkel fits," the Jones boy's treble began, "about me bein' called a thief, an' my rabbits bein' took, an' he's got to pay me wages——"

"Say, boys, here he comes down the road," called a man from the door, "an' he's got two dogs a-runnin' behind."

There was a sudden stampede of the talkers. In the middle distance Arthur Merkel was plainly visible, walking hurriedly toward the group of men who were absorbed in contemplating his approach. They saw him wheel abruptly, and, throwing up his hands with a frantic gesture, stoop to pick up something from the road. At that instant his followers retreated, and an exclamation of "Pigs!" arose from the spectators, as they obtained an uninterrupted view of the animals.

Arthur Merkel was too distraught to observe formalities. "If anyone here owns these brutes," he shouted, as he approached, "let him take them away. I've tried to drive them to every point of the compass, and they still trot after me as if I was their mother."

In the dusk of a summer evening Billy Mason trudged homeward with two small green pigs reposing unwillingly in a borrowed wheel-barrow. The little feet, which had pattered so cheerfully down the road after a supposititious benefactor, were tied securely, and travelled back in a reversed and sorrowful position.

Arthur Merkel drew a breath of relief, the joy of home-coming descending upon him as he retraced his steps, cheered by the kindly solicitude of the genial old soul who accompanied him to borrow the lawn mower.

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MY LOVE-STORY

By James Raymond Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

MY wife asks me why I don't write love-stories. She says the kind I do write are horrid mysterious things, anyway, and she doesn't like them; she should think I would write a nice, interesting love-story; she would if she were me. Moreover, my wife's girl friends feel the same way about it. Since we were married and moved out to Chicago she keeps up a correspondence with some of them; and after they have read one of my stories they write to her, and want to know why I don't write love-stories—love-stories are so much more interesting than the other kind. They don't say, in so many words, that the kind I write are dreary—they're too polite—but that's what they mean.

Once I did write a sort of love-story, and after they had read it they said, "There! that's a good story; that's the kind we like. Why doesn't he always write that kind?" One of them, writing to my wife, said, "Tell him Maud and Mabel and I want him to write a real love-story now. Tell him to put women in his stories; stories without women in them are no stories at all."

Upon reflection, I'm afraid I have rather neglected women in the few tales I have told; but then, I intended no slight to the lovely creatures; and indeed, my excuse for leaving them out must be that they really have no place in "horrid stories." It seems to me they ought to feel flattered, instead of offended, at being left out; they ought to construe it as a delicate compliment to the sex.

Now Maud and Mabel and Clara, as it happens, are all girls that I used to pay some attentions to in my bachelor days, before my affections finally settled upon the peerless little creature who now has her cards engraved "Mrs. Richard Frost Bruce." I don't know that that accounts for their desire to have me write a real love-story; but it may. It isn't beyond the bounds of possibility that they would like to see in what manner a man who had formerly—well, I will not say made love to them exactly, for that would scarcely be accurate—in what manner a former admirer, let us say, would treat the subject of love in a love-story.

If I have failed to write love-stories, perhaps the reason is because I live one. You see Mrs. Richard Frost Bruce is such an altogether adorable woman, and she entertains the foolish belief that I am such a surprisingly lovable man, that our three years of married bliss have been nothing but one long honeymoon, each anniversary of our blessed wedding-day finding us a little fonder of each other than the previous one. My wife says this is going to continue at the same ratio of increase until we celebrate our golden anniversary, and that after then the ratio will increase. And I say amen to it!

You see, now, why the love-stories haven't been forthcoming. A man who lives one grows to feel that love-stories, though beautiful things to live, must, nevertheless, be rather commonplace things to read about; the best love fictions necessarily falling far short of the real thing.

I am not a professional writer, you know; but one of those amateurs who fill up their leisure in writing tales for editors to refuse. Now and then an editor makes a mistake, and accepts one; and that is how my wife's girl friends have had the opportunity, now and then, of reading one. But though not a professional writer I have enough of the artistic instinct—or think I have—to shrink from attempting the unattainable. And that is how it has always seemed about these love-stories that I have never written. I feel that I couldn't do the subject justice. It may seem odd that I feel this way. You might suppose that, if constantly living a love-story, I would be just the person to write one and do the subject full justice. Perhaps if I were a genius I could do it. A

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Susan Cunningham.

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genius, living a love-story, ought to be able to write one marvellous well. But I am no genius; and so have shrunk from the attempt.

However, I dearly love to please my wife; and I suppose I also possess some natural vanity, as regards my literary abilities. So, when Clara wrote to Mrs. Bruce that she and Maud and Mabel wanted me to write a love-story, I began to cast about in my mind for materials, and seriously consider attempting the feat. It isn't the first time a man's desire to please his wife, coupled with vanity, has lured him from the safe and pleasant paths of peace.

So one day I said to Mary, "Mary, I am going to write a love-story. You've often wanted me to, and now I'm going to attempt it, though I'm afraid I shall make a miserable failure."

"Oh, no you won't, Dick," she said. "You can do anything you try to; and I know your love-story will be just lovely." My wife's sublime faith in my abilities often makes me tremble. It seems as if it would be such a shock to her when I fail. The funny thing about her is that she doesn't seem to know when I do fail. It is almost as if my failures looked like successes to her, the dear girl!

It was quite late in the spring—almost summer, in fact—when this rash determination came to me. Mary was already preparing to go back to her home in Haverhill for a summer visit, and while she was as enthusiastic and interested about the proposed love-story as any wife could possibly be, her mind was, nevertheless, a good deal taken up with dressmaking. When your wife goes home on a visit she has got to have something new to wear; and when a woman is getting something new to wear she can't be expected to show quite as lively an interest in her husband and his doings as at other times. So it happened that after the first day or two, during which Mary asked every few hours if I had got the love-story all thought out, and received negative replies, that she seemed to forget my declared intention of writing one.

The day came for her to leave me, and we were a very miserable pair of lovers. Mary declared, tearfully, that she wished she never had to go home, and I gulped down something in my throat and told her she would feel better in a few days. Mary goes home on a visit every summer, and you see I knew from experience that our grief was not unassuageable. But that didn't make the parting any less distressing. Mary clung to me in the narrow passage of the sleeping-car, and sobbed that she didn't believe she would go after all, and wouldn't I take her back home with me, to stay just one day longer. I told her I would, but that she must remember her mother was waiting for her in Haverhill, and that the ticket and car-berth were bought, and that she would find it just as hard the next day as to-day. So she wiped her pretty eyes and said I was right—always was right—and was such a good, wise, and noble husband! This trinity of adjectives was too much for her, and she burst into tears again; but recovered herself and smiled. That smile—like sunshine through an April shower—was almost too much for me, and I was tempted to tuck her arm under mine and walk out of the car then and there, ticket, car-berth, and mother in Haverhill notwithstanding!

But I heard the bell up in front give a warning ring, and the conductor outside shouted "All aboard!" so I kissed Mary thrice, told her to be a good girl, and not cry, and dashed out of the car.

Well, of course I was lonely and miserable for a few days, but I gradually grew accustomed to Mary's absence, as I had done in former years, and resolutely set about thinking of the time when she would come back.

Then I began to write the love-story. Writing it served a double purpose. I felt that I was pleasing Mary, and it also occupied my time and kept me from feeling my loneliness as much as I might otherwise.

Sometimes I'm a realist in fiction, and sometimes not. Of course it is bad, artistically, to be that way. One ought to be one thing or the other, and stick to it.

In this case I decided to be a realist. Inasmuch as Clara had written to Mary that she and Maud and Mabel wanted me to write a love-story, I thought I would put them in it.

Now my wife's friend, Clara, is a big, beautiful blonde, with the brightest pink and white complexion, and hair so sunny

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Isabel Dowe.

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that it actually lights up a dark room, and is capable of casting a shadow on a dull day. Those who admire blondes say there isn't a more beautiful woman in that part of Massachusetts. Maud Jackson, on the other hand, is an almost perfect type of the brunette, with complexion like cream, and eyes like the night—like a starry night.

> Her brow is like the snowdrift,
> Her throat is like the swan,

as the song has it. Her style of beauty resembles Mary's, except that Mary is more beautiful and lovelier in every way; and she is the only woman I have ever met who is.

Of course you will smile. Women in stories, you will say, are always more beautiful than they are in real life. Yes, I know; but I have to state facts as they really are, and Mary is a wonderfully fine-looking woman. You ought to see her!

Now I wanted this story to be a tale of true love, if possible, and I remembered the saying that "the course of true love never runs smooth." So I decided it must run rough, in my story. I wrote this story in the first person. I think I had never happened to write one in the first person before, and I really don't know how I happened to this one. I finished the yarn in a few days. It was a short story—a matter of four or five thousand words. There was nothing brilliant about it. It was lacking in originality of plot, and all that; but I had managed to infuse into it some degree of human interest; and a syndicate to which I had sold a few stories bought it. It was published simultaneously in several Sunday papers in different parts of the country, a Boston paper being of the number.

I shall have to give you a brief synopsis of the story.

The man who purports to be telling the tale, Robert Gilmore—the hero of the story, I suppose you would call him—is engaged to marry a beautiful brunette named Isabel Dowe. Maud Jackson was my model for Isabel. Robert is devotion itself to the fair Isabel until he chances to meet a magnificent blonde named Susan Cunningham. Susan is a rather prosaic name, but I like to give some of my characters prosaic names. You know you run across them in real life. Besides, Susie sounds rather pretty, and her friends called her Susie—such as were not awed by her size and great beauty; and these called her Miss Cunningham. Clara Burton was my model for Miss Cunningham.

Well, as I say, all went well between Isabel and Robert Gilmore until he met Susan Cunningham, and then he succumbed before her bewitching beauty. I felt all along a sort of contempt for Gilmore, for the unstable character of his affection. A man who had won the love of a girl like Isabel was very foolish, I thought, to give her up, even for a Susan Cunningham. But perhaps I felt that way because, as I have said, Isabel resembles Mary. However, Gilmore seems to have had a conscience, and struggled quite valiantly against his new passion. When he found he was getting more interested in Susie than an engaged man ought to, he avoided her for a time. I attempted to depict in the story his struggles with himself at this crucial period of his life. One day he felt strong to endure and the next pitifully weak. The question of his duty toward Isabel was a distressing and a perplexing one also. Ought he to continue the engagement and eventually marry her, after experiencing this change in his affections? Would it be fair toward Isabel, to say nothing about its being just to himself? These were difficult questions.

Gilmore went away for a month. Absence from both Isabel and Susie might help to clarify his vision, and show which path he ought to pursue. The longer he stayed away from Susie—the "sunny, peerless Susie" as he thought of her—the more it seemed to him he grew to love her; and as his love for the blue-eyed Susan increased, his love for the black-eyed Isabel diminished. The story managed to state that Gilmore's own eyes were brown.

I had known the story would not suit Mary and her girl friends unless it had a satisfactory ending. But just how to make the ending satisfactory had puzzled me. The sympathies of some would be with Susie, whom I had made fall in love with Gilmore as passionately as he with her—and the sympathies of others would be with Isabel. A really satisfactory ending seemed out of the question. I might have had Isabel die, and thus simplified the situa-

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tion so far as Susie and Gilmore were concerned; but such an ending could not be truly satisfactory. Besides, I am averse to killing any of my characters, unless it is absolutely necessary, and particularly reluctant to when I am using one of my wife's friends for a model. So I had decided that the characters must all continue to live and enjoy good health.

I had a pretty strong suspicion that Mary and her friends would think the best ending, provided the characters all lived, would be to have Gilmore marry Susie, and let Isabel get over her infatuation for him. That, you see, would leave only one of the characters to be miserable instead of two. However, I had my own artistic opinions about story-telling, and it didn't seem to me that stories with a "good" ending usually made as strong an impression as those that didn't end satisfactorily. Moreover, personal feeling swayed me to some extent. As I have said Isabel (that is, Maud Jackson) resembles Mary more than any of her other friends, and on that account I felt a fondness for her that I didn't feel for the others. Hence, I didn't propose to leave her miserable at the end of the story and the others happy. As for Susie Cunningham, she could be miserable for awhile, if necessary. She would get over her love for Gilmore in time. She always had plenty of admirers round her; and, in fact, had been and still was, a good deal of a flirt. As for Gilmore, he would have to suffer some to pay for letting his affections run away with him; I didn't mind his sufferings; it was only what he deserved.

So, toward the end of the story, Gilmore nobly decided that if it was a question of the sacrifice of either himself or Isabel, the sacrifice must be his own. I had him behave pretty well, in through there. I had him make noble and successful efforts to conceal from Isabel that he loved Susie, and the story ended with their marriage, and Isabel's blissful ignorance that Gilmore's heart was not all her own. I hinted, at the end, that in all probability Gilmore learned to appreciate at her true worth his beautiful and loving wife, and so completely overcame, eventually, the love that Susan Cunningham had awakened in him.

It was near the close of summer now, and I was going to Haverhill for a two weeks' vacation, at the end of which Mary was to come home with me. I left Chicago late one Sunday evening. It happened to be the Sunday that my story was published. The Boston paper in which it appeared circulates largely up in Haverhill, and before I reached the town Tuesday morning several of our old friends had read the tale.

Mary had been away from me a matter of only five or six weeks, but the time had seemed much longer, and it was with lively anticipations of pleasure at meeting her after our long separation that I approached Haverhill.

I had thought she might be at the station to meet me, as she knew what train I was expected on, but she was not there, and I hurried directly to Mr. Noble's house—Mr. Noble is Mary's father—feeling somewhat apprehensive lest Mary might be ill. It was the first time I had ever come home on my vacation that Mary had failed to meet me. She was usually the first person that I saw, upon leaving the train, and her eager rush to my arms and delightful abandonment of joy at meeting me was, I suspect, an interesting spectacle even to the jaded senses of the old-time station spectators. However, they missed the spectacle this time; for some reason Mary had failed to come.

She met me just inside the doorway when I reached the house, and after one strange look at me immediately burst into tears, and laid her head against my shoulder. She did not offer her lips to be kissed and she did not put her arms around my neck. She just stood there, her hands against my shoulder and her face against her hands, her frame shaken with sobs.

"Why, darling!" I cried, putting my arms around her and kissing her as near the mouth as I could get, with her face buried in her hands. "What is it, dear? What has happened? Is anyone ill?" But she only sobbed for answer.

Her strange behavior alarmed me. I had never seen Mary act like this before. The greeting was very different from what I had expected. "Tell me what it is, Mary," I repeated.

"Oh, Richard," she sobbed, "why didn't you tell me all before we were married! I would have released you. It would

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have nearly killed me, but it would have been better than this." And then her sobs became uncontrollable, and the sound of her weeping filled the house.

By this time I was thoroughly frightened. Her words carried no meaning to my ears, and I could only suppose that some great and sudden grief had overthrown her reason. What a home-coming!

Mary's mother came from an inner room when she heard her pitiful sobbing, and now drew her from me to her own motherly bosom. "There, Mary! there, child! don't cry so, dear!" she said, soothingly, while I stood by speechless in my bewilderment. I thought I must be dreaming, and wondered if I shouldn't soon awaken and find myself back in Chicago, or on the train.

After a moment Mary recovered herself a little, and withdrew from her mother's arms.

"Mother, dear, you must leave us. This is nothing you can help me in. I must talk to Richard," she said, and Mrs. Noble left us and went back into the other room.

"Why didn't you tell me all before we were married?" she again asked. "It would have been so much easier than it is now. Poor Richard, you did what you thought was right, but it makes it so hard for me now—so hard!" and again the dear head was bowed in a fit of weeping.

"I thought I did tell you all, dearest," I began. "But perhaps I didn't. Can't you tell me what it is? and then perhaps I can tell you all." You see, this strange meeting with Mary had so bewildered and befuddled my brain that I had no clear idea of what I wanted to say, or, indeed, of what I was saying. I still clung to the notion that I was probably dreaming, and that, therefore, it didn't much matter what I did say, or how I said it. Dearly as I love Mary I had a curious inclination to laugh; the whole thing seemed so strange and ridiculous as to be removed from real life. I did start to laugh, and then checked myself. Perhaps it was hysteria. Mary noticed it.

"Richard Bruce," she said, her tone changing. "Did you take this way—is it possible that you took this method of letting me know? Oh, Richard, I didn't think you would do that!"

"No, Mary, I didn't intentionally take this method of letting you know, though it seems to have been a very forcible and effective way of doing it. Now, if you would kindly take an equally effective method of letting me know it would——"

"Richard *Bruce!*" There was scorn in Mary's tone. In spite of the tear-stains on her cheek, as she stood there, her color heightened, her dark eyes flashing, her head proudly poised, I had never seen her more bewitching and bewilderingly beautiful in all my life.

"Richard Bruce, do you think this an occasion for levity? I have always known that you had one fault, and that is your propensity to treat lightly the gravest matters; but I did not suppose that even you would treat lightly a question that involved all the hopes and happiness of your wife, and of—and of—yourself."

"I would gladly treat the question as it ought to be treated, my dear, if I only knew—if I had an opportunity to—to diagnose the subject, as it were." Now that she had recalled my one fault to me, I fell into it as naturally and as easily as a duck falls to swimming; and, as I live, I didn't do it with any intention of irritating Mary, either.

"That's right; go on with your light remarks. I suppose this seems very amusing to you," she said. "Of course it is only a mask to hide your real feelings." You see Mary, though the best and brightest of women, is not always as logical as one might wish, especially when swayed by her emotions. Hence, she could say in the same breath that a thing seemed amusing to me and that my amusement was only a mask to hide my true feelings.

"Very well, since you wish me to go on with my light remarks, would you mind indulging in some illuminating speeches yourself? I am still very much in the dark about all this. I wish you would try to remember that, Mary." I spoke the last words earnestly, and my wife looked at me in some bewilderment.

"Are you in earnest, Richard? Don't you really know what is troubling me so—what has blighted all my happiness?"

"No, dear, really and truly I don't."

"Why, Richard, it is that story—that confession!"

"What story—what confession, dearest?"

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"Why, the love-story you wrote, that came out in the paper Sunday."

"Did that blight all your happiness?"

"Don't jest, Richard. You know what I mean. But why did you take that way of telling me? Can't you see how terribly public it makes it? All the world knows about it now. If you didn't love me, but married me because you thought it was your duty to, why couldn't you tell me, and not put it in a story for all our friends to read? It is almost the first unkind thing I have ever known you do. Oh, Richard, I am so unhappy!"

I put both arms around Mary. "What can you be imagining, dear?" I asked. "You speak of the story as a confession. Is it possible that you think it is a chapter out of my own life? Your words seem to hint at that."

"Why of course it is, Richard. You made that plain enough for the dullest intellect to see. In the first place you describe me perfectly as Isabel, so that anyone who had met me only casually would recognize the portrait. Then you describe Clara Burton, in the character of Susan Cunningham, so that everybody who has ever seen her would know whom you meant. And, after doing that, you go on with your confession, telling how you ceased to love me after you met Clara, but how you struggled with yourself and finally decided it was your duty to marry me, though your heart was Clara's, and always would be. Why, Richard, you made it just as plain as if you had said it all yourself, in so many words. I always knew you liked Clara. I never blamed you for that; you couldn't help it. She's so big and bright and beautiful that any man would love her. But oh, Richard, it is a terrible blow to find that you actually love her, and have loved her all these years, when I fondly believed we were both so wrapped up in each other and were both so happy. It was a fool's paradise perhaps. But I am foolish enough to wish it could have continued."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" was all I could say at first. "Why, Mary, love, you have terribly misinterpreted that detestable story of mine. I wish I had torn it up and thrown it in the fire before ever sending it to the publisher. It isn't worth sixty seconds of suffering on your part, and here it has caused you two days' misery."

"Richard—Dick! do you mean that it isn't true?"

"Certainly it isn't true."

"Didn't you mean Susie Cunningham for Clara Burton?"

"Yes, I did have Clara in mind when I created the character of Susie."

"And didn't you mean me for Isabel?"

"No, I thought of you a good deal in connection with her. But Maud Jackson was really my model for Isabel."

"Oh!"

"But at the end of the story, when it came to the question of saving Isabel from suffering, I had you in mind quite as much as Maud, I think."

"Well, that's exactly what I thought, Richard; and yet a moment ago you told me it wasn't true." The relieved look on Mary's face gave place to a troubled expression again.

"But, my dear, you don't think I intended Gilmore for myself, do you?"

"Certainly. You said 'I' all through the story. It was you who were telling the story as your own experience. No one reading it could doubt that."

"Why, Mary, it never entered my head to connect Gilmore's experiences and emotions with my own."

"Oh, Dick, do you mean it?"

I kissed the dear girl for answer, and this time her lips were not turned away from me.

"Don't you know who was my model for Gilmore?" I asked.

"No. It hasn't occurred to me to suppose it could be anyone but you, Dick. Who was it?"

"Arthur Brigham."

"Arthur Brigham! Why, he lives in Chicago, and never saw Clara Burton in all his life!"

"I know it. But he was my model, just the same. My dear, I'm beginning to think I must have written a very realistic story, indeed. You seem to regard it so completely as history."

"Did you really mean Gilmore for Arthur Brigham?" she asked.

"Yes, Mary. Why, the description of Gilmore doesn't fit me at all. Didn't I say Gilmore's eyes were brown?"

"Yes."

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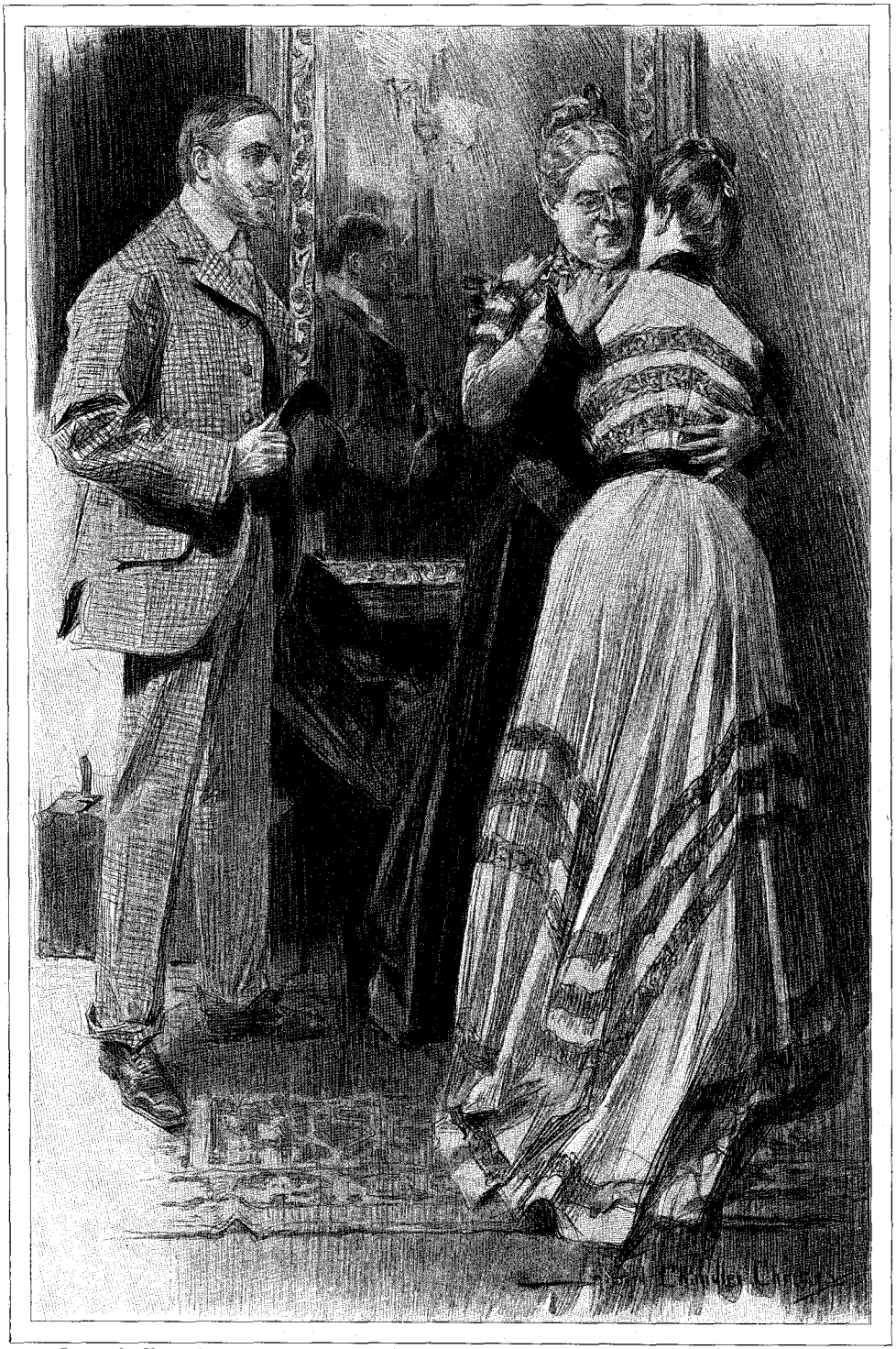

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

I stood by speechless in my bewilderment.—Page 215.

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"Well, you know mine are blue, don't you? And didn't I mention that his beard and mustache were dark brown? You know mine are straw-colored. And didn't I find a way of making it known that he had a tall, slim form? You know very well, Mary, that I am inclined to stoutness. You have mentioned it more than once these last two years. Don't you see that the description fits Brigham exactly, and that it doesn't fit me at all."

"Yes, I see now. But you said 'I' all the time, and I got to thinking you really meant you. It was very stupid in me. Oh, Dick, I'm so glad you don't love Clara, and never have; and I don't mind now, if all our friends do think you do."

"But I don't believe they will think so, with no more of a basis for the supposition than that story."

"Oh, yes, they will, Dick; I'm sure they will. I haven't dared stir out on the street since reading the story, for fear people would look at me and think. 'There goes Mrs. Bruce whose husband is in love with another woman.' But I shall not mind now what people think, you dear lovely old Dick!"

But I minded, and that afternoon when Maud Jackson called on us I asked her if she had read my story, and when she said she had I asked if she had recognized any of the characters.

"I thought you meant Susie Cunningham for Clara Burton, but I wasn't sure about Isabel. Clara and I were talking about it yesterday, and she thought you meant Isabel for me. I said the description sounded more like one of Mary."

"Now, Dick, didn't I tell you? You see what they thought!" Mary interjected.

"And did you think you recognized the character of Gilmore?" I asked.

"No," replied Maud. "Neither Clara nor I could think who Gilmore was intended for, though we thought over all our gentlemen friends. We concluded that he was purely imaginary."

I looked at Mary, and saw a pleased and relieved look on her face.

"Didn't it occur to you, Maud," I asked, "that Gilmore was intended for me?"

Mary blushed at that—Mary is never so pretty as when she blushes. Maud uttered a merry laugh.

"Gilmore intended for you!" she exclaimed. "No, indeed! It never occurred to us. Why, that would have been ridiculous on the face of it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why? Because anyone who knows Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bruce knows that Mr. Richard Bruce is over his ears in love with his wife, and will be, time without end. That's why!"

"Your argument sounds convincing to me. Does it to you, Mary?" I asked.

My wife was rosier and lovelier than ever. "Dick, dear, don't be a tease," she said, and turning to Maud changed the conversation.

When our caller had gone, Mary hugged and kissed me rapturously. After recovering my breath I said, "You don't like my love-stories, dear, so I shall not write any more."

"Yes, you must, Dick," she said. "I think you write very powerful ones!"

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"You don't like my love stories, dear, so I shall not write any more."—Page 218.

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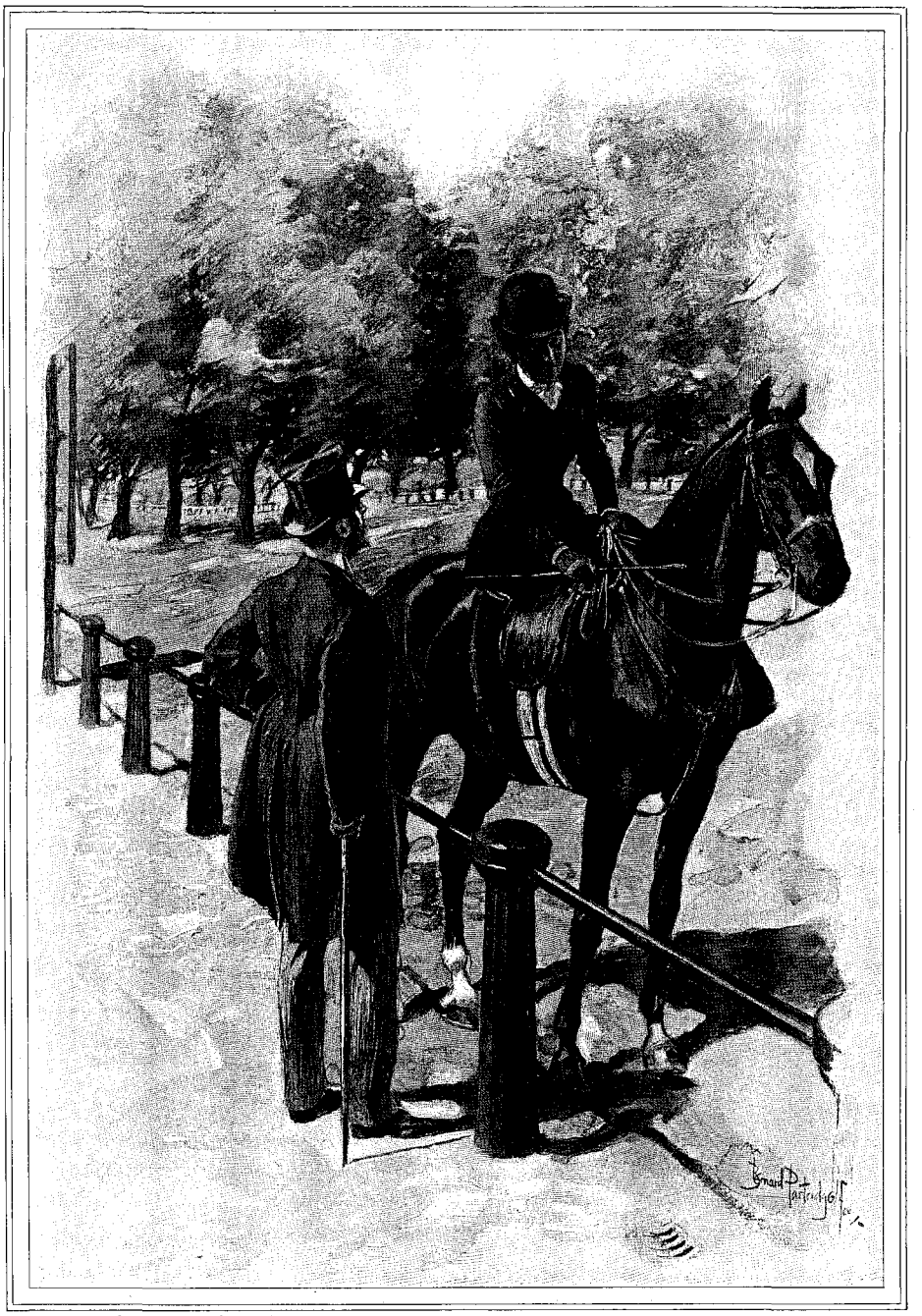

Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"But my friends still call me Mrs. Jerry," she said, softly.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER XXV

MR. T. SANDYS HAS RETURNED TO TOWN

IT is disquieting to reflect that we have devoted so much paper (this is the third shilling's worth) to telling what a real biographer would almost certainly have summed up in a few pages. "Caring nothing for glory, engrossed in his work alone, Mr. Sandys, soon after the publication of the 'Letters,' sought the peace of his mother's native village, and there, alike undisturbing and undisturbed, he gave his life, as ever, to laborious days and quiet contemplation. The one vital fact, in these six months of lofty endeavor, is that he was making progress with the new book. Fishing and other distractions were occasionally indulged in, but merely that he might rise fresher next morning to a book which absorbed," etc.

One can see exactly how it should be done, it has been done so often before. And there is a deal to be said for this method. His book was what he had been at during nearly the whole of that time; comparatively speaking, the fishing and "other distractions" (a neat phrase) had got only an occasional hour. But while we admire, we can't do it in that way. We seem fated to go on taking it for granted that you know the "vital facts" about Tommy, and devoting our attention to the things that the real biographer leaves out.

Tommy arrived in London with little more than five pounds in his pockets. All the rest he had spent on Elspeth.

He looked for furnished chambers in a fashionable quarter, and they were much too expensive. But the young lady who showed them to him asked if it was *the* Mr. Sandys, and he at once took the rooms. Her mother subsequently said that she understood he wrote books, and would he deposit five pounds?

Such are the ups and downs of the literary calling.

The book, of course, was "Unrequited Love," and the true story of how it was not given to the world by his first publishers has never been told. They had the chance, but they weighed the manuscript in their hands, as if it were butter, and said it was very small.

"If you knew how much time I have spent in making it smaller," replied Tommy, haughtily.

The madmen asked if he could not add a few chapters, whereupon, with a shudder, he tucked baby under his wing and flew away. That is how Goldie & Goldie got the book.

For one who had left London a glittering star, it was wonderful how little he brightened it by returning. At the club they did not know that he had been away. In society they seemed to have forgotten to expect him back.

He had an eye for them—with a touch of red in it—but he bided his time. It was one of the terrible things about Tommy that he could bide his time. Pym was the only person he called upon, he took Pym out to dinner and conducted him home again. His kindness to Pym, the delicacy with which he pretended not to see that poor old Pym was degraded and done for—they would have been pretty even in a woman, and we treat Tommy unfairly in passing them by with a bow.

Pym had the manuscript to read, and you may be as sure he kept sober that night as that Tommy lay awake. For when literature had to be judged, who could be so grim a critic as this usually lenient toper? He could forgive much, could Pym. You had run away without paying your rent, was it? Well, well, come in and have a drink. Broken your wife's

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heart, have you? Poor chap, but you will soon get over it. But if it was a split infinitive, "Go to the devil, sir."

"Into a cocked hat," was the verdict of Pym, meaning thereby that thus did Tommy's second work beat his first. Tommy broke down and wept.

Presently Pym waxed sentimental and confided to Tommy that he too had once loved in vain. The sad case of those who love in vain, you remember, is the subject of the book. The saddest of autobiographies, it has been called.

An odd thing this, I think. Tearing home (for the more he was engrossed in mind the quicker he walked), Tommy was not revelling in Pym's praise; he was neither blanching nor smiling at the thought that he of all people had written as one who was unloved, he was not wondering what Grizel would say to it, he had even forgotten to sigh over his own coming dissolution (indeed about this time the flowerpot began to fade from his memory); what made him cut his way so excitedly through the streets was this—Pym had questioned his use of the word untimely in chapter eight. And Tommy had always been uneasy about that word.

He glared at every person he passed, and ran into perambulators. He rushed past his chambers, like one who no longer had a home. He was in the park now, and did not even notice that the Row was empty, that mighty round a deserted circus, management, riders, clowns, all the performers gone on their provincial tour. Or nearly all, for a lady on horseback sees him, remembers to some extent who he is, and gives chase. It is our dear Mrs. Jerry.

"You wretch," she said, "to compel me to pursue you! Nothing could have induced me to do anything so unwomanly except that you are the only man in town."

She shook her whip so prettily at him that it was as seductive as a smile. It was also a way of gaining time, while she tried to remember what it was he was famous for.

"I believe you don't know me!" she said with a little shriek, for Tommy had looked bewildered. "That would be too mortifying. Please pretend you do!"

Her look of appeal, the way in which she put her plump little hands together, as if about to say her prayers, brought it all back to Tommy. The one thing he was not certain of was whether he had proposed to her.

It was the one thing of which she was certain.

"You think I can forget so soon," he replied, reproachfully but carefully.

"Then tell me my name," said she; she thought it might lead to his mentioning his own.

"I don't know what it is now. It was Mrs. Jerry once."

"It is Mrs. Jerry still."

"Then you did not marry him, after all?"

No wild joy had surged to his face, but when she answered, yes, he nodded his head with gentle melancholy three times. He had not the smallest desire to deceive the lady; he was simply an actor who had got his cue.

"But my friends still call me Mrs. Jerry," she said, softly. "I suppose it suits me somehow."

"You will always be Mrs. Jerry to me," he replied, huskily. Ah, those meetings with old loves!

"If you minded so much," Mrs. Jerry said, a little tremulously (she had the softest heart, though her memory was a trifle defective), "you might have discovered whether I had married him or not."

"Was there no reason why I should not seek to discover it?" Tommy asked, with tremendous irony, but not knowing in the least what he meant. It confused Mrs. Jerry. They always confused her when they were fierce, and yet she liked them to be fierce when she re-met them, so few of them were.

But she said the proper thing. "I am glad you have got over it."

Tommy maintained a masterly silence. No wonder he was a power with women.

"I say I am glad you have got over it," murmured Mrs. Jerry again. Has it ever been noticed that the proper remark does not always gain in propriety with repetition?

It is splendid to know that right feeling still kept Tommy silent.

Yet she went on briskly, as if he had told her something. "Am I detaining you? You were walking so quickly that

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I thought you were in pursuit of someone."

It brought Tommy back to earth, and he could accept her now as an old friend he was glad to meet again. "You could not guess what I was in pursuit of, Mrs. Jerry," he assured her, and with confidence, for words are not usually chased down the Row.

But, though he made the sound of laughter, that terrible face which Mrs. Jerry remembered so well, but could not give a name to, took no part in the revelry; he was as puzzling to her as those irritating authors who print their jokes without a note of exclamation at the end of them. Poor Mrs. Jerry thought it must be a laugh of horrid bitterness, and that he was referring to his dead self or something dreadful of that sort, for which she was responsible.

"Please don't tell me," she said in such obvious alarm that again he laughed that awful laugh. He promised, with a profound sigh, to carry his secret unspoken to the grave, also to come to her At Home if she sent him a card.

He told her his address, but not his name, and she could not send the card to "Occupier."

"Now tell me about yourself," said Mrs. Jerry with charming cunning. "Did you go away?"

"I came back only a few days ago."

"Had you any shooting?" (They nearly always threatened to make for a distant land, where there was big game.)

Tommy smiled. He had never "had any shooting" except once, in his boyhood when he and Corp acted as beaters, and he had wept passionately over the first bird killed, and harangued the murderer.

"No," he replied, "I was at work all the time."

This at least told her that his work was of a kind which could be done out of London. An inventor?

"When are we to see the result?" asked artful Mrs. Jerry.

"This month. Everything comes out this month. It is our season, you know."

Mrs. Jerry pondered while she said, "How too entrancing." What did come out this month? Oh, plays! And whose season was it? The actor's, of course! He could not be an actor with that beard, but—ah, she remembered now!

"Are they really clever, this time," she asked, roguishly, "for you must admit that they are usually sticks?"

Tommy blinked at this. "I really believe, Mrs. Jerry," he said, slowly, "it is you who don't know who I am!"

"You prepare the aristocracy for the stage, don't you?" she said, plaintively.

"I!" he thundered.

"He had a beard," she said in self-defence.

"Who?"

"Oh, I don't know! Please forgive me! I do remember, of course, who you are—I remember too well!" said Mrs. Jerry, generously.

"What is my name?" Tommy demanded.

She put her hands together again, beseechingly, "Please, please!" she said. "I have such a dreadful memory for names, but—oh, please!"

"What am I?" he insisted.

"You are the—the man who invents those delightful thingumbobs," she cried, with an inspiration.

"I never invented anything, except two books," said Tommy, looking at her reproachfully.

"I know them by heart," she cried.

"One of them is not published yet," he informed her.

"I am looking forward to it so excitedly," she said at once.

"And my name is Sandys," said he.

"Thomas Sandys," she said, correcting him triumphantly. "How is that dear, darling little Agnes-Elspeth?"

"You have me at last," he admitted.

"'Sandys on Woman,'" exclaimed Mrs. Jerry, all rippling smiles once more. "Can I ever forget it!"

"I shall never pretend to know anything about women again," Tommy answered, laughingly, with a creditable absence of vindictiveness.

"Please, please!" said the little hands again.

"It is a nasty jar, Mrs. Jerry."

"Please!"

"Oh, that I could forget so quickly!"

"Please!"

"I forgive you, if that is what you want"

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She waved her whip. "And you will come and see me?"

"When I have got over this. It needs —a little time." He really said this to please her.

"You shall talk to me of the new book," she said, confident that this would fetch him, for he was not her first author. "By the way, what is it about?"

"Can you ask, Mrs. Jerry?" replied Tommy, passionately. "Oh, woman, woman, can you ask!"

This puzzled her at the time, but she understood what he had meant when the book came out. "Goodness gracious!" she said to herself as she went from chapter to chapter, and she was very self-conscious when she heard the book discussed in society, which was not quite as soon as it came out, for at first the ladies seemed to have forgotten their Tommy.

But the journals made ample amends. He had invented, they said, something new in literature, a story that was yet not a story, told in the form of essays which were no mere essays. There was no character mentioned by name, there was not a line of dialogue, essays only, they might say, were the net result, yet a human heart was laid bare, and surely that was fiction in its highest form. Fiction founded on fact no doubt (for it would be ostrich-like to deny that such a work must be the outcome of a painful personal experience), but in those wise and penetrating pages Mr. Sandys called no one's attention to himself, his subject was an experience common to humanity, to be borne this way or that; and without vain-glory he showed how it should be borne, so that those looking into the deep waters of the book (made clear by his pellucid style) might see not the author but themselves.

A few of the critics said that if the book added nothing to his reputation, it detracted nothing from it, but probably their pen added this mechanically, when they were away. What annoyed him more, was the two or three who stated that much as they liked "Unrequited Love" they liked the "Letters" still better. He could not endure hearing a good word said for the "Letters" now.

The great public, I believe, always preferred the "Letters," but among important sections of it the new book was a delight, and for various reasons. For instance, it was no mere story. That got the thoughtful public. Its style, again, got the public, which knows it is the only public that counts.

Society still held aloof (there was an African traveller on view that year), but otherwise everything was going on well when the bolt came, as ever from the quarter whence it was least expected. It came in a letter from Grizel, so direct as to be almost as direct as this—"I think it is a horrid book. The more beautifully it is written the more horrid it seems. No one was ever loved more truly than you. You can know nothing about unrequited love. Then why do you pretend to know? I see why you always avoided telling me anything about the book, even its title. It was because you knew what I should say. It is nothing but sentiment. You were on your wings all the time you were writing it. That is why you could treat me as you did. Even to the last moment you deceived me. I suppose you deceived yourself also. Had I known what was in the manuscript I would not have kissed it, I would have asked you to burn it. Had you not had the strength, and you would not, I should have burned it for you. It would have been a proof of my love. I have ceased to care whether you are a famous man, or not. I want you to be a real man. But you will not let me help you. I have cried all day. Grizel."

Fury. Dejection. The heroic. They came in that order.

"This is too much!" he cried at first. "I can stand a good deal, Grizel, but there was once a worm that turned at last, you know. Take care, madam, take care. Oh, but you are a charming lady; you can decide everything for everybody, can't you! what delicious letters you write, something unexpected in every one of them! There are poor dogs of men, Grizel, who open their letters from their loves knowing exactly what will be inside. Words of cheer, words of love, of confidence, of admiration, which help them as they sit into the night at their work, fighting for fame that they may lay it at their loved one's feet; discouragement, obloquy, scorn they get in plenty from others, but they are always sure of her, do you

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hear, my original Grizel, those other dogs are always sure of her. Hurrah! Grizel, I was happy, I was actually honored, it was helping me to do better and better, when you quickly put an end to all that, hurrah, hurrah!"

I feel rather sorry for him. If he had not told her about his book it was because she did not and never could understand what compels a man to write one book, instead of another. "I had no say in the matter; the thing demanded of me that I should do it and I had to do it. Some must write from their own experience, they can make nothing of anything else; but it is to me like a chariot that won't budge; I have to assume a character, Grizel, and then away we go. I don't attempt to explain how I write, I hate to discuss it, all I know is that those who know how it should be done can never do it. London is overrun with such, and everyone of them is as cock-sure as you. You have taken everything else, Grizel, surely you might leave me my books."

Yes, everything else, or nearly so. He put upon the table all the feathers he had extracted since his return to London, and they did make some little show, if less than it seemed to him. That little adventure in the park; well, if it started wrongly, it but helped to show the change in him, for he had determinedly kept away from Mrs. Jerry's house. He had met her once since the book came out, and she had blushed exquisitely when referring to it and said, "How you have suffered, I blame myself dreadfully." Yes, and there was an unoccupied sofa near by, and he had not sat down on it with her and continued the conversation. Was not that a feather? And there were other ladies, and, without going into particulars, there were several feathers between them. How doggedly, to punish himself, he had stuck to the company of men, a sex that never interested him.

"But all that is nothing. I am beyond the pale. I did so monstrous a thing that I must die for it. What was this dreadful thing? When I saw you with that glove I knew you loved me, and that you thought I loved you, and I had not the heart to dash your joy. You don't know it, but that was the crime for which I must be exterminated, fiend that I am!"

Gusts of fury came at intervals all the morning. He wrote her appalling letters, and destroyed them. He shook his fist and snapped his fingers at her, and went out for drink (having none in the house), and called a hansom to take him to Mrs. Jerry's, and meditated grimly a worse debauch, and tore round the park again and glared at everybody. He rushed on and on. "But the one thing you shall never do, Grizel, is to interfere with my work, I swear it, do you hear? In all else I am yours to mangle at your will, but touch it, and I am a beast at bay."

And still saying such things, he drew near the publishing offices of Goldie & Goldie, and circled round them, less like a beast at bay than a bird that is taking a long way to its nest. And about four of the afternoon what does this odd beast or bird or fish do, but stalk into Goldie & Goldie's and order "Unrequited Love" to be withdrawn from circulation.

"Madam, I have carried out your wishes, and the man is hanged."

Not thus, but in words to that effect did Tommy announce his deed to Grizel. He was in mortal agony, and it is all the excuse that can be offered for the words that followed. "But if this must be," he wrote, with clenched teeth, "I want you to understand clearly that I look upon it as a full expiation. It ends everything between us. Apparently I can bring only trouble into your life, and, as the slate is now clean, I consider that we should correspond no more."

"If it must be," he said, leaving her a loophole. But she passed it by. "I think you have done the right thing," she wrote, "and I admire you for it. As you wish it, I promise not to write to you again."

I don't say she was right, all I say is that she thought she was helping him best by doing as she did. And Grizel never broke a promise. That was the last letter that passed between them.

Such is the true explanation (now first published) of an affair that at the time created no small stir. "Why withdraw the book?" Goldie & Goldie asked of Tommy, but he would give no reason. "Why?" the public asked of Goldie & Goldie, and they had to invent several. The public invented the others The

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silliest were those you could know only by belonging to a club.

I swear that Tommy had not foreseen the result. Quite unwittingly the favored of the gods had found a way again. The talk about his incomprehensible action was the turning-point in the fortunes of the book. There were already a few thousand copies in circulation, and now many thousand people wanted them. Sandys, Sandys, Sandys! where had the ladies heard that name before? Society woke up, Sandys was again its hero, the traveller had to retire to his native village.

The ladies! Yes, and their friends, the men. There was a Tommy society in Mayfair that winter, nearly all of the members eminent or beautiful, and they held each other's hands. Both sexes were eligible, married or single, and the one rule was something about sympathy. It afterward became the Souls, but those in the know still call them the Tommies.

They blackballed Mrs. Jerry (she was rather plump), but her married stepdaughter, Lady Pippinworth (who had been a Miss Ridge-Fulton), was one of them. Indeed the Ridge-Fultons are among the thinnest families in the country.

T. Sandys was invited to join the society, but declined, and thus never quite knew what they did, nor can any outsider know, there being a regulation among the Tommies against telling. I believe, however that they were a brotherhood, with sisters. You had to pass an examination in unrequited love, showing how you had suffered, and after that either the men or the women (I forget which), dressed in white to the throat, and then each got some other's old love's hand to hold, and you all sat on the floor and thought hard. There may have been even more in it than this, for one got to know Tommies at sight by a sort of careworn halo round the brow, and it is said that the House of Commons was several times nearly counted out because so many of its middle-aged members were holding the floor in another place.

Of course there were also the Anti-Tommies, who called themselves (rather vulgarly) the Tummies. Many of them were that shape. They held that, though you had loved in vain, it was no such mighty matter to boast of, but they were poor in argument, and their only really strong card was that Mr. Sandys was stoutish himself.

Their organs in the press said that he was a man of true genius, and slightly inclined to *embonpoint*.

This maddened him, but on the whole his return was a triumph. Perhaps the lady he saw most frequently was Mrs. Jerry's step-daughter. Lady Pippinworth was a friend of Lady Rintoul, and had several times visited her at the Spittal, but that was not the sole reason why Tommy so frequently drank tea with her. She was a beautiful woman, with a reputation for having broken many hearts without damaging her own. He thought it an interesting case.

CHAPTER XXVI

GRIZEL ALL ALONE

IT was Tommy who was the favored of the gods, you remember, not Grizel.

Elspeth wondered to see her, after the publication of that book, looking much as usual. "You know how he loved you now," she said, perhaps a little reproachfully.

"Yes," Grizel answered, "I know; I knew before the book came out."

"You must be sorry for him?"

Grizel nodded.

"But proud of him also," Elspeth said. "You have a right to be proud."

"I am as proud," Grizel replied, "as I have a right to be."

Something in her voice touched Elspeth, who was so happy that she wanted every one to be happy. "I want you to know, Grizel," she said, warmly, "that I don't blame you for not being able to love him, we can't help those things. Nor need you blame yourself too much, for I have often heard him say that artists must suffer, in order to produce beautiful things."

"But I cannot remember," Elspeth had to admit, with a sigh, to David, "that she made any answer to that, except Thank you." Grizel was nearly as reticent to David himself; once only did she break

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down for a moment in his presence; it was when he was telling her that the issue of the book had been stopped.

"But I see you know already," he said, "perhaps you even know why, though he has not given any sufficient reason to Elspeth."

David had given his promise, she reminded him, not to ask her any questions about Tommy.

"But I don't see why I should keep it," he said, bluntly.

"Because you dislike him," she replied.

"Grizel," he declared, "I have tried hard to like him; I have thought and thought about it, and I can't see that he has given me any just cause to dislike him."

"And that," said Grizel, "makes you dislike him more than ever."

"I know that you cared for him once," David persisted. "And I know that he wanted to marry you——"

But she would not let him go on. "David," she said, "I want to give up my house, and I want you to take it. It is the real doctor's house of Thrums, and people in need of you still keep ringing me up of nights. The only door to your surgery is through my passage, it is I who should be in lodgings now."

"Do you really think I would, Grizel!" he cried, indignantly.

"Rather than see the dear house go into another's hands," she answered, steadily, "for I am determined to leave it. Dr. McQueen won't feel strange, when he looks down, David, if it is only you he sees moving about the old rooms, instead of me."

"You are doing this for me, Grizel, and I won't have it."

"I give you my word," she told him, "that I am doing it for myself alone. I am tired of keeping a house, and of all its worries. Men don't know what they are."

She was smiling, but his brows wrinkled in pain. "Oh, Grizel!" he said, and stopped. And then he cried, "Since when has Grizel ceased to care for housekeeping?"

She did not say since when, I don't know whether she knew, but it was since she got Tommy's letter saying they must correspond no more. David's words showed her too suddenly how she had changed, and it was then that she broke down before him—because she had ceased to care for housekeeping.

But she had her way, and by Yule David and his wife were established in their new home, with all Grizel's furniture, except such as was needed for the two rooms rented by her from Gavinia. She would have liked to take away the old doctor's chair, because it was the bit of him left behind when he died, and then for that very reason she did not; she no longer wanted him to see her always. "I am not so nice as I used to be, and I want to keep it from you," she said to the chair when she kissed it good-by.

Was Grizel not as nice as she used to be? How can I answer, who love her only the more? There is one at least, Grizel, who will never desert you.

Ah, but was she?

I seem again to hear the warning voice of Grizel, and this time she is crying "You know I was not."

Very well, then (and may there be forgiveness for those who can hear it unmoved), she was not.

She knew it so well that she could say it to herself quite calmly. She knew that with whatever repugnance she drove those passions away they would come back: yes, and for a space be welcomed back. Why does she leave Gavinia's blue hearth this evening, and seek the solitary den? She has gone to summon them, and she knows it. They come thick in the den, for they know the place; it was there that her mother was wont to walk with them. Have they been waiting for you in the den, Grizel, all this time? Have you found your mother's legacy at last?

Don't think that she sought them often. It was never when she seemed to have anything to live for. Tommy would not write to her, nor let her write to him, but if that bowed her head it never made her rebel. She still had her many duties. Whatever she suffered, so long as she could say, "I am helping him," she was in heart and soul the Grizel of old. In his fits of remorse, which were many, he tried to write to please her. Thus in a heroic attempt to be practical he wrote a political article, in one of the reviews, quite in the ordinary style, but so much worse than

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the average of such things that they would never have printed it without his name. He also contributed to a magazine a short tale, he who could never write tales, and he struck all the beautiful reflections out of it and never referred to himself once, and the result was so imbecile that kindly people said there must be another writer of the same name. "Show them to Grizel," Tommy wrote to Elspeth, enclosing also some of the animadversions of the press, and he meant Grizel to see that he could write only in his own way, but she read those two efforts with delight, and said to Elspeth, "Tell him I am so proud of them."

Elspeth thought it very nice of Grizel to defend the despised in this way (even Elspeth had fallen asleep over the political paper); she did not understand that Grizel loved them because they showed Tommy trying to do without his wings.

Then another trifle by him appeared, shorter even than the others, but no man in England could have written it except T. Sandys. It has not been reprinted, and I forget everything about it, except that it was dreamy. "Will not the friends of the man who can produce such a little masterpiece as this," the journals said, "save him from wasting his time on lumber for the reviews, and drivelling tales?" And Tommy suggested to Elspeth that she might show Grizel this exhortation also.

Grizel saw she was not helping him at all. If he would not fight, why should she? Oh, let her fall and fall, it would not take her farther from him! These were the thoughts that sent her into solitude to meet with worse ones. She could not face the morrow. "What shall I do to-morrow?" She never shrank from to-day, it had its duties, it could be got through, but to-morrow was a never-ending road. Oh, how could she get through to-morrow?

Her great friend at this time was Corp, because he still retained his faith in Tommy. She could always talk of Tommy to Corp.

How loyal Corp was! He still referred to Tommy as "Him." Gavinia, much distressed, read aloud to Corp a newspaper attack on the political article, and all he said was "He'll find a w'y."

"He's found it," he went upstairs to announce to Grizel, when the praises of the "little masterpiece" arrived.

"Yes, I know, Corp," she answered, quietly. She was sitting by the window, where the plant was. Tommy had asked her to take care of it, without telling her why.

Something in her appearance troubled the hulking, blundering man. He could not have told what it was; I think it was simply this, that Grizel no longer sat erect in her chair.

"I'm nain easy in my mind about Grizel," he said that evening to Gavinia. "There's something queery about her, though I canna bottom't."

"Yea?" said Gavinia with mild contempt.

He continued pulling at his pipe, grunting as if in pleasant pain, which was the way Corp smoked.

"I could see she's no pleased though he has found a w'y," he said.

"What pleasure should she be able to sook out o' his keeping ding-ding-danging on about that woman," retorted Gavinia.

"What woman?"

"The London besom that gae him the go-by."

"Was there sic a woman!" Corp cried.

"Of course there was, and it's her that he's aye writing about."

"Havers, Gavinia. It's Grizel he's aye writing about, and it was Grizel that gae him the go-by. It's town talk."

But whatever the town might say, Gavinia stuck to her opinion. "Grizel's no near so neat in her dressing as she was," she informed Corp, "and her hair is no aye tidy, and that bonnet she was in yesterday didna set her."

"I've noticed it," cried Corp, "I've noticed it this while back, though I didna ken I had noticed it, Gavinia; I wonder what can be the reason?"

"It's because nobody cares," Gavinia replied, sadly. Trust one woman to know another.

"We a' care," said Corp, stoutly.

"We're a' as nothing, Corp, when he doesna care. She's fond o' him, man."

"Of course she is in a w'y. Whaur's the woman that could help it?"

"There's many a woman that could help it," said Gavinia tartly, for the honor of her sex, "but she's no ane o' them."

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To be candid, Gavinia was not one of them herself. "I'm thinking she's terrible fond o' him," she said, "and I'm nain sure that he has treated her weel."

"Woman, take care!" Corp thundered, and she desisted, in fear.

But he made her re-read the little essay to him in instalments, and at the end he said, victoriously, "You blethering crittur, there's no sic woman. It's just another o' his ploys!"

He marched upstairs to Grizel, with the news, and she listened kindly. "I am sure you are right," she said, "you understand him better than any of them, Corp," and it was true.

He thought he had settled the whole matter. He was burning to be downstairs to tell Gavinia that those things needed only a man. "And so you'll be yoursel' again, Grizel," he said, with great relief.

She had not seen that he was aiming at her until now, and it touched her. "Am I so different, Corp?"

Not at all, he assured her, delicately, but she was may-be no quite so neatly dressed as she used to be, and her hair wasna braided back so smooth, and he didna think that bonnet quite set her.

"Gavinia has been saying that to you!"

"I noticed it mysel', Grizel; I'm a terrible noticher."

"Perhaps you are right," she said, reflecting, after looking at herself for the first time for many days. "But to think of your caring, Corp!"

"I care most michty," he replied, with terrific earnestness.

"I must try to satisfy you, then," she said, smiling. "But, Corp, please don't discuss me with Gavinia."

This request embarrassed him, for soon again he did not know how to act. There was Grizel's strange behavior with the child, for instance. "No, I won't come down to see him to-day, Corp," she had said; "somehow children weary me."

Such words from Grizel! His mouth would not shut and as he could say nothing. "Forgive me, Corp!" she cried, remorsefully, and ran downstairs, and with many a passionate caress asked forgiveness of the child.

For the moment Corp thought he must have been dreaming upstairs. "I wish I saw you wi' bairns o' your ain, Grizel," he said, looking on entranced, but she gave him such a pitiful smile that he could not get it out of his head. Deprived of Gavinia's counsel, and afraid to hurt Elspeth, he sought out the Doctor and said bluntly to him, "How is it he never writes to Grizel? She misses him terrible."

So, David thought, Grizel's dejection is becoming common talk. "Damn him!" he said, in a gust of fury.

But this was too much for loyal Corp. "Damn you!" he roared.

But in his heart he knew that the Doctor was a just man, and henceforth when he was meaning to comfort Grizel, he was often seeking comfort for himself.

He did it all with elaborate cunning, to prevent her guessing that he was disturbed about her; asked permission to sit with her, for instance, because he was dull downstairs, mentioned as a ludicrous thing that there were people who believed Tommy could treat a woman badly, and waited anxiously for the reply. Oh, he was transparent was Corp, but you may be sure Grizel never let him know that she saw through him. Tommy could not be blamed, she pointed out, though he did not care for some woman who perhaps cared for him.

"Exac'ly," said Corp.

"And if he seemed," Grizel went on, with momentary bitterness, "to treat her badly, it could be only because she had made herself cheap."

"That's it," said Corp, cheerfully. Then he added, hurriedly, "No, that's no it ava. She's the last to mak' hersel' cheap." Then he saw that this might put Grizel on the scent. "Of course, there's no sic woman," he said, artfully, "but if there was, he would mak' it a' right. She mightna see how it was to be done, but kennin' what a crittur he is, she maun be sure he would find a way. She would never lose hope, Grizel."

And then, if Grizel did not appease him instantly, he would say, appealingly, "I canna think less o' him, Grizel; no, it would mak' me just terrible low. Grizel," he would cry, sternly; "dinna tell me to think less o' that laddie."

Then, when she had reassured him, he would recall the many instances in which Tommy as a boy had found a way "Did

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we ever ken he was finding it, Grizel, till he did find it? Many a time I says to mysel', says I, 'all is over,' and syne next minute that holy look comes ower his face and he stretches out his legs like as if he was riding on a horse, and all that kens him says, 'He has found a w'y.' If I was the woman (no that there is sic a woman) I would say to mysel', 'He was never beat,' I would say, 'when he was a laddie, and it's no likely he'll be beat when he's a man; and I wouldna sit looking at the fire wi' my hands fauded, nor would I forget to keep my hair neat, and I would wear the frock that set me best, and I would play in my auld bonny w'y wi' bairns, for, says I to mysel', 'I'm sure to hae bairns o' my nain some day, and——'"

But Grizel cried "Don't, Corp, don't!"

"I winna," he answered, miserably, "no, I winna. Forgive me, Grizel, I think I'll be stepping," and then when he got as far as the door he would say "I canna do 't, Grizel, I'm just terrible wae for the woman (if sic a woman there be), but I canna think ill o' him, you mauna spier it o' me."

He was much brightened by a reflection that came to him one day in church. "Here have I been near blaming him for no finding a w'y, and very like he doesna ken we want him to find a w'y!"

How to inform Tommy, without letting Grizel know? She had tried long ago to teach him to write, but he found it harder on the wrists than the heaviest luggage. It was not safe for him even to think of the extra twirl that turned an *n* into an *m*, without first removing any knick-knacks that might be about. Nevertheless, he now proposed a third set-to, and Grizel acquiesced, though she thought it but another of his inventions to keep her from brooding.

The number of words in the English tongue excited him, and he often lost all by not confining the chase to one, like a dog after rabbits. Fortunately he knew which words he wanted to bag.

"Change at Tilliedrum," "Tickets, show your tickets," and the like, he much enjoyed meeting in the flesh, so to speak.

"Let's see 'Find a w'y,' Grizel," he would say. "Ay, ay, and is that the crittur!" and soon the sly fellow could write it, or at least draw it.

He affected an ambition to write a letter to his son on that gentleman's first birthday, and so "Let's see what 'I send you these few scrapes' is like, Grizel." She assured him that this is not essential in correspondence, but all the letters he had ever heard read aloud began thus, and he got his way.

Anon, Master Shiach was surprised and gratified to receive the following epistle: "My dear sir, I send you these few scrapes to tell you as you have found a way to be a year of age the morn. All tickets ready in which Gavinia joins so no more at present I am, sir, your obed[t] father Corp Shiach."

The fame of this letter went abroad, but not a soul knew of the next. It said: "My dear Sir, I send you these few scrapes to tell you as Grizel needs cheering up. Kindly oblidge by finding a way so no more at present. I am sir your obed[t] Serv[t] Corp Shiach."

To his bewilderment this produced no effect, and he wrote again, more sternly requesting Tommy to find a way immediately. He was waiting restlessly for the answer, at a time when Elspeth called on Grizel to tell her of something beautiful that Tommy had done. He had been very ill for nearly a fortnight, it appeared, but had kept it from her, to save her anxiety. "Just think, Grizel, all the time he was in bed with bronchitis he was writing me cheerful letters every other day, pretending there was nothing the matter with him. He is better now. I have heard about it from a Mrs. Jerry, a lady whom I knew in London, and who has nursed him in the kindest way. He would never have mentioned it himself. How like him, Grizel! You remember, I made him promise before he went back to London, that if he was ill he would let me know at once, so that I could go to him, but he is so considerate, he would not give me pain. He wrote those letters, Grizel, when he was gasping for breath."

"But she seemed quite unmoved," Elspeth said sadly to her husband afterward.

Unmoved! Yes, Grizel remained apparently unmoved until Elspeth had gone, but then—the torture she endured! "Oh, cruel, cruel!" she cried, and she could neither stand nor sit, she flung herself down before the fire and rocked this way

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and that, in a paroxysm of woe. "Oh, cruel, cruel!"

It was Tommy who was cruel. To be ill, near to dying, apparently, and not to send her word! She could never, never, have let him go had he not made that promise to Elspeth; and he kept it thus. Oh, wicked, wicked!

"You would have gone to him at once, Elspeth! You! Who are you that talks of going to him as your right? He is not yours, I tell you, he is mine! He is mine alone, it is I who would go to him. Who is this woman that dares take my place by his side when he is ill!"

She rose to go to him, to drive away all others, I am sure that was what gave her strength to rise, but she sank to the floor again, and her passion lasted for hours. And through the night she was crying to God that she would be brave no more. In her despair she hoped he heard her.

Her mood had not changed when David came to see her next morning, to admit, too, that Tommy seemed to have done an unselfish thing in concealing his illness from them. Grizel nodded, but he thought she was looking strangely reckless. He had a message from Elspeth. Tommy had asked her to let him know whether the plant was flourishing.

"So you and he don't correspond now?" David said, with his old, puzzled look.

"No," was all her answer to that. The plant, she thought, was dead; she had not, indeed, paid much attention to it of late, but she showed it to David, and he said it would revive if more carefully tended. He also told her its rather pathetic history, which was new to Grizel, and of the talk at the wedding which had led to Tommy's taking pity on it. "Fellow-feeling, I suppose," he said, lightly; "you see they both blossomed prematurely."

The words were forgotten by him as soon as spoken, but Grizel sat on with them, for they were like a friend—or was it an enemy?—who had come in to tell her strange things. Yes, the Doctor was right. Now she knew why Tommy had loved this plant. Of the way in which he would sit looking wistfully at it, almost nursing it, she had been told by Aaron; he had himself begged her to tend it lovingly. Fellow-feeling! The Doctor was shrewder than he thought

Well, what did it matter to her? All that day she would do nothing for the plant, but in the middle of the night she rose and ran to it and hugged it, and for a time she was afraid to look at it by lamplight, lest Tommy was dead. Whether she had never been asleep that night, or had wakened from a dream, she never knew, but she ran to the plant, thinking it and Tommy were as one, and that they must die together. No such thought had ever crossed his mind, but it seemed to her that she had been told it by him, and she lit her fire to give the plant warmth, and often desisted to press it to her bosom, the heat seemed to come so reluctantly from the fire. This idea that his fate was bound up with that of the plant took strange possession of the once practical Grizel, it was as if some of Tommy's nature had passed into her to help her break the terrible monotony of the days.

And from that time there was no ailing child more passionately tended than the plant, and as spring advanced it began once more to put forth new leaves.

And Grizel also seemed glorified again. She was her old self. Dark shapes still lingered for her in the den, but she avoided them, and if they tried to enter into her, she struggled with them and cast them out. As she saw herself able to fight and win, once more, her pride returned to her, and one day she could ask David, joyously, to give her a present of the old doctor's chair. And she could kneel by its side and say to it, "You can watch me always; I am just as I used to be."

Seeing her once more the incarnation of vigor and content, singing gayly to his child, and as eager to be at her duties betimes as a morning in May, Corp grunted with delight, and was a hero for not telling her that it was he who had passed Tommy the word. For of course Tommy had done it all.

"Somebody has found a w'y, Grizel!" he would say, chuckling, and she smiled an agreement.

"And yet," says he, puzzled, "I've watched, and you hinna hae'n a letter frae him. It defies the face o' clay to find out how he has managed it. Oh, the crittur! Ay, I suppose you dinna want to tell me what it is that has lichted you up again?"

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She could not tell him, for it was a compact she had made with one who did not sign it. "I shall cease to be bitter, and despairing and wicked, and try every moment of my life to be good and do good, so long as my plant flourishes, but if it withers, then I shall go to him; I don't care what happens, I shall go to him."

It was the middle of June when she first noticed that the plant was beginning to droop.

(To be continued.)

WHOM THE GODS LOVE

By Julia C. R. Dorr

I

"WHOM the gods love die young"?—Nay, rather say
With bated breath—"Whom the gods love die old."
Shall the morn pale ere it hath coined its gold?
The sun go down while yet it is full day?
The statue sleep unmoulded in the clay?
The parchment crumble ere it is unrolled?
The story end with half the tale untold?
The song drop mute and breathless by the way?
Oh, weep for Adonais when he dies
With all youth's lofty promise unfulfilled,
Its splendor lost in sudden, dear eclipse!
With love unlived, and dreams half dreamed he lies—
All the red wine from life's gold chalice spilled
Ere its bright brim hath touched his eager lips!

II

Whom the gods love die old! O, life, dear life,
Let the old sing thy praises, for they know
How year by year the summers come and go,
Each with its own abounding sweetness ripe!
They know though frosts be cruel as the knife
Yet with each June the perfect rose shall blow
And daisies blossom and the green grass grow
Triumphant still, unvexed by storm or strife.
They know that night more splendid is than day;
That sunset skies flame in the gathering dark,
And the deep waters change to molten gold;
They know that autumn richer is than May,
They hear the night-birds singing like the lark—
Ah, life, sweet life, whom the gods love die old!

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A MATTER OF OPINION*

By George Hibbard

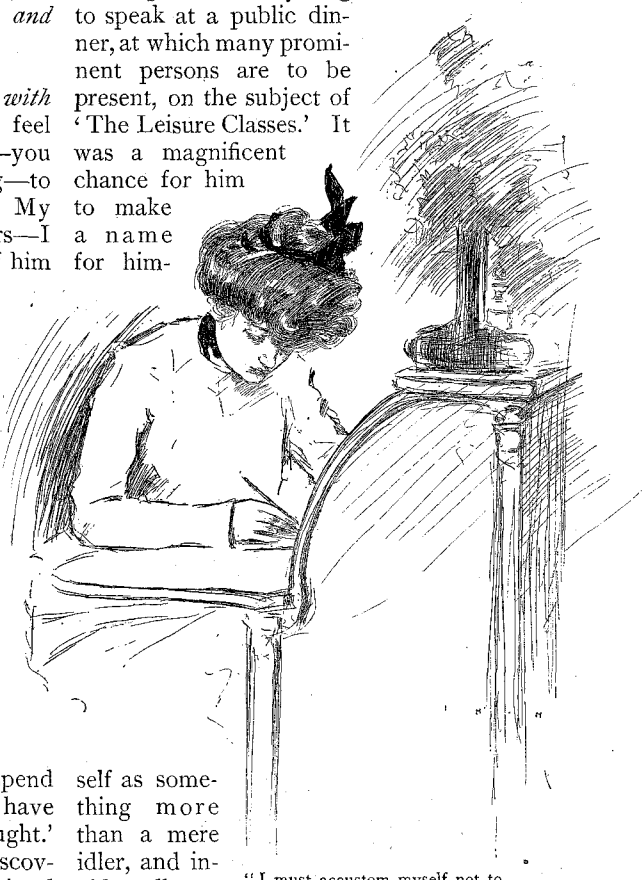
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

Characters

MR. LAWRENCE VAN CITTARS
MISS AMY RIVINGTON
BUDGET

SCENE.—*The "morning-room" in the Rivington country-house, with an entrance to a conservatory at centre and with doors at right and left.*

AMY *(seated at desk and writing with great deliberation).* "My dear, I feel that I should write to you at once—you who saw the thoughtless beginning—to tell you the disastrous conclusion. My engagement with Mr. Van Cittars—I must accustom myself not to think of him as Lawrence—is definitely broken. I fear that it was a mistake from the beginning, and though you did all that you could to encourage it, I hope that you will not accuse yourself now that the terrible catastrophe has come." *(Looking up and speaking.)* That I think will impress her, and, as it was all my own fault, the only consolation I can have is to make her think that she was wholly to blame. *(Again writing.)* "But it was not until three days ago that the fatal truth was made perfectly clear to me. You know my high ideals, and though the old words may sound absurdly in modern ears, I believe that two people who expect to spend their lives together should really have 'two souls with but a single thought.' Imagine, then, my horror when I discovered that a difference of opinion existed between Mr. Van Cittars and myself that must make marriage for us impossible. Briefly—he was, several days ago, asked, as a representative young man of wealth, to speak at a public dinner, at which many prominent persons are to be present, on the subject of 'The Leisure Classes.' It was a magnificent chance for him to make a name for himself as something more than a mere idler, and incidentally a great opportunity to say things that urgently need to be said. I cannot describe to you my dismay when I learned that he had refused the invitation." *(Glancing up for a moment.)* How could he do it! *(Again writing.)* "Refused it, in order to ride in a 'moonlight steeple-chase.' As if it



"I must accustom myself not to think of him as Lawrence."

* It has been the intention of the writer to make a play for amateurs, the "parts" in which it will not be necessary to learn, as each character has, in all situations, something in the hand on which the words may be written and from which they may easily be read, a reason for looking at the object held being supplied on all occasions; still, occasional words and short sentences, which, after being read can be easily remembered, should be spoken with the eyes fixed on the person addressed.

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What is that, Budget?

were not his duty, as I pointed out, to give up idle pleasure on such an occasion; but he only replied that their 'old dinner' was nothing but a humbug anyway, and that nothing that could be said would be of the least consequence anyhow. In short, he was altogether careless and flippant, and I am afraid that I slightly lost my temper. I told him pretty sharply that I could only feel a contempt for one who had no ambition to do anything or to be anything in the world, and that I considered Mr. Gladstone to have been the perfect type of what a man should be. Lawrence only laughed and replied that the day before I had told him that I considered the winner of the Olympic Game, in the best time of Greece, probably the finest specimen of the human race that ever existed. Of course, that made me lose my temper still more, and as by that time Lawrence was a little ruffled he told me that I was 'inconsistent.' I! I! 'Inconsistent!' The result was that we both became really angry and he went off in a huff—and our engagement is broken and I am just a little wretched—so wretched, in fact, that I'd give anything if I did not have to appear to-night in that stupid play at Mrs. Chantrey Wareham's. However, I have some consolation in thinking that Lawrence was not given the part of my lover, as was at first proposed, but is only the 'understudy' of Mr. Luttrell, who, I am thankful to say, is a person of robust health, unmarried, and without any business to call him away. For, conceive having to play impassioned love-scenes with the man to whom you've just been engaged, and with whom you've just quarrelled! But with Mr. Luttrell I can feel perfectly secure——

BUDGET *(entering with note).* Please, Miss Amy, but here's a note as has just been left by one of Mrs. Wareham's grooms with a horse in a lather and marked "Immediate."

AMY *(looking up).* What is that, Budget?

BUDGET *(as* AMY *takes note).* Not the 'orse, Miss Amy, but the note.

AMY. What can it be? *(Opening note as* BUDGET *goes out at right.)* "Immediate." *(Reading.)* "My dearest Amy. The most unexpected and unfortunate thing in the world has just happened. Mr. Luttrell——" *(Terrified.)* "Oh!" *(Reading.)* "Mr. Luttrell has just been hit with a golf-ball—on—on—" *(Speaking.)* Some scientific word, I suppose. Oh—no— *(Reading.)* "Mr. Luttrell has just been hit with a golf-ball on the links—and is so lame that he cannot appear to-night. But you will not mind, as Lawrence Van Cittars is all ready to take his place. It is most important that you should rehearse immediately." *(Looking up.)* Oh! *(Reading.)* "After many objections, which I cannot understand, I have induced Mr. Van Cittars to consent to begin at once, and he should arrive almost as soon as this note." *(Looking up.)* Oh! *(Reading.)* "I depend upon you—for the performance must be a success—or you will see in your distracted friend a broken-hearted woman." *(Looking up.)* Oh! Oh! *(Speaking, but still gazing at note.)*

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There are the words—and yet—oh! I can't rehearse with Lawrence after what has happened, for some of the scenes would be too awful and ridiculous—for example that one in which Angelina—for that's my silly name in this play—confesses that she has been wholly in the wrong. *(Starting up.)* Oh! never. Never! *(Glancing at note.)* "Arrive almost as soon as this note." I must find Budget—and tell him that I am not at home. *(Going out at right.)* I *never* could do it—*never*.

LAWRENCE *(entering at centre, and carrying in his hand a yellow paper-covered book of the play, which is open and which he is studying).* "Beloved Angelina, how can I blame you!" *(Speaking.)* That's a nice thing to say to the girl who has just, without any reason, broken her engagement with you. *(Studying book.)* "Beloved Angelina." *(Speaking.)* Hang it, I wish that I'd learned a little of this part, as I told Mrs. Wareham I had. For there's no escape, and—hang it—I don't want to escape. Indeed, I believe that I was a bit hasty yesterday, for if Amy wants me to speak at a public dinner, why—it's only a little thing, and I hope that she'll be satisfied when I tell her that I've accepted, and agree with all she said. *(Studying part.)* "Beloved Angelina." *(Speaking.)* No, I don't say that again. *(Studying part.)* "Believe me that nothing you can say can make me think any act of yours anything but admirable." *(Speaking.)* This scene's going to be most awkward.

AMY *(entering from right, with note, at which she is looking, still in her hand).* What is the ridiculous name of Mrs. Wareham's place, for I must write to her at once.

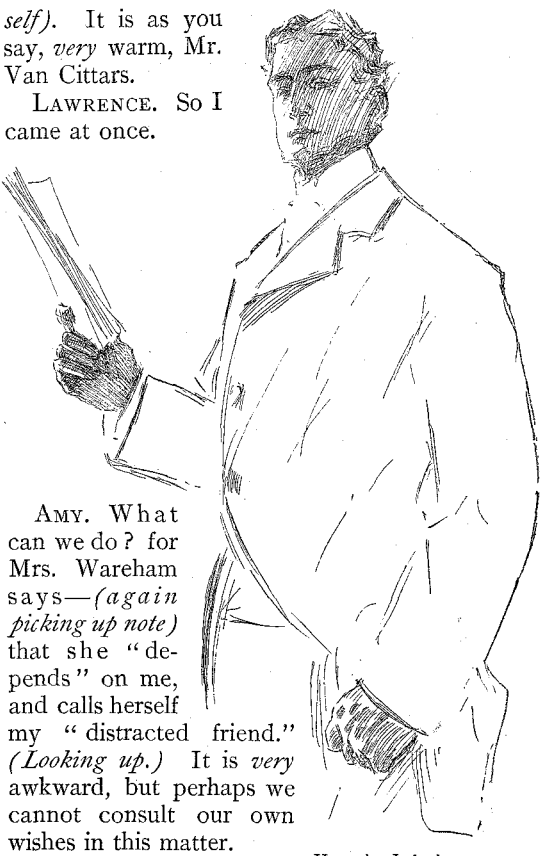
LAWRENCE *(who, turning and looking up sees* AMY*).* "Anything but admirable." Amy! Miss Rivington, I mean.

AMY *(looking up from note).* Mr. Van Cittars!

LAWRENCE. Yes. *(Fanning himself with open book.)* It's very warm. Ah! *(Looking down in embarrassment at book.)* But you must understand, "Beloved Angelina." No—no—that's in the part. You got Mrs. Wareham's note?

AMY *(picking up fan, at which she looks embarrassedly as she also slowly fans herself).* It is as you say, *very* warm, Mr. Van Cittars.

LAWRENCE. So I came at once.



Hang it—I don't want to escape.

AMY. What can we do? for Mrs. Wareham says—*(again picking up note)* that she "depends" on me, and calls herself my "distracted friend." *(Looking up.)* It is *very* awkward, but perhaps we cannot consult our own wishes in this matter.

LAWRENCE *(quickly, and still fanning himself).* Of course not, well—I don't mean exactly that.

AMY *(looking again at note).* Mrs. Wareham is a *dear*, and to save her from being "a broken-hearted woman," perhaps we *should* sacrifice ourselves.

LAWRENCE *(eagerly).* Precisely my wish—though to be sure you must not misunderstand me about any sacrifice.

AMY *(putting down note and taking from table book of play, like the one held by* LAWRENCE*).* And as it is *necessary*—why—we can go through our parts as if we were total strangers.

LAWRENCE *(opening book).* Exactly—no! no! that's not precisely the idea I intend to convey.

AMY. Here, I think, is the place. If we first "read" our "parts," just to determine where we are to stand.

LAWRENCE. I've got my place, and really I don't see why we *need* behave as

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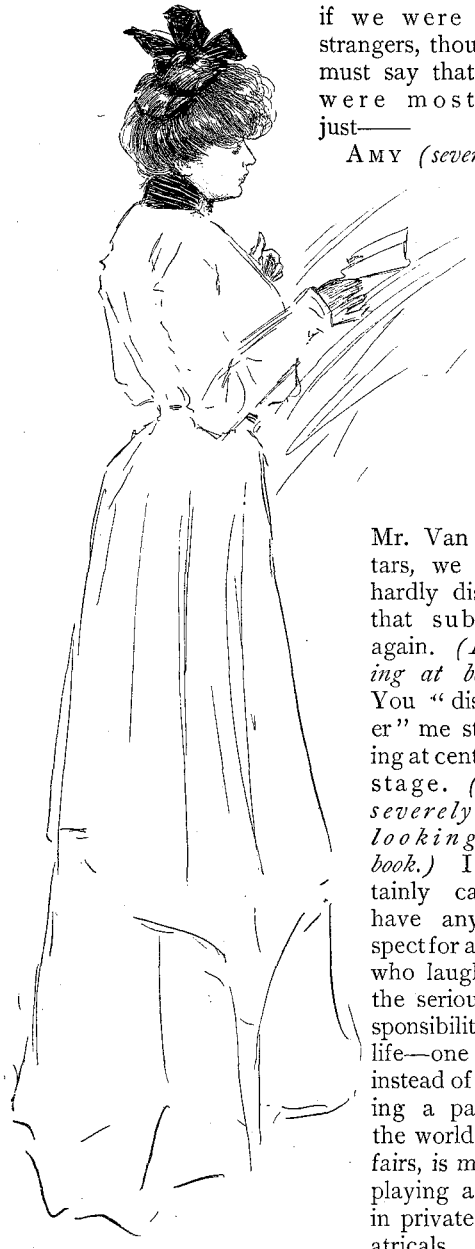

What is the ridiculous name of Mrs. Wareham's place

if we were *total* strangers, though I must say that you were most unjust——

AMY *(severely).* Mr. Van Cittars, we need hardly discuss that subject again. *(Looking at book.)* You "discover" me standing at centre of stage. *(Still severely, but looking at book.)* I certainly cannot have any respect for a man who laughs at the serious responsibilities of life—one who, instead of playing a part in the world's affairs, is merely playing a part in private theatricals.

LAWRENCE *(quickly, looking up from book).* By Jove, you *are* unjust.

AMY. Who—who fiddles while Rome is burning. *(Looking at book.)* Your "cue" is—"How can I live without you."

LAWRENCE *(looking at book).* Yes, yes—but in the first place I didn't know that Rome *was* burning, and as for playing on the fiddle——

AMY *(quickly, looking up).* And isn't riding in a mere "moonlight steeplechase," the same thing when there are all the burning questions of the day. *(Looking in book.)* Now, I've lost my place. *(Indignantly.)* At all times there have been people like you, who, by their indifference, have done so much to retard all—*advance.*

LAWRENCE. Now really—*(Looking at book.)* Yes, that's the "cue." I'll begin in a minute. Still, really, you are mistaken, though yesterday I may have thought——

AMY *(looking up from book).* Oh, you have changed your opinion.

LAWRENCE. Yes, yes—and I've sent an acceptance to that dinner, and I shall make a speech——

AMY. Oh!

BUDGET *(entering from right, with letters and newspaper done up in wrapper).* The man with the mail, Miss Amy, that's late and do smell most 'orribly of drink.

AMY. What?

BUDGET *(still looking at newspaper).* Meanin', of course, Miss Amy, the man and not the mail.

AMY *(taking letters and papers and looking at them).* Advertisements and a newspaper. Still there may be something in it. *(Tearing open wrapper as* BUDGET *goes out.)* One of those horrid "society papers." *(Looking through paper.)* A place marked.

LAWRENCE *(nervously playing with book of the play).* It's true. You see, in thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that I had not looked at it at all in the right light. *(Putting down play on table and taking paper from his pocket.)* I've made a few notes here of what it might be well for me to say, and you'll see how thoroughly I agree with your opinion. *(Reading.)* "Should not a man put before everything else his duty to help, in so far as he is able, the great work of making the world happier—wiser—better." *(Aside.)* That ought to satisfy her, for they're her own words.

AMY *(looking at newspaper and coming forward).* What is this? *(Reading.)* "Of course we must guard against undue scepticism, but there are some statements

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Therefore when the world is asked to believe that a young man of wealth, who has not hitherto displayed the least interest in anything of a serious nature, has refused to ride in a steeple-chase in order that he may speak at a public dinner—why—it is only natural that the world should ascribe his conduct to other motives than those actually given—and that many should indeed assert that he is *afraid*." *(Aside and looking up.)* Lawrence—afraid! *(Reading.)* "The fact that the horse the person in question had backed himself to ride is a 'rank' brute only increases the suspicion that *cowardice* is really the actual cause of this very sudden determination." *(Looking up.)* Oh!

LAWRENCE *(reading from papers)*. Yes. "And if anything I can say or do shall advance in any degree this noble work, should it not be my pleasure to disregard everything else for it?"

AMY *(still looking at paper)*. And give up the race.

LAWRENCE. Mere idle sport.

AMY *(excitedly)*. But you don't know what—they are saying. *(Looking at paper.)* Here—in this newspaper—there is an article that some malicious person has sent to me—marked, accusing you of being afraid.

LAWRENCE. What of it? *(Looking at papers in his hand.)* Of what account is that in comparison with the consciousness of duty done?

AMY. Who could have sent it? *(Picking up wrapper from floor and looking at it.)* I don't know the handwriting *(aside)*. Oh, but I can't have them saying that the man to whom I— *was* engaged is a coward.

LAWRENCE. What of it? *(Taking pencil from pocket.)* I'll just make a note of this. *(Writing.)* "What is courage? The mere mastery of physical fear—no—for shall we not consider much higher that *moral courage*——

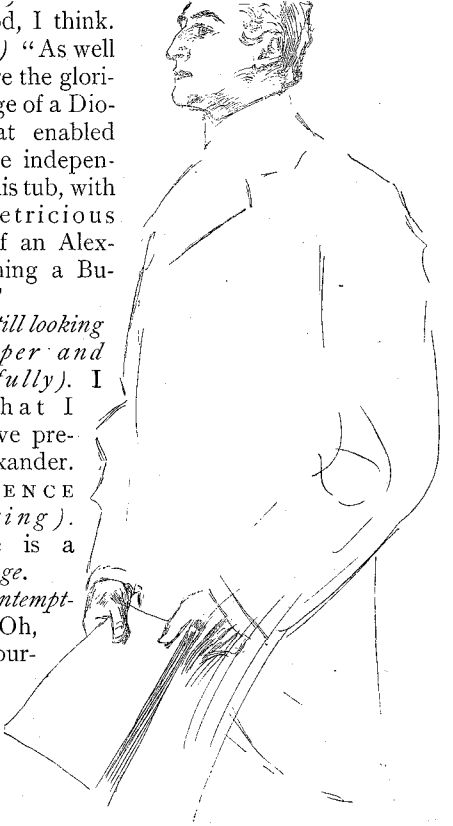
AMY *(contemptuously and still looking at wrapper)*. Oh, "moral courage."

LAWRENCE *(continuing)*. "That moral courage that leads a man to despise public opinion if only he know that the course he is pursuing is one of wisdom, justice, rather good, I think. *(Writing.)* "As well to compare the glorious courage of a Diogenes, that enabled him to live independently in his tub, with the meretricious courage of an Alexander taming a Bucephalus."

AMY *(still looking at wrapper and thoughtfully)*. I think that I should have preferred Alexander.

LAWRENCE *(continuing)*. For there is a *civic courage*.

AMY *(contemptuously)*. Oh, "civic courage!"



By Jove! you *are* unjust.

LAWRENCE *(looking up from paper)*. What, you think that I should ride in the race?

AMY *(taking up book of play and finding place)*. Of course, I have no right to say anything about any act of yours—and really we must begin the rehearsal.

LAWRENCE *(urgently)*. Still, if you *did* say anything.

AMY. A man cannot give the world a chance to doubt his courage.

LAWRENCE. But the dinner.

AMY *(impatiently, looking up from book)*. What is that in comparison? I have my place.

LAWRENCE *(aside, and picking up telegraph-blank)*. I'm evidently on the wrong track. *(To* AMY.*)* I'll telegraph, if you'll allow me, and refuse at once—for I only accepted to please you—though I knew what they would say.

BUDGET *(entering with note)*. Please,

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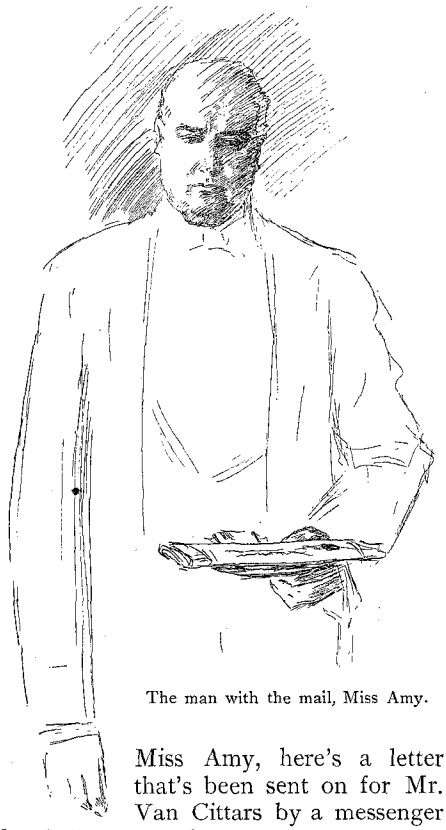

The man with the mail, Miss Amy.

Miss Amy, here's a letter that's been sent on for Mr. Van Cittars by a messenger that he's requested to open at once.

LAWRENCE *(turning)*. I say——

BUDGET *(giving note to* LAWRENCE*)*. Meanin' the letter, sir, hof course, an' *not* the messenger.

LAWRENCE *(opening note as* BUDGET *goes out)*. What is it? *(Reading.)* "No moon on Thursday night, so race must be postponed."

AMY *(joyfully)*. Then you can do both.

LAWRENCE *(with note still in hand)*. Yes.

AMY. I *am* so glad—for I didn't want them to say horrid things.

LAWRENCE *(impulsively)*. Amy!

AMY *(coldly)*. Of course any interest I can have must be purely impersonal. *(Looking at book.)* Now, as you say, we had best go on with the play.

LAWRENCE *(looking up from note)*. Not until I know that we have at last made up.

AMY. But how can we? *(Looking at book.)* If we have had such a difference of opinion about one thing we may about other things, and you know how important I think it is that two people who are going to spend their lives together always—should agree utterly—should indeed have "two souls with but a single thought." *(Still looking in book.)* Here I've found what it says, even in this silly little play. "Love is like an English Cabinet, it cannot exist without the 'confidence of the House.'"

LAWRENCE *(looking in book)*. I don't remember it—but we'd do well enough.

AMY *(looking up from book)*. I must be *sure*. This has been such a shock, and I cannot feel as I did. I cannot believe that it is *safe* when I hold such decided opinions about so many things.

LAWRENCE. I'll hold them too.

AMY. Oh, then I should despise you when I found that you were contradictory and vacillating and could have nothing but contempt for you—if you did not have *convictions*.

LAWRENCE *(taking up paper from which he was reading and aside)*. I've evidently got to have *convictions*. *(To* AMY.*)* But I have. Here, in this paper, are the notes of what I was going to say. *(Looking at paper.)* When you hear, you can't doubt that we'll agree. *(Aside.)* I should think not when it's all exactly what she's said herself. *(To* AMY.*)* Now here, for example, a matter as to which I know that you feel strongly, and as to which I agree with you utterly. *(Reading.)* "Every generation has its question—its sphinx's question, for which it must find an answer or perish."

AMY *(looking down at book in her hand)*. I am all ready to begin.

LAWRENCE. Wait a minute. *(Reading.)* "And the problem of our day—the problem that every day calls more strongly for an answer—is the problem of property and poverty—the problem of the final relations of those who *have* with those who have *not*."

AMY *(becoming interested)*. Yes—yes.

LAWRENCE *(aside)*. I've evidently hit it. *(Reading.)* "The solution of this momentous difficulty is our first duty—the urgent necessity of which is shown by the existing strike on one of our largest railways, brought on by the selfish policy of a great corporation——"

AMY *(looking up from play)*. Poor men!

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LAWRENCE *(aside)*. There can't be any doubt that I'm pleasing her. *(Reading.)* "Is it justifiable, in order that the dividends of the few should be increased, that the many should go without bread?" *(Looking up.)* Perhaps that's a little too strong.

AMY. Oh, no! no!

LAWRENCE. All right! *(Reading.)* "And this oppression of the many by the few, in whatever form, is *always* tyranny."

BUDGET *(entering from right with telegram)*. A telegram—Miss Amy, and there's a boy asking if there's an answer with a great deal of himpertinence.

AMY. How strange!

BUDGET *(giving telegram to* AMY). Meanin' the lad, and not the telegram, hof course, Miss Amy.

AMY *(opening telegram as* BUDGET *goes out at right)*. What can it be?

LAWRENCE *(reading)*. "With the more conservative element lies the safety of society."

AMY. Oh! *(Reading.)* "Dress sent as ordered, but cannot reach you to-day, owing to strike. Flounce, Furbelow & Company." Oh!

LAWRENCE *(reading)*. "For an America in which there is any interference with the individual is a failure, and all the efforts of our forefathers have necessarily gone for nothing."

AMY *(looking up from telegram)*. How true that is.

LAWRENCE *(aside)*. It's all right. *(Reading.)* "And anything tending to interfere with the happiness of anyone, in the interest of any one class, is wholly unjustifiable."

AMY. Indeed it is so.

LAWRENCE *(aside)*. All right! *(Reading.)* "Therefore, in the interest of the individual, let this 'strike' proceed."

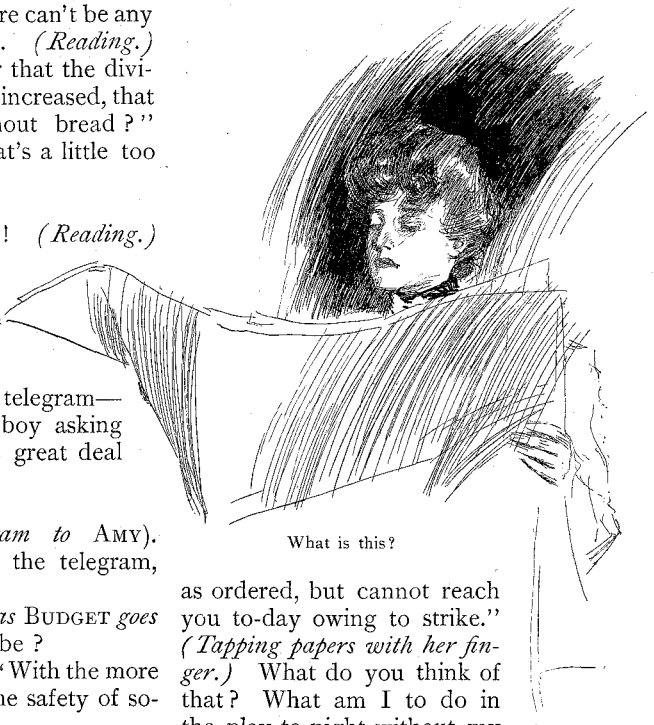
AMY *(with telegram still in her hand)*. Oh—*this* strike!

LAWRENCE *(looking up)*. Certainly. *(Reading.)* "And all efforts be used to obtain 'equality of opportunity' for all."

AMY *(bitterly)*. Yes—for *all*.

LAWRENCE *(looking up)*. I said for all.

AMY *(looking at telegram)*. But what do you say to this? *(Reading.)* "Dress sent as ordered, but cannot reach you to-day owing to strike." *(Tapping papers with her finger.)* What do you think of that? What am I to do in the play to-night without my costume? Am I not an individual? Is that "equality of opportunity" for all?



What is this?

LAWRENCE *(astonished)*. Oh!

AMY. And is it right that there should be interference with us any more than with them?

LAWRENCE. I say——

AMY. No. Have not the "classes" their rights as well as the "masses," and such resort *(indignantly)* to mere force should not be encouraged.

LAWRENCE *(looking embarrassedly at paper and aside)*. By jove, and this is all wrong after all.

AMY *(pointing to telegram)*. You hear what Flounce & Furbelow say, and isn't it intolerable that the respectable members of a community should be obliged to suffer from mere mob rule? Isn't that *tyranny*, and the worst form of *tyranny*—the tyranny of ignorance?

LAWRENCE. I say——

AMY. What can I do if I don't have my dress—and *(looking at telegram again)* this says positively I cannot. *(Taking up book of play.)* I have no patience with such proceedings, and I cannot understand the sympathy that you have just expressed for riot and anarchy.

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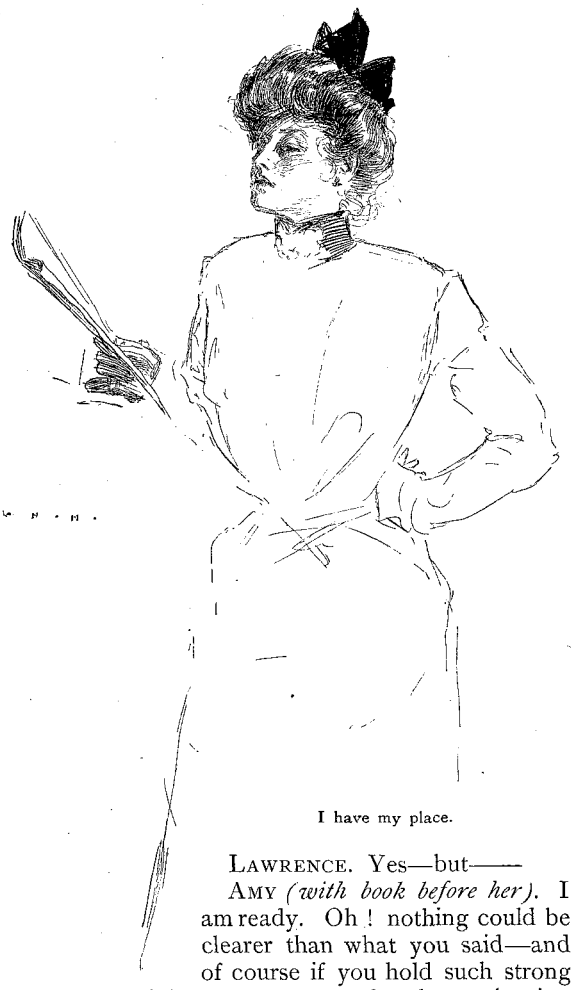

I have my place.

LAWRENCE. Yes—but——

AMY *(with book before her).* I am ready. Oh! nothing could be clearer than what you said—and of course if you hold such strong opinions on a matter of such pressing importance——

LAWRENCE *(again with paper in hand).* But I don't. I mean you don't understand. Just listen! *(Aside.)* I'll have to make up something. *(To* AMY.*)* I hadn't finished. *(Pretending to read from paper.)* "But if I have appeared to express any sympathy with revolt against constituted authority it has been merely that I might state the case more clearly, and for the purpose that we might understand conditions more fully. For it is always necessary to diagnose the disease before proceeding to the remedy, which in this case is not far to find."

AMY. Oh!

LAWRENCE. "What is needed is not a fundamental change—but an added element in our political life."

AMY. Ah!

LAWRENCE. "And how can this be more readily obtained than by one great advance?" *(Aside.)* Her favorite theory!

AMY *(becoming interested).* Yes.

LAWRENCE *(declaiming).* "Think of the result of the enfranchisement of a body of voters that shall be above and beyond the usual influences that move the ordinary man."

AMY *(eagerly).* Oh, yes—yes.

LAWRENCE *(declaiming).* "I refer to the Women of the Country——"

AMY *(looking up from play that she has been studying).* Oh, will you say that?

LAWRENCE *(aside).* All right now. *(Declaiming.)* "For is it not unreasonable that those we trust in the most serious relations of life should be deprived of that vote which we give to the most worthless?"

AMY *(picking up telegram).* Does it say to-day? Ah! indeed all that is so true—and then everything would be properly managed, and there would be none of these evil disturbances, and my dress could have come. This does say to-day, and is dated the twenty-third. Is to-day the twenty-third? *(Picking up newspaper from table.)* To-day's newspaper. Yes, it is Wednesday, the twenty-third. *(Starting, as she looks at newspaper.)* Oh!

LAWRENCE. What is it?

AMY. Oh! I can't believe it, and yet—there it is. *(Reading to herself.)* "Yesterday, at a meeting of the Ladies' Committee of the Emergency Hospital, Mrs. Ida B. Manly was elected to the chairmanship, or should we say the chairwomanship?" *(Speaking, but still looking at newspaper.)* Oh! that horrid woman, with two divorced husbands. I shall certainly resign as secretary. *(Reading.)* "The election did not take place without some disturbance. When the final result was announced accusations were freely made that seemed to prove that the fair dames were not altogether ignorant of the worst methods of our most corrupt primaries." Oh! it's disgraceful—that *woman.*

LAWRENCE *(declaiming).* "Think of the change that will be wrought in public life when gentle woman enters it."

AMY *(reading).* "If it did not quite come to 'pulling caps' there were mo-

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ments when it would appear that even this might be expected." *(Speaking.)* Of course, all the horrid ones went and the nice ones stayed away, and this is the result. I shall certainly resign rather than have anything to do with that awful creature who has just forced herself on us. *(Reading.)* "For it seems clear that the meeting was 'packed' in the interest of the successful candidate."

LAWRENCE *(reading).* "Who can doubt what will happen?"

AMY *(looking up from newspaper).* Yes, who, indeed, if this is an example!

LAWRENCE *(reading).* And think of the effect upon woman herself.

AMY *(seating herself at desk and preparing to write).* I'll not lose a moment in writing to resign. *(Bitterly.)* The effect on Woman! If we have all got to become Mrs. Ida B. Manly's, thank you.

LAWRENCE. What!

AMY *(writing).* Oh! it would always be like that, and women untrained and ignorant would be the dupes of anyone.

LAWRENCE *(aside).* Wrong again! But "ignorant and untrained!" Another idea. *(To* AMY.*)* Again you're too hasty. I was just about to deal with the difficulty that you suggest. *(Pretending to read.)* "Still, as I must remind you, in order to reach this 'consummation so devoutly to be wished' there must be preparation."

AMY. Ah!

LAWRENCE. "Manhood suffrage was not granted until man was in a measure ready to receive it—and it must be the same way with woman. The 'higher education'——"

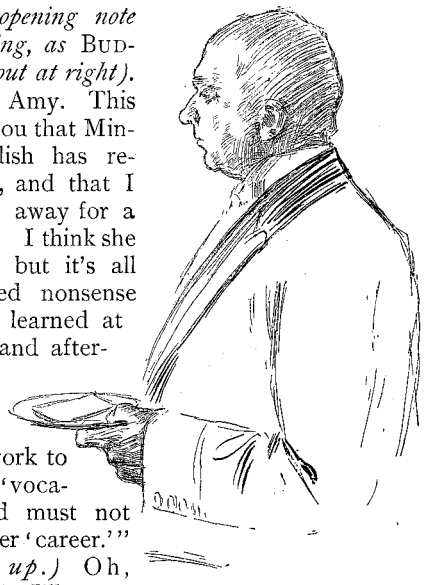
AMY. Ah!

LAWRENCE *(aside).* I *can't* be making a mistake on this. It's her *one* "hobby." *(Declaiming.)* "The 'higher education' is what is needed to enable Woman to take the place that really belongs to her, and to grasp that power that should be hers."

BUDGET *(entering from right with letter).* Please, Miss Amy, a letter just brought by a boy with an immediate delivery stamp on the outside.

AMY. How surprising!

BUDGET *(giving letter to* AMY*).* Meaning the letter, to be sure, and not the boy, Miss Amy.



Please, Miss Amy, a letter.

AMY *(opening note and reading, as* BUDGET *goes out at right).* "Dearest Amy. This is to tell you that Minerva Owlish has refused me, and that I am going away for a long time. I think she likes me, but it's all this cursed nonsense that she's learned at Barnard, and afterwards at Girton. She says she has work to do, and a 'vocation' and must not sacrifice her 'career.'" *(Looking up.)* Oh, poor Jim! I'll never speak to Minerva again. *(Reading.)* "Nothing that I could say would move her, and so I think I'll just go off and try to get over it all, which I can't, so this is good-by, as I may not see you for some time. Your blighted brother Jim. P. S. On my way to the devil, my address will be, 'Pole Star Point, North Lake, Bathkasaba, Katesatchewan, Canada;' but, for a few days, anything will reach me at the Club." Oh!

LAWRENCE *(declaiming).* "For ages woman has been dependent on man—and now she is more than justified in seeking an independent life of her own."

AMY *(still looking at letter).* Is she! Poor Jim—and he is so in love with her, and nothing could have been better—for in spite of all her learning Minerva is so pretty and rich—and it would have been an excellent thing for Jim—who's just a little wild—and now it all must be spoiled with her silly ideas. *(Taking up play and opening it.)* Oh, I have no patience with her.

LAWRENCE *(declaiming).* "When women have learned that the future holds for them other possibilities than the doubtful one of marriage—then what a change there must be."

AMY. Yes, and just like Minerva, they will make themselves and everyone else miserable for their silly "careers." If this

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"This is good-by."

is going to be the result of "higher education" I don't want to have anything to do with it.

LAWRENCE *(looking up astonished).* Ah!

AMY. And now, Mr. Van Cittars, since we so clearly see that our opinions are so diametrically different, why *really* we'd better go on with the rehearsal.

LAWRENCE *(aside).* Hang it! Wrong again. *(Picking up book and opening it.)* Yes—we *had* best go on with the play. But, believe me, you do me a great wrong. *(Reading.)* "Beloved Angelina."

AMY. As you say, "dearest Edwin"—that's where I begin—but as to wronging you how is that possible when you have expressed yourself so decidedly? *(As leaf of book drops to floor.)* Oh! it's all falling to pieces. *(Taking needle-book from work-basket on table.)* I must sew it together. *(Taking thread and after threading needle beginning to sew book together.)* When you have announced so positively, for example, such strong socialistic and even anarchistic views.

LAWRENCE. But, hang it, I don't.

AMY *(looking at book as she sews it).* Do you mean to say that you did not approve of those dangerous, *disgraceful* "strikes?"

LAWRENCE. No.

AMY. Really!

LAWRENCE *(taking a letter from his pocket at which he points).* Do you see that—it's a letter from my broker, and I've lost thousands through the folly of these strikers—poor misguided creatures—who, in their ignorance, are not to be trusted to manage their own affairs wisely—and who consequently should be allowed very little control in any others.

AMY *(sewing).* Ah! that is what you think—*really.*

LAWRENCE. Yes, as you say that you do!

AMY. I am so sorry for them.

LAWRENCE. And you see—that we agree—when I say that they cannot be left to their own guidance.

BUDGET *(entering with large box wrapped in paper).* A parcel, Miss Amy, just brought by an expressman that I think you was a wishin' and a longin' for.

AMY *(excitedly taking box and tearing off paper).* Oh, if it could be my dress! It is! It is!

BUDGET *(picking up paper and carefully folding it).* Meanin' the parcel, of course, Miss Amy, that you was longin' for, and not the hexpressman, which would not be natural. And he says as how the box came on a train that the strikers let through—because it was carrying things for the soldiers in the Philopenas.

AMY *(looking in box).* Oh, how lovely. *(As* BUDGET *goes out at right.)* I am so relieved. And isn't it splendid?

LAWRENCE *(putting letter back in his pocket after glancing at it).* Indeed, yes.

AMY. So grandly noble.

LAWRENCE *(again taking up book of play).* What—the dress?

AMY *(taking out envelope from box).* The bill! *(Looking at it.)* The dress!

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No! How absurd! The conduct of the strikers. I call it perfectly splendid. They will insist on their rights, but will not let their private grievances interfere with their country's welfare. Suffering themselves—they will not let the brave men who are fighting in these horrible places suffer and be in want. *(Looking at bill.)* Really it is singularly small, though there is one item—*(Enthusiastically.)* Who can say anything about ignorance, when they are so right in instinct, and as for not being able to guide themselves—what better guidance can they have than such *good feeling?*

LAWRENCE *(looking up from play).* Oh! *(Aside.)* This is too much!

AMY *(interrupting).* Can't you see it—can't you feel it? Oh, I was right. There never could be any real sympathy between us.

LAWRENCE. Still, remember what I said at first about tyranny and oppression.

AMY *(sewing and looking at book as she makes the stitches).* But only in order to look upon both sides of the question, as you distinctly stated. Besides, there's another thing. See how we differ about women's rights.

LAWRENCE *(striding up and down, impatiently, and involuntarily drawing a packet of cigarette-papers from his pocket).* But we don't—we *don't.*

AMY. Oh—you may smoke, if you wish, as I think it is a custom of yours—particularly, Mr. Van Cittars, if it will have a calming effect.

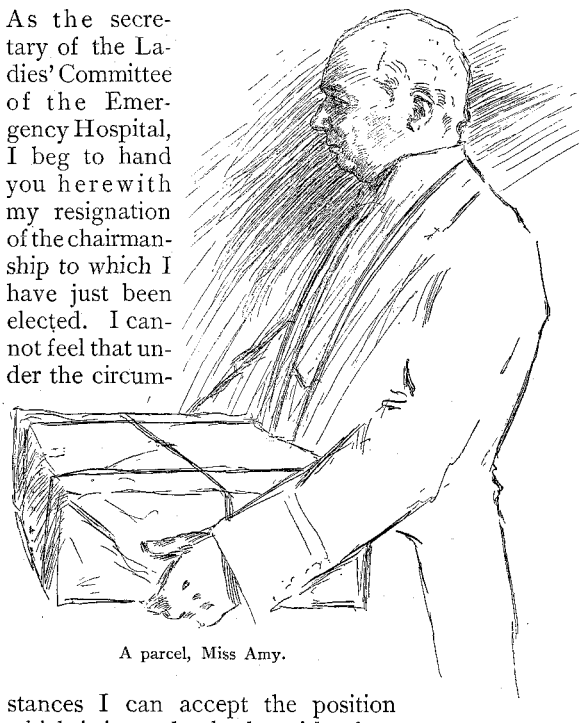
LAWRENCE *(eagerly taking out cigarette-paper—straightening it out and beginning to make a cigarette).* May I? Indeed there's nothing that I really hate like strong-minded women.

AMY. Oh!

LAWRENCE *(still rolling cigarette).* Doesn't this Mrs. Ida B. Manly prove what would be the result; and don't you see that a movement that has such a woman at its head must be discredited by that very fact?

BUDGET *(entering from right).* A note just left by a lady on a bicycle with a pair of blue spectacles. *(Giving note to* AMY.*)* Hof course the lady, Miss Amy, an' not the bicycle.

AMY *(opening note and reading as* BUDGET *goes out at right).* "Dear Madam · As the secretary of the Ladies' Committee of the Emergency Hospital, I beg to hand you herewith my resignation of the chairmanship to which I have just been elected. I cannot feel that under the circumstances I can accept the position which it is so clearly the wish of so many that I should not hold." *(Looking up.)* Oh!



A parcel, Miss Amy.

LAWRENCE *(having failed, in his impatience, to make a satisfactory cigarette with the first paper, taking out another and beginning again).* Now I suppose that you're going to look upon her as something quite angelic?

AMY *(indignantly, still gazing with rapture at note).* It must be that anyone who can write such a note—showing such delicacy and pride—must have a great deal that is nice in her? Who ever heard of a man who resigned an office because there were others who did not want him to have it? And what do you say *now* about a woman's right to political recognition?

LAWRENCE *(hopelessly).* Oh, I don't say anything. I can't say anything.

AMY. You see there is *nothing* about which we agree.

LAWRENCE *(doubtfully, still rolling cigarette).* No—except perhaps about the "higher education."

AMY *(still sewing).* Well—perhaps about *that*—for Minerva—*(A telephone rings at left.)* The telephone! *(Going toward door at left.)* We shall never begin

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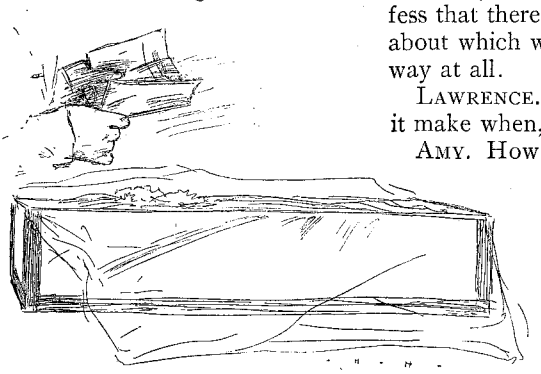
with this rehearsal. *(Passing out of sight through door at left, and speaking outside.)* Yes—oh—is it—*you!* *(Reproachfully.)* Minerva! I'll never forgive you. What? You want to know where he is, so that you can send a telegram to him and bring him back! You can't get on without him—you—*dear*, and you are going to marry him—darling—and what is



I call it perfectly splendid.

that you say about the "higher education?" Oh, Minerva! what a *violent* expression, but I love you and you have made me so happy—and I'm coming to see you at once, as soon as I've finished with a rehearsal for the play with Mr. Van Cittars. Oh, the address—oh! he said it was the dev——no—no—I mean "Pole Star Point, North Lake Bathkasaba Katesatchewan, Canada," but I think a telegram will reach him at the Club. Yes, dear, good-by. *(Returning through door at left.)* Oh—did you hear!

LAWRENCE *(dolefully)*. Yes—and I suppose now that you consider that the "higher education" is to be encouraged in every way.

AMY *(picking up play and again sewing)*. Why—now *could* anyone be prettier and sweeter and better than Minerva? And if it makes *such* girls—isn't it the best thing in the world?

LAWRENCE *(doubtfully)*. I suppose so.

AMY. Why there *can't* be any doubt, so you see there's something about which we disagree.

LAWRENCE. I give up! *(In his impatience upsetting vase of flowers standing on table.)* How extremely awkward of me. Ah, here's a piece of blotting-paper. I'll soak it up. *(Soaking up water on table with blotting-paper.)* I have nothing more to say.

AMY. You see that I was not mistaken. There is *nothing* so important as *perfect sympathy* between two people who expect to spend their lives together.

LAWRENCE. No!

AMY *(still sewing)*. And you will confess that there are many *important matters* about which we do not think in the same way at all.

LAWRENCE. But what difference does it make when, Amy, I love you so?

AMY. How can you—when I am so exacting!

LAWRENCE *(still busy with blotting-paper)*. And if you are *just a little*.

AMY *(continuing to sew)*. And so decided in my opinions.

LAWRENCE. Of course a casual observer might think so.

AMY *(aside)*. How *disagreeable* of him to say that! *(To* LAWRENCE.*)* I don't see how you can think pleasantly of me at all.

LAWRENCE *(looking up from play)*. Well at *moments* you know——

AMY *(aside)*. Oh! *(To* LAWRENCE.*)* Oh! then you acknowledge that you see everything in a different light.

LAWRENCE. Well, *perhaps*.

AMY *(aside)*. Oh! *(To* LAWRENCE.*)* Oh, tell me that you think that I am disagreeable and horrid at once.

LAWRENCE. I shouldn't like to say as much as *that*.

AMY *(aside)*. Oh! *(To* LAWRENCE.*)* And that you can never think of me as you did.

LAWRENCE. Really—you know I hardly can.

AMY *(aside)*. Oh! if he goes on agreeing with me I shall go mad. *(To* LAWRENCE.*)* I am not what you believe me.

LAWRENCE. Perhaps—hardly.

AMY *(indignantly)*. Oh! *(To* LAWRENCE.*)* Then it is very fortunate that we have discovered our error before it is too

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late. Don't you see how we are almost quarrelling now—in our disagreements?

LAWRENCE. But—I have only been *agreeing* with you.

AMY *(aside)*. So he has! *(To* LAWRENCE.*)* But—but—I don't like it.

LAWRENCE. What? Having me *agree* with you? Why—I thought you considered that "the one thing needful"—and here I have been acquiescing and concurring in everything you've just said.

AMY. Why—it makes me furious to have you—when I *want* to be *contradicted*—and I won't endure it.

LAWRENCE. Then I won't.

AMY. What!

LAWRENCE. Or at least I couldn't if I dared.

AMY. Dared what!

LAWRENCE. *Disagree* with you.

AMY. But you *must*, for how can I bear to have you—think that I am *exacting?*

LAWRENCE. Well——

AMY. And *disagreeable* and *horrid.*

LAWRENCE. Indeed I don't know *what* to say.

AMY. *Do* you *agree* with me?

LAWRENCE. What am I to tell you?

AMY. Anything but that you think I am right.

LAWRENCE. Still, you said that the only possible basis for regard between two people was *perfect* agreement.

AMY. Oh, as if you could endure anyone who merely *echoed* your opinions. *(Finishing sewing book.)* And we haven't done a word of the rehearsal. Why, if we always thought the same, how stupid and tame it would be.

LAWRENCE *(finishing making cigarette and taking up play)*. But "two souls with but a single thought?"

AMY. Two souls with each a *separate* thought is much more interesting.

LAWRENCE. And *two hearts that beat as one. Amy dear*—I mean Angelina.

AMY. Oh! *that* is different. "Dear Edwin"—I mean *Lawrence.*

I don't see how you can think pleasantly of me at all.

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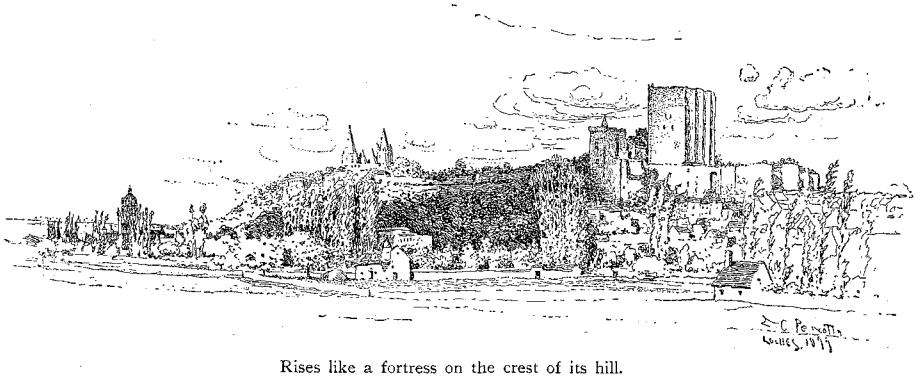

Rises like a fortress on the crest of its hill.

LOCHES

By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS *

DISTINCTLY sombre memories hang over the old town of Loches. Though situated in a wide and fertile valley, watered by the sparkling waters of the Indre, it rises like a fortress on the crest of its hill, the roof-tops piling up to its broad crown of walls, holding, within their strong embrace, the lofty towers of its château, its abbey church, and the tremendous stone mass of its donjon, about whose walls great flocks of crows continually soar, filling the air with their strident cries. This grim fortress-prison hid the crimes of Louis XI., and here were kept all personal enemies of the crown, accused of that broad crime, of "treason." What tales its echoing walls could tell! what memories cling about its black cells and oubliettes! Here Ludovico Sforza was confined for nine years in a cell whose walls are covered with the rude frescoes which his hand traced—crude likenesses of himself with casque on head; and upon the same wall he scratched a small sun-dial, by whose aid he could count the waning hours of the lonely days as the single ray of sunlight filtered through his solitary window. Below his cell is another bearing marks still more touching. In it were confined three bishops accused of treason to the state. On the wall, opposite the slit of a window which gave them their only light, they cut a rough crucifix in the stone. On one side of it a small recess was made for their Bible, and on the other a hollow, in which the holy water was kept. By means of this primitive altar-piece, they celebrated their mass during two years. They climbed, by means of several dents in the stone, to see the one atom of green hill-top which was their only glimpse of their dear mother-earth. Adjoining there is a still darker chamber without a ray of light (hollowed out of the solid rock of the hill-side), which, with its dreadful oubliette in the corner, is a fearful reminder of the "Pit and the Pendulum." It takes but little imagination to picture the life in this awful prison, with Cardinal de la Balue swinging in his iron cage, and the Duc d'Alençon with a great chain riveted around his neck, dragging himself before his guards. And, strange fate, the torture-chamber, whose rack is still in place, is now filled with cots, a resting-place for homeless tramps.

This donjon, with its surrounding towers and fortifications, occupies one end of the walled space which constituted the upper city, to which access was only gained by means of a massive battlemented gateway with drawbridge and moat. The other end of the upper city was occupied by the royal château, a picturesque pile of buildings with numerous "pignons" and "tourelles."

Agnes Sorel, "*La Dame de Beauté*," and Charles VII. lived and loved here, and she was buried in the abbey church. In the château we still see her tomb-stone surmounted by a recumbent figure with

* See, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1899, a similarly illustrated paper on the Château of Chinon by the same author.

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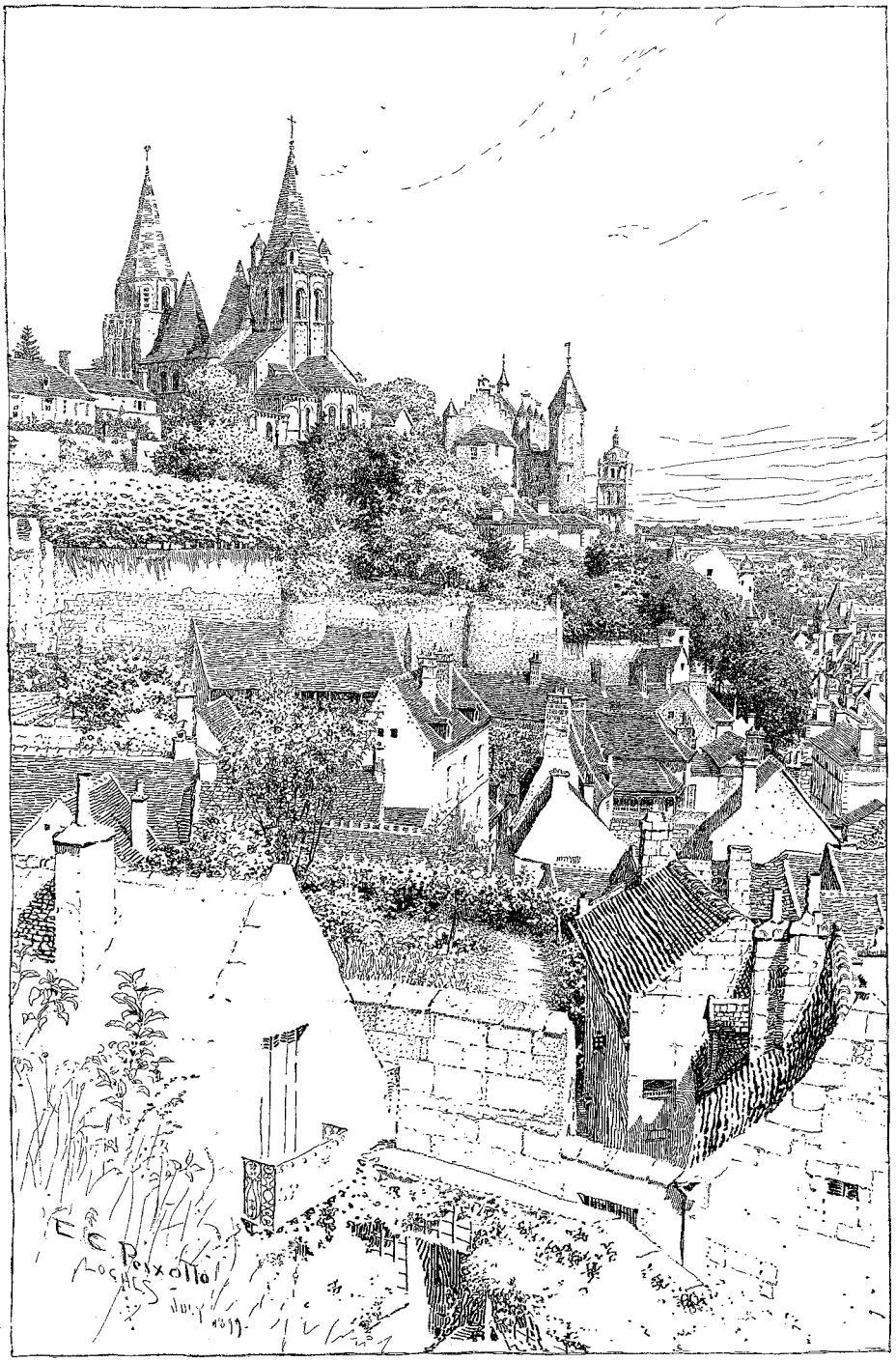

The roof-tops piling up to its broad crown.

angels watching over her head and with her little feet resting in the fleece of two young lambs. Hers seems the only sweet and peaceful figure in these grim surroundings, though Nature puts on a smiling face as one views her from the broad parterres where Agnes must have walked with her royal lover.

Between the château and the donjon rises the distinctive feature of Loches, the

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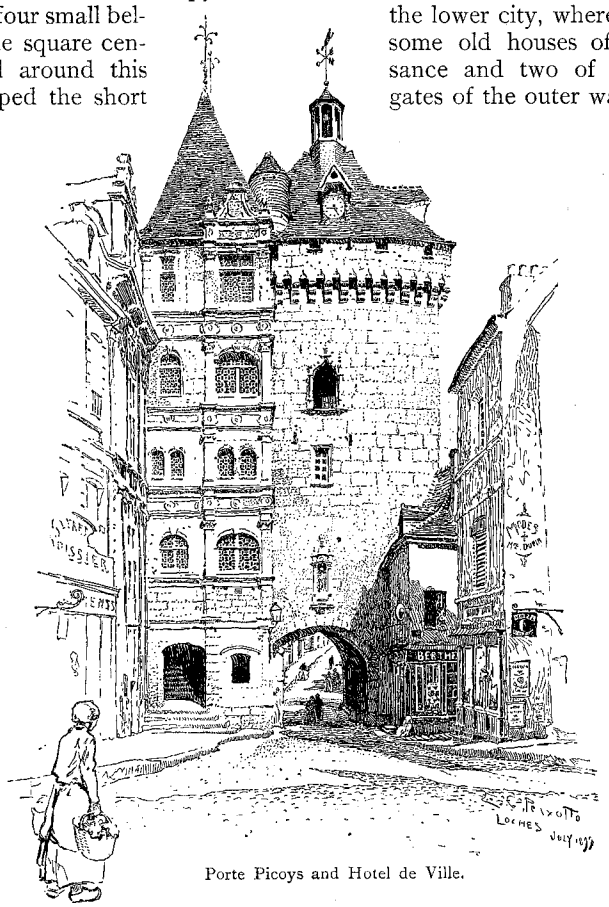
abbey church of St. Ours; "a church," says Viollet-le-Duc, "unique in the world—a monument of a savage and a strange beauty." It was the nucleus about which the city grew, its foundation having been laid as far back as the fifth century, but the present church was built some six hundred years later. It is preceded by a deep porch, which leads to the main entrance, remarkable for its magnificent archivolt, sculptured with queer figures of saints and allegorical animals and emblems. The first bay of the nave forms an interior vestibule and is surmounted by a massive tower, whose upper story is octagonal in form with a stone pyramidal steeple. The nave, properly speaking, has but two square bays, each roofed by a huge octagonal pyramid, without window openings. One can imagine the effect of an interior thus strangely vaulted. These immense hollow pyramids, entirely *dark* at their summits, give a feeling of indefinable terror. A fourth pyramid, surrounded by four small belfries, crowns the square central tower, and around this tower are grouped the short transepts and the apse. The glimpse of the interior as seen from the porch is strange indeed. The dark nave serves as a frame to the centre of the church, which is bathed in a ghostly white light, while behind it is seen the apse lighted by rose-colored windows.

The entire upper city is tunnelled with miles of subterranean passages connecting the château, the church, the donjon, and the walls. As one walks through the winding, twisting streets of this strange *ville haute*, black openings suddenly yawn at one's feet, or one looks into mysterious passages whose ends are lost in obscurity. The deep moats are now filled with stables and houses, or are planted with rows of linden-trees. They say that the entire hill upon which Loches is built is honeycombed by enormous quarries, from which building-stone was taken. I myself walked through two miles of them, and all along one path innumerable tunnels opened to the right and left. One can thus even go down to the lower city, where we still find some old houses of the Renaissance and two of the beautiful gates of the outer wall.



Porte Picoys and Hotel de Ville.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

TO class the art of conversation almost, if not quite, among the lost arts is obviously a view to be expected if one has reached the age of reminiscence. This is acknowledged by Mr. George W. E. Russell, nephew of Lord John Russell, and the author of that entertaining book, "Collections and Recollections." "A belief in the decadence of conversation," says Mr. Russell, "is natural to those who have specially cultivated 'Links with the Past.'" Mr. Russell's somewhat guarded announcement finds stronger personal assent in the more recent "Reminiscences" of Mr. Justin McCarthy. Recalling George Eliot's Sunday afternoons, when men of light and leading were wont to gather at The Priory, Mr. McCarthy asks "whether we are likely, in the near future, to have such good talkers as we had in even the recent past," and can "only hope that the art of talking is not destined to die out with the art of letter-writing." Measured by the highest standard it is, of course, only now and then that one can expect to encounter the ideal talker, and even more rarely a group of ideal talkers. Such a one was Matthew Arnold, if Mr. Russell's sketch is not overdrawn, "a man of the world without being frivolous, and a man of letters without being pedantic," possessing "urbanity, liveliness, quick sympathy, keen interest in the world's works and ways, the happiest choice of words, and a natural and never-failing humor, as genial as it was pungent." If the future of conversation is to depend upon the production of successive Matthew Arnolds, then indeed its decadence must almost be accepted as a foregone conclusion.

Conversation and Specialism.

But luckily for the world in general that future is not so much a question of selected individuals or groups as of the extent of a tendency which someone has named "the social menace of specialism." The thing most to be feared is not that the best talkers may die out, leaving no successors, but that the art of talking may die out through the complete absorption of each individual in his own career, leaving no place for traditional contacts The result of devotion to a specialty, as is often noticed, is to reduce original subjects of interest—that is, the subjects which one has in common with other people, "topics of conversation," as they are called. We speak of our modern world as wonderfully broadened in interests and sympathies by the telegraph and the newspaper. Yet for even a high type of individual, it may be a constantly narrowing world. A familiar example is the case of Darwin, who regretted that the capacity he possessed in his youth for enjoying poetry gradually suffered complete atrophy. Similarly, in the case of the average man, devotion to a business or profession is often seen, as life goes on, to spoil the taste for books, or pictures, or scenery, or conversation, although at the outset each or all may have appealed to him. This is so common a matter of observation that a Boston critic, in deprecating the extent to which talking at club dinners is done by "professional hacks of the post-prandial circuit," remarked that, were it left to the amateurs (the members of the dining clubs), the function would take on a deadly dulness, so little have they to say to each other. Indeed, the survival of dining clubs was attributed, not so much to actual enjoyment as to the "instinct of gregariousness," which leads cattle to get together in a field for the pleasure of "rubbing their noses one against the other."

Purposely exaggerated doubtless as this picture is, one cannot but recognize in it truthful aspects. The modern tendency is accelerated by the departure in education, which either gives the boy a special, instead of a collegiate, training, or early in the college course substitutes the optional for the required system of study. Once all educated men started in life with certain subjects of interest in common. The social result of this can hardly be overestimated. It gave to the educated class a feeling of homogeneity; it conferred a certain badge of class distinction, a prestige, which tended to preserve sympathy and interest in common subjects. This, in many cases, may have meant no more than resort to scraps of hackneyed classics in talk or speech. But even so, its unifying influ-

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ence is in strong contrast with that trend to divergence which begins before the youth today has worked half way to his degree. This is seen in a careless indifference about many things which were once held precious—for example, the credit for a clever phrase. A man educated in the older way may go to great pains to prove, as Mr. McCarthy has, that it was not Disraeli who originally called cabs "the gondolas of London." How much fuss over nothing that must seem to a recent college graduate. On another and more serious side, the result of divergence is seen in the prevailing ignorance of what once was held a commonplace of education, something to be taken for granted, as familiarity with the Bible, or Shakespeare, or Tennyson—an ignorance now notably shown in college examination papers. Curious appreciation of this is given in the preface to Goldwin Smith's little book, "Shakespeare the Man," where the author apologizes "for quoting in full some well-known passages" as he "does not feel sure" that "familiarity with Shakespeare is now so common as it was in former days."

But though it may be evident enough that the future of conversation is menaced, so far as the matter is concerned, by a narrowing community of interest due to specialism, one is by no means so sure about the manner. Although there is much that was attractive in the brilliant talking of even the recent past, as we know it through tradition and reminiscence, yet it cannot fail to impress us as being, on the whole, academic and artificial —"stilted," many would say. It lacks a certain naturalness, directness, and force always characterizing the best contemporary talk, not less truly for being often the art that conceals art. As Walter Bagehot has said, the best modern talkers so phrase what they say that "the effect seems to be produced by that which is stated, and not by the manner in which it is stated."

THE subject of art-teaching in the schools —taking the word art in the most general and inclusive sense—is one that at present receives no little attention. The best educators have for long been making an earnest plea for a more enlightened and deep-going study of English, in all its branches, than commonly prevails, thereby hoping to induct the youthful American mind, so practical from its beginnings, somewhat more into the habits of thought which are fostered by literature. There is an effort to familiarize early the children of the public schools, by the distribution of fine photographs of such masterpieces, with the great works of pictorial, plastic, and architectural art. And some sort of study of music is everywhere recognized as an essential part of intelligent education. It is worthy of remark, however, that while in the case of literature and of the cultivation of the (specific) art-sense the bearings of the matter have been carefully discussed in many quarters, and thoughtful men, whose own life-work rendered them competent to do so, have sought to throw some light on what might be called the philosophy of the proper way of teaching boys and girls what and how to read and what and how to see, next to nothing has been done, in the same sense, for music. In some schools the musical instruction is treated more intellectually than in others, more importance being given to sight-reading, and to the necessary fundamental mastery of the scale, and less to the working-up of show-songs for purposes of exhibition. Here or there a greater prominence may be given than elsewhere to the idea of the tonic or soothing—the moralizing—effects of music on the school-boy and school-girl soul. But such preferences are largely determined by the individual convictions of certain instructors. There is no body of settled opinion which will back systematically the more intelligent endeavors to use music in a reasoned way as an educational factor. There is, indeed, no general perception that such a reasoned way of using it is possible. Music is commonly understood to educate, but beyond the vague notion that it refines, people have, in the main, no views as to how it educates, or why. No proposition is more universally established than that the young profit by hearing music and by taking part in it; and on no proposition is any rational or close analysis less often brought to bear.

The Teaching of Music in the Schools.

With such inner problems of ethics and æsthetics the great public will never much occupy itself; but the professionals of music are unlike the professional followers of the other arts in this, that they seem largely to share, where these things are in question, the indifference of the uninitiated. Indeed, it is one of the most remarkable things in the history of the arts that music, which in its beginnings was so intimately bound up with education, which among the Greeks was the

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very foundation of all training, whether physical, or mental, or spiritual, should, in proportion as it has become deeper and richer, and has more and more developed into a wonderful world of its own, have severed practically its connection with such interests. The Greeks had very firm and fixed ideas as to what especial character of music was to be employed to bring about certain states of mind; and that their opinions were not without a basis in fact is being proved by the physiological experiments latterly made in hospitals and asylums. The sick and the insane have been found to "respond" to different orders of music in distinct ways. Music is shown to have a clearly-recognizable effect on the nerves, especially when the latter are in a condition of more than normal sensitiveness. Sometimes it is a curative effect, but sometimes also there seems to be good reason to believe that it may be the reverse. It is curious, but true, that there are great lovers of music who, in certain depressed states of the nervous system, are quite unable to bear the excitement of listening to any form of it. Facts of this sort are still waiting to be scientifically demonstrated and qualified, to be sure. This is a department of physiology in which many discoveries are possibly still to be made. But enough is known to show plainly that music has not only a vaguely alterative action on the whole being (which is, in substance, what the modern world allows) but a specifically alterative action, which is what the ancient world insisted on.

And what has this to do with the schools?

Simply this—that if music is to be included in the early training of boys and girls, the manner in which it is to be done should be quite as scientific as the methods which may be used in inculcating other "first notions" of the humanities. It would not be fair to declare that nothing comes of the time given to music as matters are now. Still, the gain is not so definite in any direction that can be detected but that it must occur to one that much popular musical tuition is aimless, and exercised *in vacuo*. If the studies which come under the head of English are far from being everywhere administered in the spirit which befits them, and in the effort to introduce some right, incipient ideas about the visual arts in the public schools blunders are made, that artists and men interested in literary pursuits talk of and write about these things gives hope of their improvement It cannot be so in music while the best talents among musicians take so little interest in the theoretic consideration of the educational influences of their art.

And, in the schools, the only serious question which can come up regarding music is that of the general effect it may have on the formation of character. Musical rudiments are imparted incidentally, which may be the first step in the future development of the art as an accomplishment or a profession. These, however, must of necessity be too insufficient to count. It is what girls and boys get into their souls by music that counts. Germany is, of modern countries, that in which this is best understood. There music is handled as a form of spiritual gymnastics. And there the whole topic receives the order of attention which it deserves.

The Real Work of Art.

EVERY now and then a hand which has had nothing all its life long to do directly with literature, will plunge into the middle of it and so drive a pen as to make the professionals of letters stop and think suddenly of various things. There is, as an excellent instance, the manner of the autobiographical sketch of the late Mrs. Drew. It is a manner as haphazard as were the airy shots at lingual targets of that lady's own Malaprop. It suggests no plan, and the old-man-of-the-sea of symmetrical exposition, strapped so wearily to the technical back, it shrugs off with a lightness to cause those reared in the awesome shadow of Latin composition to catch their breath. It makes no phrases, seeks no effects, but jingles off and away at a pace so fleet that it has covered years and events before the reader quite knows where he is. It is a literary style without much idea of the beginning, the end, or the middle; but it is one that makes you smile suddenly and in the most unexpected way, at really nothing at all, and causes you to put the brief record down still smiling, in some invisible fashion, all over. Therefore, one may say that it is a good, and even a delightful, style, and that it has art, since it is the beautiful prerogative of art so to tone one up, and to place one in the stream of the interest of things. And yet art without any of the obvious conditions of art — how is one to explain this riddle?

So much *disinvoltura*, such freshness, so telling a way of saying things without trying,

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when the labors of orthodox literature are so long, and, after much seeking, the "note" found is often so dull, strained, and opaque! It might breed discouragement, were it not for two considerations. The first is, that in the kingdom of autobiography and memoirs there is truly but one Sex, and that the other is barred out irrevocably before it has taken the initial step. A Saint-Simon here and there excepted, men have never equalled, and will never equal, the touch of women in that order of writing which demands, for its main qualifications, great veracity of impressions, and a nervous impatience to have them clearly understood without a moment's delay. *Elle avait cette vivacité d'impressions*, said Madame de Tastu of Madame de Sévigné, *et cette impatience de les manifester qui ont enfanté la littérature périodique.* And the second consideration is, that to write pages as stimulating, in a peculiar sort, as those of which we have been speaking, it is necessary absolutely to have *lived* in the literary spirit. Now one may so live and be a maker of literature besides, or one may so live and not be. But if one have not so lived, consistently and throughout, one may be a great writer, and cast deep literary spells, but one can never achieve, and need never try to, the special, careless, distinct effect (just that shade of it) of such unpretentious annals as those of Mrs. Drew.

Of course, all actors are in the way of leading, in one sense, their life in the literary spirit. If they do not belong to literature, they are close to it; they move in the atmosphere engendered by it, and carry its sentences on their lips; and that is one reason why many players' reminiscences make such excellent reading. But this is not the sense in which we mean the term "living in the literary spirit." It is really only a very few natures, and very choice ones, that are able to envelop the whole of existence in an objective view, to treat it (though unconsciously, it may be) as "material" that is all in the day's work, and to keep their own steady head above the turmoil and the puzzlement, the glad and the sad, of it. To do this is to live in the spirit of literature, the spirit of art, because it is to live in the spirit of selection, with a steadfast rejection of the things which will not ultimately help, and a determined hold on the things which will. When we see Mrs. Drew passing rapidly over such harassments as befell her, dwelling with a few deep words only on the inevitable sorrows, extracting the healthy joys wherever they could be dug for, and jovially facing difficulties, even into old age, before which the majority would quail; when we find that the human affections in her always kept their warmth, but the critical bent in her also (which is quite the proper thing for a clever old woman) never lost its saving tartness—it becomes plain that the artistic quality which somehow has got into her summary relation of the happenings of her life, really inhered in that life itself, and that, if her casual narrative have charm, it is because it is simply transparent to the personality behind it, a piece of glass through which we look and see how she understood existence and what she made of it.

It was not a remarkable existence as events go; it was the temper in which it was taken that was the work of art, and the value of such autobiographical revelations is that they make one realize that a temper of this sort *aux prises* with the business of living is the real human work of art, to which all other works of art are secondary. The writer nowhere has a pose that says: "I took life by the forelock and never let it get too much the best of me. I knew that it was a serious business, but, after all, perhaps not so dreadfully serious. I reserved myself as much as was needful, and kept my humor." This is never said; but it is quite unwittingly exhibited, in words that must needs have character coming from such a source. And one wonders whether such an exhibition, all other things equal, it be not especially the gift and task of clever old women to make. Theirs is the wisdom of life carried down into the minute things, which the impatience of men causes them to miss. The truths which through the years they have seen and not seemed to see, and known and not seemed to know, have stored up in them all sorts of subtle and significant perceptions. The artist who can discern, may well go to such old women for many hints. He will find there, in the living mould, the essence of the stuff out of which his own work gets itself painfully put together.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AT ROME

MY DEAR R. S.: Can there be any prettier title to a subject for consideration than these words: The American Academy at Rome. Only another perhaps—The American Academy at Athens. To study in some place which calls up the very idea of study, far from the pressure of commerce, surrounded by master-pieces, and the lessons good and bad of a lengthy past; to know that others of other races and other nations are also engaged in this same study, in this same retirement; to be as far away as possible from home, and yet to be in close connection with the desires that have grown up there, is certainly sufficient to appeal to every student. The little pamphlet now published tells us that a beginning has been made, and that an appeal to the help and sympathy of Americans is desired by those who have thought that the time had come to take what is perhaps an inevitable step. Indeed, our minds will be prepared for something of the sort by what our Americans have done already, in connection with the study of Ancient Greece, so that there is such a thing as an American school at Athens.

There is a latent energy within the Nation which has helped to establish rapidly things that have had to grow slowly in other countries, and the time has come when our Nation opens its mind to a desire for the influences of art. From our necessities, we have grown up in the wish of learning and teaching and what we call "education;" and at bottom, what we are really yearning for, is Authority: the influence of the best. That, I suppose, is what we mean by civilization; and, of course, as far as the influence of the intellectual past is desirable, Italy stands as the great name in this communion with the ancestors of our mind. Italy, in its various centres, of Florence, of Venice, of Milan, of Sienna, of Pisa, and finally of the great Rome, represents to us civilization itself; the very landscape, the country which has been moulded by human energies of all kinds, which is gilded, as it were, by fame, has a charm that we feel to be a soothing relief to our modern energies which have no background. To some extent, we are still, as our northern barbarian ancestors were, touched and civilized by merely being there. It matters little whether this is because of that ancient interpenetration of man and Nature, or whether our imagination clothes what we see with a value that enhances our own value, and makes us live in a larger life than anyone can make out for himself, unaided by the past. We can see how to young minds, with some previous preparation, a partaking in that essential civilization would remain a memory to return to, when, living elsewhere, necessity, that is to say, what has to be done at once, presses upon them. All of every Nation have felt it, and the artists, of course, more than others. When these have been able to do so, they have placed themselves within these influences. Some, indeed, have had their fear of being too strongly impressed, as if living in an artificial paradise, where contentment would keep them away from action and let them pass too easily into dreamland. Too early an acquaintance might have such a result with the unformed mind. There is a certain moment of growth, when the sight of great things develops the possibilities more or less common to us all, which, in the chosen few, are ready to come forth at the necessary call. That call is not one to imitation; it is rather the revelation of one's real intellectual desires, the initiation into one's real home and family. It is a manner of realizing a standard, of being able to say to one's self, "That is what I must have meant; nothing less than this shall I consider."

> Thy pyramids built up with newer might,
> To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
> *They are but dressings of a former sight.*

So all new countries have sent their men into the countries of the past that they might be in connection with them, that there might be some stream passing from that past to their present. And, if we new Americans should establish a foundation in the oldest of

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the cities of our civilization, we shall only be doing what others have done. We shall only be doing what is inevitable—the joining of the newest present to the oldest past. The times are ripe—foreign travel is an ordinary habit, and our artists have obtained from such centres as France and Germany what they have been able to assimilate. We have, I mean we artists have, easily learned the ordinary technique, the ordinary ways of the very many schools of the present. We do not reach back far enough to get the benefit of their past. Why not, then, go back to one of the old original fountains which have fed the countries that to us now are almost commonplace? We are not as they are—fixed in some tradition; and we can go where we choose—to the greatest influences, if we wish, and still be free for our future. That is, to a certain extent, forbidden to the Frenchman and the Spaniard, and, almost to the very Italian who, remodelling his country wisely or foolishly, cannot take up with a perfectly pure mind the very influences which to us make his name interesting. It seems to me that there is a special chance for us; we can tie on to whatever we wish, we can be influenced and uplifted by anything fine in the past, without in any way contracting our present.

Many wise judges believe that the inspiration of Rome itself has not been of the best for French art, and that the Academy has not transmitted to France the best lessons of the best examples. The Eternal City can teach the commonplace as well as the noble. The great influences are there but the circumstances and the prejudices of home are other influences which counteract these, and have, in certain cases, checked the liberal and elevated spirit of the great teachings of Italy. Certain pedantries in European countries have distorted the greatness of the lessons; so that, for instance, the greater French artists have not passed through the Roman teaching. And that teaching being managed by Government, has only benefited men with some deficiency in originality, and a tendency to become employees or functionaries. From this, the one great objection, I think we could be free. We could open to the influences of the great classical past and to all the forces of art which Italy has nurtured, minds more free, less weighted by prejudices, of more varied types, and with an infinitely more open future. At the same time, whatever there would be of restraint, of ordering, of what is properly education, would exactly be the force needed to knit together our rather loose energy. And as the past only lives in the mind, our young men would not be overweighted by the social pressure, which in Paris, for instance, deprives them of the best chance for a growth of their own. Indeed, one great reason for hoping a great deal from such an institution as the *American Academy* would be exactly this—that its very existence would free the minds of its students and of all American students from timidity and from subserviency to other European training. For the extremely sensitive mind of the artist is especially impressed by the semblance of authority, and it is evidently desirable that that authority, however various, should be the highest that we know of.

Of course, I speak of Rome in such a meaning as being the centre of Italy and the reflection of Greece.

You will feel through what I have said a certain distrust of academies. I do not wish to abate one jot of the romantic feeling which the idea of this particular occasion calls up. On the contrary, this idea of a cloistered home, with imaginary walls, for a chosen group, who, for a time, would be freed from the noise and bustle of our average life, is a type of what the artist is in reality within the busy world. He also has to keep within imaginary convent walls, and is devoted to a life of perpetual study. But the usual academy, as we practically know it, is not so much a quiet retreat for study and contemplation, and uplifting of the mind, as it is a sort of mental barracks where the regiment is kept to rule and discipline by the graded officers. There they exercise; there they are carefully kept from mixing with civilians; they are not to be individualized, but, on the contrary, used as a collective force. This is an image, like the other one, but I am quite sure that you, too, feel that there is something of a makeshift in the usual idea of the academy. And it is so. The academy has too often been a manner of replacing the more personal and more living training of the former "schools." By schools I mean the people hanging about a living teacher, dependent on his theories, but more especially on his practice. They were more or less narrow or broad, according to their origin; that is to say, according to the individuals on whom they depended. The teaching was not

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so much teaching as we call it to-day as instruction or education; consequently, pupils dropped out or were dropped out, whether they knew their lessons or not. The teacher might be younger and know less than his pupils; but his influence was the thing on which they lived, as often on his money. Occasionally, as in far-off Japan, when it became bureaucratic, the school became a sort of academy, and went on of itself for those who could follow the rule, and finally died of inertia. The names of things are most often in our way. Even the French Academy at Rome, which has had most of its students carefully disciplined by the regimental training at home, has allowed them a great deal of liberty. They have had some obligatory tasks, as a sort of proof that they keep up their studies, and usually they conform these tasks to the wishes of those who set them. So that their sendings home look to the outsider as if they had especially not been perpetrated in Rome. But that is not always so, and we can remember, for example, the Horses of Regnault, which contrast so violently with the studio representation of the "Automedon" who holds them. The "Automedon" was his duty to the home authorities, the Horses were his own private fun. (You will see this in his correspondence.) But the men are exceptional who are vivified by the new air of Italy. I mean of those who go under this Government discipline. Puvis de Chavannes goes to Italy free from academic trammels, that is to say, free from the school in Rome, though he carries, of course, certain prejudices. He stays but a moment, with little or no study, but comes back influenced for the rest of his life, and, rightly enough, this influence only half remembered has freed him still more from academic bonds, and he is at last himself. He says, you remember: "The study of these works cannot tie up originality of any kind. The clearest teaching derived from them is that they have as a basis sincerity of sentiment. They delight and they touch without troubling. They have the look of ease. They give themselves without restriction, allowing you to understand what an artistic mind, well-balanced and helped by study, can draw from the simplest of all spectacles. They make you happy and anxious to look again at Nature, who shows her treasures to those who love her, respect her, and listen to her."

As I said before, the great inspirers of French art have not usually been attached to the academy; indeed, the academy disliked them, as it did Puvis. As it disliked Corot, who was, however, so influenced by Italy that he may be said to have brought Italy back with him, and never to have had it out of his mind. The other greater Frenchmen of the century were never there, but every great artist carries in himself a sort of Italy. We cannot expect, as Mr. St. Gaudens wisely remarks, that "an academy can make a genius, but it could greatly facilitate his development." Not because it is an academy, but because it would be in looser formation, if I may so express it, than at home. It has been the fault of the French people at home, that they have not been able to select their very best men, and that the danger of breaking with the French home Government patronage stands a perpetual threat before the student's mind. In the future, of which we can know little, because the world is breaking up, it may be that we shall return to the old training of the personal school. That, indeed, exists inside of the academic teaching in France, for instance, and what life there is there, depends on this contradiction. As I said, we do not know what the future may bring; it may be that the greater development of decorative art may re-establish a freer teaching, freer in its essence, because of its not being scholastic, not "pedagogic," though very set, and somewhat narrow and obstinate in practice. So long as the theory was not narrow, the practice can have been so, and has been so, from the simplest reasons. These reasons are momentary, and, therefore, can be continually changing. One of them would be the very simple one of using only partially skilled minds and hands; as, for instance, the very boys that might grind the colors or pack the clay. The dangers of an Academy, then, using the word in its modern sense, are those of narrow intellectual training and the establishment of a trust or trade union in art. It will be better to hope that the ideal of such an academy as the Roman Academy would be, on the contrary, a liberal one; its students working in anticipation of being absolutely free, and not being confined to any particular set of models. Italy is large enough to be somewhat contradictory, so that the inspiration of the Gothic or the Byzantine *might* affect the mind and studies within the intentions of the Academy.

By a terrible irony of fate, France, the

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great mother of the "Gothic," holds out in teaching a very different ideal. France of to-day, and, indeed, all modern Europe, has no easy method of approach for the student to what was the glory of the northern nations.

In my own personal belief the dryness of the modern feeling in art coincides with the loss of that kind of sentiment which distinguishes what, for convenience, we call "the Gothic." I say "sentiment" and "feeling," because that feeling lives in Italy far into the days of Michael Angelo. It still informs all the Northern Italian in the very days of the full bloom of the Renaissance. It lives in Spain, and keeps art national there, and it makes one last and great appearance in the personality of Rembrandt. I dare only speak of the arts that touch the representation of life, because there I am within a province of both knowledge and feeling. I do not know of anyone who knows enough to explain exactly why these subtle influences disappear. In my opinion, they are not so much wedded to form as to intention, using form as most convenient. They certainly are not the influences fostered by the modern academy. With the rise of the "Academy" they disappeared for the many and the usual: they re-appeared here and there in the individuals striving to synthetize in opposition to obtaining a result by what is called the "eclectic system." This latter, of course, is the system favored by academies. I should suppose that in certain painters and sculptors of the more modern period—Watteau, Delacroix, Barye, Rodin, to name four, for instance—we can see this persistence, but the subject is a delicate one, difficult to decipher. And yet the question, I think, remains before us as a warning, at least, of the one great danger of the Academy, whether it be merely a matter that really can be treated, or whether it be merely a memento of the necessity for great freedom of thought in the higher teaching.

Of course, there is still another contradiction, and that is, that the outcome of the young man is a lottery. The ideal, of course, would be that this rest in study should be given to the man of whom one is certain; to the man who shows a disposition to be free, and who needs to withdraw within himself as the "religious" goes into a "retreat." Contrariwise, the chances must be that the youth who passes an examination conforms his proofs of capacity to the prejudices of his examiners, and is, in reality, a man who should be kept out. But these are the difficulties inherent to education that is planned beforehand, and, as I said before, the modern academy is a makeshift, a something to take the place of more living influences. I have used for my illustration the career of the painter, because I know more about that. But all art has the same fundamental law of development, and personally I am more interested in this one side. The advantages overbalance the disadvantages, and education, on the whole, is best encouraged by great examples. Mr. Blashfield has well met one of the underlying objections when he says, in this same little pamphlet, "There are people who fear that foreign study and contemplation of the ancient or remote will take the artist away from the study of what is his birthright—will denationalize him, in fact. One might as well fear that an university education will take the individuality out of a man. Where there *is* individuality the very contrary will be obtained through foreign study, since it will afford to the artist the widest field in which to train that individuality for the after execution of personal original work. The net result in an artist's work is what, by temperament and study, he is able to assimilate, first, from nature; secondly, from the work of other men, who have gone before him." And after all, my dear R. S., we live only through an ideal and a belief in a future, and the time has probably come. I envy the men who will be able to say that they have established forever this ideal in a distant land.

Indeed, I envy also the youngsters who may go there. I should like to be a student there myself, now that more than forty years of training have prepared me for free study.

JOHN LA FARGE.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

MELISSA

—"To the Breaks of Sandy," page 344

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